

The
Circuit Rider's
Sketch Book

By E. ALSTON WILKES

*of the South Carolina
Conference*

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E. ALSTON WILKES

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By E. ALSTON WILKES
*of the South Carolina
Conference*

Price: 75 Cents

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CHAPTER I.

Introduction: Letter to President John Kilgo.

HOLLY HILL, S. C., September 9, 1907.

PRESIDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, N. C.

Dear Brother John Kilgo: It has been a decade and two years since you have met with your brethren in this State as a member of the South Carolina Conference. Many then who did delight to meet and greet you have gone from us, and have been transferred forever. It might afford you a melancholy pleasure to have the long sad roll recalled, and have brought to mind the lofty characters and noble bearings of the fallen braves who it seems but yesterday talked and walked among us. But such is life. We are here to act our parts on the world's stage of action in the drama of life with its sunshine and shadows for a while, then the final act is played, and the closing scene—and we make exit forever. Let us hastily review the list and call the roll of those who were hearty and happy just twelve years ago, but upon whose graves today the autumn leaves are silently falling.

First, R. N. Wells, who died in his prime. How easily his face and suavity of manner can be recalled. Franks, Seale, Laird, Pritchard, Jno. A. Mood—all elderly men who died in the faith. Then comes Kirkland, another one whom God took from us ere the world knew his worth; and then follow Thos. Raysor, W. W. Mood, Bellinger, Lester, H. M. Mood, Few, Johnson, Patterson, Carson, Simpson Jones, Dickson, Munnerlyn, Bissell, Dantzler, Verdin, A. M. Attaway, Elwell, H. M. Pooser, Loyless, Price, Sidi H. Browne, Owen, D. A. Patrick, Kistler, A. W. Walker, C. E. Wiggins, M. L. Banks, Auld, J. F. Smith, G. E. Stokes, Berry, Porter, Hamer, Pate, Loyal, Thos. G. Herbert, Jno. Attaway, Stoll, J. E. Grier, Wright, Darby, A. J. Cauthen, Reynolds, Lan-

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der, Earle and Pitts. Few and Verdin were both young, not more than thirty—the former had just married. Elwell died suddenly; so did Berry. Owen died of a gun-shot wound—accident. G. E. Stokes, at one Conference session read a most interesting sketch of the life and character of Paul Kistler; the next session of the Annual Conference, at the solemn memorial service it was the painful duty of another to read the “In Memoriam” of Stokes. You well remember that sterling saint, J. C. Stoll. The next to the last time we dined together was at Williamston, in '92, in the delightful parsonage home of Bro. Stoll. The weather was cool and bracing, and I remember that well-prepared dinner to this day, and the pleasantries and the tone and tenor of the sprightly conversation. Brethren present were Stoll, Lander, Verdin, Kilgo and myself. Two are left. The Lord bless the precious memory of the three that have been taken. At another dining, one bright day at Wofford, Jas. E. Grier sat opposite me in the strength and beauty of young manhood. Oh, how the heart does sadden when one thinks of the empty chairs, and the charming voices that are hushed forever! Wright, Earle and Pitts also died young and nobly, the flowers on their graves have all faded long ago. But besides these there are others, namely: N. L. Wiggins, Jno. M. Carlisle, A. J. Stokes, Clifton, Humbert, Rogers, Campbell and Beckwith. Beckwith passed away while in the thirties, full of promise, the idol of his congregation, and he died so suddenly—appendicitis. Preached on Sunday, the next Sabbath the funeral bell.

“All that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.”

Clifton's departure was also without a note of warning. What a charming fellow he was! There was no one among us whose good heart and sincere spirit were as conspicuous. Let me relate an incident. I remember well an appointment I

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was given at the session of the Conference held in Sumter some years ago. I had been preacher in charge of what many would call rather hard appointments, and really I had begun to think so too. At Sumter I encouraged the thought that in the providence of God I would receive then and there what is considered generally a promising field and a fine appointment. The good Bishop read me out in the strongest, clearest tone of voice for a *mission*—a charge of distances, bad roads and some good people. I left the Conference room with a heavy heart, and meeting Clifton in the street I told him my trouble. He proposed that we go somewhere and pray over it. I readily consented, for I felt like a “mourner” and was far from being at ease in Zion. In a back sandy street, where no one would likely pass by at a late hour, was the place selected to pray. On our knees in the soft, deep sand we knelt, and Clifton offered a most earnest and impressive prayer for the “penitent,” and prayed God to bless his services for the Master in that mission charge. I was greatly relieved and refreshed at the conclusion of the services and found myself willing to go anywhere, notwithstanding it may be a mission of long distances and bad roads. I will never forget that prayer meeting at the midnight hour in a rear street of Sumter. Maybe some day in the sweet by and by in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem we will talk over the blessed scenes that occurred in this world below.

Thus ends the roll. Only twelve years have passed, and sixty-one valiant men have gone to their reward. Others have taken their places and the great work moves on. The effective force now of the Conference consists, first, of not a few grave and elderly brethren of whom we all are proud. They have grit and grace, and will stay in the field a long time before they will consent to retire. How the average Methodist preacher does dread superannuation! The next is a strong column of the stalwarts, in age ranging from 35

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to 55 years—a mighty mixture of fats and leans, of gristle, gumption and goodness. And we have companies and classes of younger men and fledglings who have taken their college courses and their Conference or correspondent courses, and as a general rule they make up a hearty, happy marching phalanx. Now and then one comes fresh from the farm and field, or from the mill and store, not so well trained and tutored, but consecrated and full of zeal, believing that God has called him to preach the gospel.

The ranks of the local preacher in the South Carolina Conference are thinning rapidly. At the Laurens Conference, in 1894, we had a commendable roll of 160; at our last Conference, 1906, there were only 84. Probably before another twelve years will have passed the local preacher will be no more, and the conspicuous monument at his grave will be a record of glorious achievements in the past of long ago, when he lived and labored and proved a mighty power in making Methodism what it is today.

During the twelve years gone there has been wonderful progress shown and realized by our schools and colleges. Two of our institutions have been itinerating recently with telling advantages to both. Our Columbia College has moved out in the suburbs of the capital city, occupying grounds beautiful for situation. The buildings are a beauty and a joy forever. The president says the new buildings are unrivaled in the South for their purpose, and that "it is a place in which to live and learn." This president is the same as of yore—just a little older than he was, but there is as much sunshine in his soul today as ever before. When in repose he is dignified enough, but he has a laugh that is catching—it makes you laugh, too. The Lander College moved down to Greenwood from Williamston, where the noble founder gave the best years of his useful life to the cause of Christian education. The college is well equipped and occupies a beautiful site in a campus of eighteen acres, in

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one of the most progressive cities of upper Carolina. The genial and courtly president seems to be as much at home as the president of a college as he was when in charge of a pastorate, or presiding elder of a district. Wofford is growing. There matriculated last session in the Fitting School and college proper 468 students. Dr. Snyder is fluent in speech, affable in manner, and there is so much sound sentiment in him that a hopeful and fortunate magnetism emanates from his personality which wins the hearts of the youth of the land. I could write pages about Wofford, but must desist. But can you mention Wofford without naming another? Can you think of Wofford's bright future and leave out a name that has been so closely connected with the college's character and greatness for over half a century? For years he has toiled, until now, when he is becoming weary and worn. The welfare of the Christian institution over which he presided so long has ever been as dear to him as the "ruddy drops that visit" his great heart. Old age is creeping on. The elasticity of step is not as apparent now as it was formerly, and the volume of a remarkably penetrating voice is not as strong as of yore. Calm, complacent, cheerful, he is resting in a sweet shadowy eventide of a glorious day. Thousands today thank God for the exalted character and the undying influence of the spotless life of James H. Carlisle.

The general religious condition of the Church in South Carolina is not discouraging, and, indeed, looking at one side of the question, taking one viewpoint, the present situation and the outlook exhilarates, presenting prospects pleasing.

The membership reported at the Laurens Conference in 1894, when you was transferred, was 71,377. At the Conference in 1906 the report was 83,597—a gain of 12,200. The number of pastoral charges in 1894 was 193; there were reported in 1906, 230. Eighty-three new parsonages have

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been erected during the last twelve years, and the people are paying the preacher more than formerly. The average salary for the 193 pastors in 1894 was \$622; the average salary paid the 230 in 1906 was \$700—a good commendable average; but we should do better. The right figure has not yet been reached. It is far more expensive to live now, 1907, than in 1904. Grits, gravy and gingham have all gone up, and don't average as low as they did years ago. About half the preachers half the time are "hard up," and the other half live decently and in order, but in meeting financial exactions of the day and the obligations of the fads and fashions of the times, to a righteous and reasonable degree, they have little or nothing "laid up for a rainy day" or dreary old age. The modern itinerant must give his children the best possible educational advantages, and he and family cannot afford to be ostracized from the social-elect functions on account of shoddy gowns or defective gear.

With reference to progress in piety of our dear people, as to the spiritual excellency of the twelve thousand gain, and all the other thousands, I cannot write definitely, nor with entire satisfaction. One thing I know—we are growing in morality and enlightened civilization. South Carolina now is almost a prohibition State as regards the selling of beverages that intoxicate. The drinking of spirituous liquors continues more or less, but it is not so conspicuous as a few years ago. The society gentleman with a thirst for dram takes to his eggnog and punch-bowl in his drawing room, while the second and third class gentlemen, of the same faith and order, take their jug from the express office, where there is no dispensary, and indulges at home and sleep it away at leisure. The people are growing in refinement, and the æsthetic taste is more cultivated and more plainly exemplified than ever before. There never were in our rural sections better kept homes and housekeepers. Good cooks, open-hearted hospitality, carpets, enameled iron bedsteads, geranium pots and pits, the

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bathrooms, the flower gardens abound even in distant communities—the backwoods of the land a few years ago. But to say the least, genuine old time religion does not abound in the way it formerly prevailed. Among many of our believers, although associated with a reverent spirit and loyalty to the Church, there is apparently a lack of fervency of the religious spirit and a lack of a consciousness of God. I have not heard a real live shout of triumph from a saint in the pew in seven years.

Without further remarks or speculation on this point, I might well devote a page or more of notes and notions in regard to the basis of irreligion and forgetfulness of God of our people. I mention first, worldly prosperity. Many of our loyal laymen are increasing fast in worldly riches. They are tearing down the old barns and are building more commodious ones to hold their increasing possessions, and are largely catering to the sensual and selfish, saying, “Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years.” Poor folks, religiously inclined, will listen with pleasure and meekness to the preached word on the providence of God, and “Seek ye first the kingdom, and all things shall be added,” and they also will sing with the spirit and understanding such old hymns as “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,” but the other sort, being haughty and proud from their independence, are not moved by these things. Their kingdom is of this world; their providences are in earthly treasures, and their “firm foundation” is deposited in banks. It is a fact, as a rule, a man of much money lacks in genuine godliness. There are exceptions, I am glad to note. Not long since I met a man of might in the commercial world in a private conversation, who conversed with pleasure and in the spirit, on faith, present salvation and the glorious immortality. He is a citizen of the Old North State, a friend of Trinity, a good Methodist worth about a round million, and a seeker after God. Such cases are few, I fear, and far between. As a

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general rule, it is difficult to persuade a sleek, slick Methodist, enjoying his thousands a year, to believe in the love, joy and peace of the Holy Ghost, and that life does not consist in the abundance of things which a man possesses. "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked; then he forsook the God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation."

All animal natures are pretty much alike—there is sameness of spirit that worketh all in all. Possibly you remember "Dash." You rode behind him more than once. When I came in possession of that horse he was as meek and humble a horse as ever shuffled over the vales and hills of South Carolina. He manifested such a gentle, dependent spirit that any lady could drive him, and a child could lead him. He was poor in the spirit, and so poverty-stricken in the flesh that he had attained that alarming condition known as the "hidebound." For several days and Sabbaths after the purchase I would not use Dash. He was so bony and his leanness was so conspicuous that I feared his appearance might somewhat disturb Sabbath meditations of my congregation. To relieve the hidebound situation, in appearance at least, I greased Dash all over with lard! I gave the horse the best of attention, his food was the best obtainable, and the grooming was perfectly done. Not many months passed before Dash began to improve rapidly and hold his head high. A little over a year afterwards, at times he became difficult to hold, and almost unmanageable—ran away on one occasion. He seemed to see visions, and would dart away and snort. On one occasion, going up a mountain side in Oconee, in the fullness of his pride and strength, Dash became perverse, shied, reared and jumped down into a ravine fifteen or twenty feet deep, with many bruises. Prosperity and providential kind treatment came near being the ruin of Dash. So thus saith the Lord: "According to their pasture so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten Me."

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There is another basis of irreligion evident among some of the people I will note, and this applies not so much to the refined, cultured and prosperous crowd as it does to those who are governed mostly by their emotional natures and sensual appetites. They are irreligious because the "Master delayeth His coming." They will not be called to account yet awhile. They glory in health, strong digestion and a good appetite with an abundance with which to satiate. I have rarely found a sinner impenitent when disease had a good grip on him and he was about half dead. He is generally ready to confess his sins then and be received into the Church, or recant his backslidings. I have never seen a sinner that would fail to call upon the Lord when in imminent danger of instant death.

South Carolina, I fear, will not have an universal awakening from the mountain to the sea until we have some horrible calamities, or another terrifying earthquake. Then there will be a rush made for the kingdom of God. You remember August 31, 1886, when we had a mighty shaking of the earth, how, throughout the land, sinners mourned, altars were crowded and penitents by the thousands were converted. The largest gain in the history of the Church in South Carolina in membership was realized that year. There were about 10,000 converts received into the Church and a clear net gain reported at Conference of nearly 8,000. I am not disposed to minify those conversions—many have been faithful—but I am drawing attention to the widespread influence of the earthquake. Here it is in a nutshell: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." We are preaching too much, I suspect, on the line of moral suasion and are not stressing as we should the terrors of the Lord and the consequences, in this life and the next, of the violated law of God. I do not remember so well the parts of the sermon of the late Bishop Tigert, preached at a session of our Con-

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ference held in Columbia, but I haven't forgotten his words of introduction. He preached on the punishment of the wicked. "The time has come," said he, "when one must apologize, it seems, for preaching on the eternal punishment of the doomed and damned."

* * * * *

I purpose issuing this fall, about the time of the first big frost, a publication to be known as "The Circuit Rider's Sketch Book." The book will contain not a few choice clippings from other original publications printed in the days that are gone, consisting of short articles and pen paragraphs that may be worth publishing again, and, since May of this year, at odd hours and leisure moments, I have written many pages on miscellaneous matters, and on subjects that impressed me during my career. I deal more in character than in creed, and I delight in applauding sincerity of heart and exposing the ways that are dark. There will be found ideas, items and incidents, and figures and facts without fiction, and fiction as true as facts. On account of its faults and shortcomings it will be an excellent publication for the shafts of criticism, but I trust all smart folks will be as lenient as possible, and should I ever essay again I will strive to do better and win their well done at last. I crave an introductory letter from your pen and heart. You once did travel the rounds, and you are acquainted with the tears, trials and triumphs of the itinerant preacher, and I want you in this book, too, because you are the son of an old Circuit Rider, deceased, whose life was a benediction to Church and State, and whose cherished memory is an inspiration.

Affectionately yours,

E. ALSTON WILKES.

The Response.

CHAPTER II.

The Response.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, TRINITY COLLEGE,
DURHAM, N. C., September 18, 1907.

My Dear Brother Wilkes: I heartily appreciate the honor you have done me in acquainting me with your purpose to celebrate the heroic virtues of some of the departed members of the South Carolina Conference. I shall wait the coming of "The Circuit Rider's Sketch Book" with high expectations. Your genius of insight into human nature and its power of judging between the essential and the incidental, united with your art of tersely stating facts, eminently fit you for such an undertaking. Added to these, and better than they are, is that deep sympathy of soul which easily gives you fellowship with good and true men, adding a double charm to your portrayals of character.

I have read your letter with deep interest. Yet I must acknowledge that a peculiar sadness came to me as I thought of the past and my associations with the old South Carolina Conference. Within one of its little parsonages, on Monday, July 22, 1861, when the smokes of the first battle of Manassas were floating over the bloody fields along Bull Run, I came into the world. Among the good fortunes which Providence has mercifully bestowed on me, I have always counted my birth in a Methodist circuit parsonage among the richest and most honorable. It is the home of the ambassador of God, the highest office among men. By the side of the Methodist parsonage the legations of earthly empires shrink into small proportions of dignity and honor. To the ambassador of God is committed the ministry of reconciliation of man to God, and among men and angels this is the highest office to which creatures may be appointed. It was in one of these

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legations I was born. So my well-proven claims to high birth rest upon the membership of my father and mother in heavenly courts. This I assert is the only genuine aristocracy.

I grew up in the Methodist itinerancy. I am well acquainted with all its experiences. I have never been able to recall the many hardships which men of more recent times find in it. As a boy I seemed to get all that was justly due me. And when I came to manhood and had the honor of a call into this Methodist ministry, I went to my task with enthusiasm and steady assurance. Through the years of my life God has shown Himself the friend of the faithful Methodist preacher. And those who seem to be most pestered about their welfare have always impressed me as being self-pestered. We are the heirs of a rich history—rich in all the noblest virtues that give immortal glory to human character. But above this we are the heirs of an unanswerable logic that proves that God is with, and will protect, His ministry. No man has ever starved who had his bread in, “What amount has been raised the present quarter for the support of the ministry, and how has it been applied?” I had as soon risk my bread on that question as to have risked it in the widow’s barrel at Zarephath.

Besides, I have been constantly impressed with the many enterprises of the most vital sort that have been projected and successfully executed on the returns of that eighth question in the Quarterly Conference. Gold mines have not such a record to their credit. The Methodist preacher has never sent an illiterate child on society, nor has he ever lacked a sufficiency to rightly perform the high tasks of fatherhood to his children. I had the best opportunity to observe the working out of these problems of paternal duty with the income from a trust in God and the returns of the quarterly meeting. I know of no other interpretation that so fully explains and illustrates, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God

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and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," as the history of the faithful Methodist itinerant.

My child life and the years of my young manhood were spent in the fellowships of the old South Carolina Conference. There I made my first friends, built up my first influences, fixed my first ideals, and chose my first heroes. The bonds of these things have never been broken. I have earnestly tried to dismiss them from my mind, but they persist in remaining. So when I read down your roll of the saintly men who were my heroes or my companions just a little more than twelve years ago, and who have joined the hosts on high, there came to me a sense of indescribable loneliness. The great forest in which I built my first little abiding place has been hewed down by the years, and nearly all the great trees are gone. The world seems to be loosening its grasp on me. My mind is going out beyond its borders and having associations out there where so many have gone. When you South Carolina preachers take account of your assets, you will have a tremendous balance of faith and heroism in your favor. And you do all a service by sending out this twelve-year report.

What you say of the progress made during these twelve years past is inspiring. It shows that there is still sanctified energy and wisdom in the old Conference. Men have not labored in vain, nor have earnest prayers been turned away from the throne of the great High Priest. New pastoral charges, new parsonages, new church buildings, larger assessments, more culture, higher standards of education, better educational equipments, increase in membership of the churches, and all other things that may be put in the column of progress, are unmistakable proofs of activity. But, as you say, there are some other things even more vital than all these. A steady devotion of heart and loyalty of will to God must have the primacy in all Christian living and work. To have fellowship with each other because our fellowship is

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with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, is the thing of chiefest worth.

You refer in your letter to a "lack of consciousness of God," and in this you touch the main point in the theology of the old Methodist preacher. To him religion was not a metaphysical problem. God was not a proposition to be verified by speculative reasoning. These men had no marked genius for such intellectual entertainment. God was verified to them as an indubitable experience. His holiness came to them as a terrible conviction of sin, having its climax in a hearty repentance and an unreserved dedication of life. His mercy was not symbolized to them through altars and rituals. It was asserted in them as a joy and peace of a relieved conscience. He came to them as inner light, as an inspiration, as an assurance, as a power of soul, as a courage that dared all things, as a fellowship, and as an earnest expectation of the sons of God. Their chief philosophy of the atonement was in the experience of a crucifixion to the world. "God in you" was the sum of all they had to tell men.

And I confess that I stand by their theology. It may be lacking in the veneerings of progressive scholarship; it may be much out of harmony with the facts of latest archæological and ethnological discoveries; it may have but humble standing among the learned, and its reputation in the academic world may be unfortunate; but it brings forgiveness of sins and, with me, this is the main thing. They had a theology, and what was notably conspicuous about them, they firmly believed it. Their preaching was not an ingenuous entertainment of the saints with curious puzzles, it was rather a yea and a nay deliverance of the Word of Almighty God. Theological logomachy was not in great favor among them. I have heard them declare with the note of eternal authority in their voices the message of God to the multitudes who came out to hear them, and I have heard them plead God's mercy for the broken-hearted penitent, and in it all there was a something

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that made them terrible. They prayed not because it was a good exercise for the cultivation of the devotional qualities, but because they were overwhelmed with sore needs and God was their only source of supply. And whatever may be the final conclusion among the academic men as to the subjective and the objective value of prayer, they got answers which no man could doubt, and they won victories which no human philosophy can explain. Did you ever hear Paul Kistler and Wesley Pegues pray for a crowded altar of penitents? With what bold authority they came to God, with what persistency they urged their cause, with what tremendous logic they argued their question, and with what irresistible faith they took hold of omnipotence. They called it besieging the throne, an expression that always marked an invincible quality and an awful moment of faith.

Perhaps the traditional theology is not in keeping with the new order of modern progress. However advanced theology should vindicate its rights to the patronage of the faith in the saints by a fuller and a steadier consciousness of God, it should not be unmindful of the fact that paganisms have been rich in theologies, and that idols have been worshipped after the manner of beautiful and rich rituals. A theology that has its consummation in human culture and social refinements has nothing to boast of more than many dead paganisms could yet teach them in. The best temples of the earth were thrones of ugly idols, and the most glorious architecture and sculpture and painting have been employed to do honor to the vulgarities of heathenisms. The queen of the most pretentious social circles, adorned with all the rich jewels that merchants have brought over the seas, may have a feeble heart or be the victim of a fatal germ. The color of sound health on the cheek can never be excelled by the arts of created beauty. So after all Methodism needs to look well to the inner life of its people, keeping itself constantly reminded

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that while material achievements may mean material advance, they may not mean spiritual advance.

But lest I weary you with my much saying of commonplace things, I shall close this letter. I assure you of my sincerest interest in your undertaking, and, with your many other friends, I feel certain that you will render us all a lasting service. I often recall the many associations we had in the years gone by, and enjoy living over in mind those helpful companionships. Both of us have passed the half-way point in our journey; we have given out the vigor of bounding youth to our tasks; we still have some of the strength of manhood to invest; and it may be that the wisdom of old age may be given us to administer; and if this be so, may we both do well all that remains for us to do and, perhaps, the memory of us will help some young brother when he comes along this way, just as the memory of our fathers now helps us.

Yours affectionately,

JNO. C. KILGØ.

CHAPTER III.

Where to Find Heaven.

Real religious joy and gladness of heart does not come to the soul as the result of special prayer, nor is the "peace that passeth all understanding" given simply for the asking. It is as unreasonable for the do-nothing Christian to look for the realization of uplifting and holy emotion and the power of God, without "doing the will of the Father," as for the worldly-minded man to expect honest riches to come without exertion, trouble and daily toil. "No cross, no crown" is exemplified in all sorts of earthly realms where there is any sort of cross to bear and a crown to win. Religious joy and heavenly mindedness are effects. In Christian philosophy, where conditions are fulfilled, soul blessings will inevitably

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follow. A man can be orthodox and moral and exemplary in outward conduct, and be far from experiencing the peace of piety and the genuine glow of the "love shed abroad in the heart." Our happiness in this life depends upon our doing good to others and living for others. As a man thus sows so shall he also reap. Sunshine will come to your own heart if by kind words and good deeds you throw the sunshine of smile, cheer and comfort in the gloomy pathway of others. "He went about doing good." I was impressed by the following incident clipped from the *Southwestern Presbyterian*:

There was a Methodist minister who preached one day on heaven. The next morning he was going down town and he met one of his old wealthy members. This old friend said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is."

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning. I have just come in from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with fever; her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal, or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread. If you will go down town and buy fifty dollars' worth of things, nice provisions and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, 'My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour.' You ask for a Bible, and you read the twenty-third Psalm, and you then get down on your knees and pray. If you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill."

The next morning he said: "Pastor, I saw heaven; and I spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certain as you are listening."

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CHAPTER IV.

Housekeeper Wanted.

I notice in the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) the following advertisement, inserted by the president of a "male" college:

"WANTED—A sanctified woman for housekeeper in Meridian Male College. One without children preferred."

The woman, it seems, is "wanted" to look after the bed and bedding; and the baking of bread must have a special type of religion—a peculiar version of the converted life, having inward marks, often attended by many holy outward exclamations. This is an unusual advertisement. What the Meridian Male College really needs is a business woman-housekeeper who has a place for forks, dishpans, can-openers, table linen, et cetera, and keep the forks, dishpans, can-openers, table linen and the et ceteras in their places decently and in order. The college wants a clever, clean cook in the housekeeper, who knows how to bake and brown and understands the art of making savory soups and stews. What is wanted, again, is a housekeeper who has a conscientious loathing for dirt and dust in the sleeping apartments, and who strives to keep the beds well aired and free from all those live things—frequently found in college dormitories—that do creep. It is really a risky ad.

The "sanctified woman without children" may turn up and appear before the honorable faculty and be accepted, but she may not have the essential qualities of a good and safe housekeeper. She may have the required profession of piety without the power of handling the pots and ovens for roasting "rations" skillfully. Her precious soul may have attained the state called "sanctified," but she may be one of those unfortunate persons who let hair get into the butter. She

Death and Burial Before the Time.

may be a "praise the Lord" woman all the day long and let the "chitches" bite the boys in bed.

One thing might be emphasized—poorly cooked food and a slovenly kept house is a most unsanctified situation, regardless of the professed sanctifiedness of the housekeeper.

CHAPTER V.

Death and Burial Before the Time.

There are living, unless they have died recently, in Marlboro County, a strangely death-betrothed couple. They are very old people, man and wife, who, in view of dissolution, and I hope, of heaven, too, have made ready their tombs and have erected the monumental marble at their graves, leaving blank places for date of death. Upon the completion of the tombs and monument in the spring of 1906 appropriate services were solemnly held. A lawyer of felicitous speech and some sentiment was selected by the aged pair to do the funeralizing, which he did in a befitting manner, in the presence of a large crowd of friends, relatives and other "mourners." The "lamented" old people, it is reported, enjoyed the burial service and funeral oration, and returned to their homes, doubtless much pleased with prospects of soon becoming tenants of their tombs.

The cool businesslike way of preparing with painstaking care casket and cerements for the body, in case of death, is not generally observed. Here and there in the land among the multitude you will run across this peculiar phenomenon, but the personal grave-undertaking enterprise is indulged in by few of the mortals who are born to die. I knew a dear Christian old lady who had her coffin garments all nicely made up and prepared twenty-two years ago when she was about sixty years of age. She lived to see this year of 1907,

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dying in the faith at 82. The other day I visited an aged gentleman who had been in ill health for some time. Said he: "Well, sir, I have my box now prepared in which I will be placed when I am gone. I think it will fit all right. I would have gotten in it the other day at the shop just to see if it were comfortable, but my rheumatism would not let me." He is about the age of the sister mentioned above who died at 82. At this writing, May 31st, his physical condition is much improved, and many sincerely wish that it may be a long time ere the pine coffin will be taken from its place in the barn and used to hold the remains of an aged man who evidently is ready to die.

CHAPTER VI.

"Heading Off a Negro College."

Much good, bad and indifferent literature has been published recently with reference to the race question, or rather the negro question. The situation grows in interest with the passing days. Besides the usual lynching excursions now and then, of which we read, there are other conflicts here and there between the white man and the darkey. The latter gets in the way, the former desires him to step aside, and he will not step, and there is often force exercised and much bad passion stirred. The conflicts will likely be more pronounced after awhile when the black negro occupies the corner-lot and owns his phaeton and high-headed team, all spick and span, with possibly a poor white man as driver and coachman.

The negro partakes of the spirit of push around him, and where he is intelligent enough to be appreciative he energetically enters pleas for progress. This day, June 10th, I am impresed with the following headlines in *The State*, Columbia, and the communication from the correspondent of that paper in Spartanburg:

"Heading Off a Negro College."

"SPARTANBURG MEN BUY LAND

TO HEAD OFF NEGRO COLLEGE.

"Spartanburg, June 9.—To prevent the establishment at Cherokee Springs of a large industrial school for negroes, a party of citizens residing in that section of the county have purchased the property from Mr. John D. Humphreys, of this city. The following will compose the company: Dr. J. L. Wofford, John and A. G. Harris, J. R. Foster, J. M. Foster, J. R. Easler, A. Crocker, B. O. Turner, M. N. Turner, J. M. Wofford and Mr. Teal.

"The purchasers of the property live in the neighborhood of Cherokee Springs, and are among the best known and substantial citizens of the county. It is not known what improvements will be made on the hotel and springs, though it is understood just as soon as the company is organized extensive improvements will be made.

"Booker Washington, president of Tuskegee Normal Institution, at Tuskegee, Ala., at one time quite recently thought seriously of buying the property from Mr. Humphreys and erecting a large college for colored people. In fact, it is said Washington would have purchased the property had not the citizens of Cherokee Springs formed a company and bought the springs and adjoining property."

Why did those citizens of Spartanburg buy the land and other property? Simply this: To prevent the establishment at Cherokee Springs of a large industrial school for negroes. Who are those citizens? Why, among the best. They reside in that community and are among the best known and substantial citizens of the county. Why did those citizens buy that Cherokee property to prevent the establishment of a negro industrial school? It was not because they were opposed to an increase of population, especially if it materially added to the general trade and traffic of the community. It was not because they are opposed to education, or the

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building of industrial educational institutions. They highly prize, doubtless, each one of them—a well-trained horse even, or an educated dog. They are enlightened gentlemen and believe in the spread of Christian civilization and the bringing up the child in the way it should go, but it is apparent they do not believe in bringing up the colored youth in the way they should go at Cherokee Springs by way of an industrial school. They did not want in their midst a large school of Afro-Americans “a larnin’.” They did not wish the immediate environment of colored culture.

They conferred and concerted, and put their hands deep down in their pockets and purchased the land to “head off the negro college.”

But this is a broad land, and there are other suitable sites for negro colleges. The institution may be “headed off” at Cherokee, and find no place for a foundation on Spartanburg County’s soil. What does that amount to? The negro college will be built; the walls ere long will arise and the tall towers erected somewhere. An old Quaker sister not long since, dying where the cotton can’t grow, bequeathed before she flew to heaven a mint of money for the education of the Southern negro. Others will die and make their wills, leaving dollars and ducats for the darkey.

Really, seriously, long before that negro gets the corner-lot with the brownstone front, and the coachman for hire and the turnout all spick and span, ought not this grave question to be definitely settled, and most amicably settled in the fear of God. The negro’s privileges—what must they be, and what they must not be, his relationship, his society standing, and-so-forth. How *will* you settle it? Would it not be extremely difficult in 1920 for general society to convict and ostracize for miscegenation where a black-skinned heiress and a hundred thousand dollars are involved? Commercialism is becoming more and more soulless, without regard to conditions and conscience. In a certain state of mind and morals

“Heading Off a Negro College.”

“money answereth all things.” A matrimonial dower of one hundred thousand dollars would tend to shut off all just prejudices and cover a vast amount of racial degradation. And then—and then? The story of faithful old Abraham and the mistake of his life, which proved, however, not an unmixed evil, with reference to the Egyptian maid, is full of instruction and suggestion. Sarah, being in despair of having an heir, consented as to Hagar, and Abraham proceeded. Hagar, it is said, being somewhat exalted in the social scale, began to despise the old mistress—for which the former suffered. In course of human events Ishmael came upon the scene. Ere long he seriously began to interfere with young Isaac’s rights and prerogatives. He was seen even mocking the legitimate heir. The proud old mother, burning with righteous indignation, told the husband a few things, and Hagar and the boy Ishmael got their orders. It grieved Abraham to send them away, but for the sake of domestic peace and piety the decree must be executed. The Lord said unto Abraham: “In all that Sarah said unto thee, hearken unto her voice.” We have on hand in this blessed century a powerful progeny which was born in sin and shapened in the ungodliness of greed and gain. The history of the beginning, growth, development, calamities, recorded on thrilling pages will ever be of absorbing interest. The evolution being most favorably conditioned, has steadily progressed unto this good day. “According to their pasture, so are they filled.” Our Southern negro Ishmael, much mixed, and here and there most ingloriously compounded, but retaining all inherited racial conditions and characteristics, is becoming a serious problem as he grows in strength and substance. There he stands, a big, black fact. You dare not sit, eat and sleep with him. You cannot and would not appropriate him. You cannot amalgamate him. What will you do with him? Would it not be best to let him go? Let him depart with abundant baggage in Christian peace to some other propitious realm

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of this broad earth. There, under happy skies, let him colonize and work out his own salvation along lines where the natural and favorable circumstances of the case suggest and the God of Races has designed.

CHAPTER VII.

The Governor's Salary.

Is it not time to raise the Governor's salary? Should not the executive head have the encouragement and enjoyment of an increase in means and money? I believe it is only \$3,000 now. That is not the income, in many instances, of a clever professional gentleman of not extraordinary tact and talent, and not a few artisans and architects, these days of much cash, realize nearly, if not quite, that sum in twelve good months. Three thousand dollars is hardly sufficient to maintain the Chief Magistrate of South Carolina in that dignity, careless ease and refined exterior which should characterize the ways and walks of the Governor of a great State. Many States in America give their Governors \$5,000 and more. New York gives \$10,000. Illinois has recently increased her Governor's salary to \$12,000 in cash. All public officials holding great offices of trust should be amply provided for, and be so well supplied in grub and greenbacks that will enable them to give their time to the duties of their high calling. They should be free from carking cares so that they could concentrate all energies to their line of work for the good of the people and the weal of the commonwealth. Solicitors sometimes, I have thought, show lack of intense earnestness in the prosecution of criminals and in upholding the majesty of the law. They are not well paid men, and to realize a sufficiency in shekels they often have two or more irons in the fire. Secretaries of State and State Treasurers

The Murdered Wife.

can't well attend to State business and State money matters and be bothered by outside operations—those “two or more irons in the fire.” Sheriff's generally get greatly interested in hunting and running down a felon when there is a big reward offered for his capture. The Chief Magistrate should be well clothed, well fed, well groomed, and be able to say to this one, “Go, and he goeth,” and to another, “Come, and he cometh.” He should have an abundance of cash, comforts and conveniences, and be able to say to all sorts of rebate tempters, “Get behind me, Satan.”

Gentlemen of the Legislature, raise your Governor's salary to a reasonable and righteous figure. Three thousand dollars is not sufficient; forty-five hundred would not in this prosperous day be extravagance.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Murdered Wife.

One morning of this past summer gone, I was leisurely strolling in a quiet country churchyard situated 'midst most dreary surroundings, when I noticed a lonely grave that had not been kept with care, nor had it received even that cursory attention which had apparently been bestowed upon other graves around. There were no sea shells on this mound, nor faded flowers. There was no simple headstone, nor marble with inscription, to tell the name and the time when this new tenant of the tomb closed the earthly pilgrimage, and was in this sad and solitary place interred. Upon inquiry, I learned who the deceased was, and the tears, trials and tragedy of an obscure life that had suffered and sang its octaves of agony unknown to the world. She passed away not many years before in her lonely home among the tall pines and the swamp wildwood, in sorrows the saddest and in circumstances most

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distressing. She was a young wife, and before her marriage she had resided in a distant city, where she had toiled from early childhood in an honorable way for a decent support and honest livelihood. She gave her heart and hand to a man who owned a small tract of land and a cabin in a remote section of an adjoining county. Doubtless she was as happy a bride as many others whose matrimonial hour comes attended by gayest festivities and in most affluent circumstances. She now had a home she could call her own. She could plant her flowers and trail the running vines about her own cottage door, and likely had her life been spared, and had she met with any degree of responsiveness, she would have exemplified in that remote part of the world, that rarest thing—love in a cottage and conjugal happiness in a poor cabin home. But Providence decreed otherwise. No, not Providence, for does God decree evil! Does our Heavenly Father create conditions and circumstances in this world to make mortals miserable? Does He design that any of His poor, dependant children should in this world become the victim of cruelty, and be unhappy all their days? No, "God is love." His ways are ways of pleasantness and all His paths are paths of peace. Faith in His name, and fulfilling the conditions of spiritual life always bring sunshine to the heart and home, and drive away all darkness, and sin, and the cause of the discontented mind, and unhappiness. The forces of evil, I might call it, decreed that the young wife should not dwell in the new cabin home long—just long enough for the vines to begin to clamber about the cottage door and the flowers she had planted to burst forth into their first blooming. The husband was a most petulant man, and at times would give way to the insane impulses of a violent temper. Sometimes he was kind and considerate to his young wife; at other times he was unreasonable in his demands, and harsh and cruel in his conduct towards her.

The neighbors in course of time generally learn everything

Family Prayer.

good or bad concerning the life and character of a home in their midst, and it soon became known to them that this young wife was greatly imposed upon, and that she received blows, and severe ones at times, from the hands of him she had a right to expect caresses and marks of unalloyed affection. On one occasion, after one year's married life, she visited a neighbor friend one afternoon and returned at a later hour after sundown than the orders of her governor permitted. The irate husband, with curses, struck her several blows. Her encouchment was not far off. She succumbed to the punishment, retired to her bed and became alarmingly ill with convulsions. She was tenderly watched and nursed during the night by the kind neighbors, but ere morning came she died—doubly murdered.

In the shadow of the old church building *they* were buried, and this is the first time the sad story has ever been told. Perhaps if the truth of her life, character and patient suffering were fully known, no other sleeper in the ancient graveyard deserves a higher monument or a more lasting memorial in marble. When the time for grave-decorating at the old church comes around again, I hope kind hands will plant some evergreen there, and place sweet flowers on that solitary grave, though ere long they, too, may fade away and perish like the life and hopes of the murdered heart that died and was buried there years ago.

CHAPTER IX.

Family Prayer.

There is one class of sinners I find in this broad religious land who destroys much good—prayerless parents. In many church communities there are fearfully few home altars, a sure evidence of a lack of vitality as can be easily detected in

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great spiritual leanness. I never saw a man that had joy and peace in the Holy Ghost who provideth not for the religious welfare of his own household. If he starts out with a religious zeal it is not long before he denies the faith. God puts the seal of His displeasure upon such a sin of omission by withdrawing His Spirit. He turns him over to a reprobate mind.

The father without an altar is a priest that has forsaken his calling; a home without prayer and praise is a body without spirit. He is worse than an infidel and will do, if he repents not, actual devilment in course of human events whenever there is a favorable opportunity. Said I once to a member of the Church—and mercy on us, a steward, too—said I, “Brother, you have an interesting family, a good wife, a pleasant home. Pray with your family. It will do you good, it will be so helpful to the wife, it will have a beneficial effect on the children and it will be setting a good example before your neighbors. Come, now.”

He grew serious. Taking me aside, he said, “That’s good, what you have told me, but you see, I am not right exactly and my wife, ’er, she knows that I’m a sort of a rascal, and it won’t do to be too much of a hypocrite.”

Future events proved that his wife had him down right.

And I fear that many fathers here and there in our Israel do not worship God in their homes, because they know the wife, that best discerner of spirits, have no confidence in their Christian profession, and they believe they are more or less “sort of rascals.” The Lord have mercy on ’em. Yes, that’s the sinner that should repent, the father or mother that’s not training by the good word and work of prayer and praise in the home their offspring in the way they should go. He may be, this sinner, a generous fellow, an amiable man, possessing many commendable traits of character, yet one thing he lacks. “To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.” That’s plain enough. Apply it.

Two Educators Who Educated.

Some years ago in a meeting I conducted, a big, strong man become deeply convicted. He came to the church altar for prayer. He himself prayed and wept. Directly he moved from his place and sat upon a bench near. He requested his grown daughter and son who were present to come to him. He placed his arms around them and said: "Children, please forgive me." The daughter, much affected, said: "Why, papa, you have always been the best of fathers to me, why say 'I forgive you?' You have ever been a good father and gave me more than I wanted." "No I haven't," said he, "I have never worshipped God in our home, never have tried to train you to be religious, never gave you Christ; and so, my precious children, do forgive me." They did, and God did.

There are not a few fathers who perchance will read these lines, and who have done the wrong he committed, and are in need of the grace of repentance he exhibited.

CHAPTER X.

Two Educators Who Educated.

The education of the man should begin when the man begins. The parent moulds the character and shapes the future destiny of the child. "Train up a child in the way he should go." That's according to the fitness of things, and it's the divine way. The man who lacks gumption and godliness has got no business with a family of children. He has missed his calling. He who is incapacitated to supply the soul-wants of his offspring is worse than a heathen.

The divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," presupposes that the *child* has been honored all the days of its youthful life by the parent. In this case, as a man soweth so shall he also reap. Sow the principles of the gospel into the

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fertile soul of the young, and demonstrate clearly those godly principles in a pure, consecrated *life*, and loving, dutiful children even down to old age will be the gladsome harvest. Sometimes it is said of a youngster just twenty-one, "He is free now; he can come and go as he pleases." Free from what? What sort of a tyranny has he escaped, from what kind of bondage has he been delivered by this unfortunate statute of limitations? That's very significant—"he is free at twenty-one." The young man will feel less embarrassed and have more liberty doubtless when the old man dies and he takes possession of the remaining tracts of fertile fields.

1. I knew a man once when a boy, and industrious man and as godless and covetous as he was industrious. He had sons who had to work like slaves until they "were free." That farmer was the earliest to rise and the latest to leave his fields. He accumulated. The sons waxed strong in gristle and grease, and their aspirations were shaped by the sire.

2. One day that godless farmer fell from his mule. It was a paralytic stroke. Two days, and he died without a will. In the chamber of death we stretched him, clothed in the best garments he ever wore. I'll never forget what the master of ceremonies said as he looked seriously on the dignified corpse: "Well, boys, we all know where he's gone to."

3. There was no mourning, no sighs or signs of soul anguish as the boys passed by the bier and viewed the "old man" lying in state. There were lank, hungry looks, and directly the youngest raised the question, looking ominously at the step-mother, "Whar is pap's breeches?"

The keys were there, always there, in "pap's breeches"—the keys that unlocked the "chist" where the dollars were. And they all were delighted when they got the breeches, the keys, and unlocked the "chist."

* * * "And when he is old he will not depart from it."

Two Educators Who Educated.

Years ago, in the seventies, one evening might have been seen a circuit rider wending his way slowly home from a quarterly meeting. The eighth question had brought meagre returns in cash to the table, though there had been a great deal of "scrip" reported. Maybe one brother had hauled to the parsonage a load of wood "at the market price," and that was reported as "scrip." Another, a peck of sweet potatoes, and that was "scrip." Another, one gallon of syrup—all "at the market price." Another, had sacrificed—mercy!—peas—cow-peas, one bushel; and goobers, too; and all was "scrip." One church, where there was much "spaituality," nearest parsonage, called, say Pisgah, had kept all the cash and fed the horse and pigs of the preacher "at the market price."

Well, weary-worn, this old, brave Methodist preacher, with his "scrip," in a jogging trot, moved on. He collected on his way from the Conference a ham or two, some more "'taters," and passing by the field where the exhorter of the circuit was mowing down rich shocks of ripening oats, the itinerant's vehicle was stopped and a few dozen bundles were tied behind the seat of the buggy—"scrip" for the next quarterly meeting's report.

But amidst these oats and goobers, and with the small amount of cash, the fearful answer to the eighth question, this old hero held his head high. He was uplifted in his poverty by lofty aspirations. There were three little lads at home he had determined to give a collegiate education—an older one, a middle one and frail baby one. Besides, there were girls, two or three, to be educated, and on a salary of hardly over \$500 a year. How could it be done? As a business institution, it looked a failure. The common sense man would have said, "Impossible." The uncommon business man would have said, "Impracticable." But the determined purpose behind the oats, 'midst the "'taters," said, "By God's help, I will." "I will live on bread and water," said he, "and

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wear patched clothes before I will throw my children on society uneducated."

The old man's gone now. He returned home one time on the circuit never to start out again. One can scarcely read on the darkened and storm-beaten slab that marks his resting-place the lines that record his name, but his work and spirit remain, greater than costliest monumental shaft.

The daughters got the education. That oldest lad is a preacher, filling most important stations and Secretary of Education; the middle one is president of a growing college; the frail baby boy is a preacher of power. The old hero behind the oats, 'midst the "'taters" and goobers, did it all.

Thank God for the life of James T. Kilgo, of the South Carolina Conference.

O thou poor man, whether plodding preacher or forlorn farmer, hast thou children to educate? Let not chill penury repress thy noble rage. Behold what this man of whom we have written accomplished, and move on, heart within and God overhead.

CHAPTER XI.

"The Pestilence That Walketh in Darkness."

"Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner."—*Burns.*

The pestilence of the Psalmist has no reference to a little pestilential live thing that does pester, in certain favorable conditions, innocent humanity, but to some other dire evil that might invade the land and afflict the people. And though I may be accused of descending with fearful rapidity from the sublime to the ridiculous to choose a text of Holy Writ to tell the tale of a bug, yet the application is so sug-

"The Pestilence That Walketh in Darkness."

gestive that I cannot resist the temptation. The pestilence in the Psalm refers to "the machinations of wicked men hatched in the dark;" the application is to the machinations of other evil things hatched also in the dark. I might truthfully say, in justification, that to all peaceful sleepers in Israel of good taste and refined feeling, who have had an experience, the noisome creatures referred to have proven to be pestilential; and, secondly, the wary and unwearied pestilential things doth "walk in darkness." They wait till night, "when evils are most free," ere they begin their nefarious trade. When the sleeper has resigned himself to his pillow, when tired nature seeks needed repose, and when balmy sleep at last overcomes, then it is these mauraunders steal softly from lurking places in cracks and crevices. They survey with wondering eyes and malicious delight their outstretched victim as he lies upon his downy couch, a quiet breezeless midsummer night, helpless and unprotected. Directly, long before the cock crows for midnight, the sleeper starts as one half-affrighted. He rises on one elbow, rubs his eyes, scratches violently his head and thinks now it may have been some unrecalled dream that disturbed him so, and again lies down, but not to pleasant slumbers. He has no right to indulge in suspicion, for the room he inhabits is the "company chamber," especially prepared for guests. The sheets and coverlets are clean and white as snow, and the bedstead, though very ancient, has held many an honorable guest before. He strives, therefore, to compose himself and court sweet slumber. Though "darkness there and nothing more," he closes his eyelids, shuts off all avenues of thought and clips the wings of imagination that they, in this troubled midnight hour, might not soar at all. He does painful, plodding work with the now dull mental powers to induce sleep. He counts the sheep as they one by one leap over a wall, or slowly repeats backward the multiplication table, or else thinks of the traveler, wearied and worn, who reaches his

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home exhausted and gets snug in bed not until the first wee hour of morn, or the tired laborer in "Cotter's Saturday Night," who sleeps so soundly after a day of unremitting toil.

No one can tell the exact moment when unconsciousness actually takes place and one succumbs to sleep. One knows full well when the clock on the mantle struck twelve or two, as the case may be, but never heard it strike one or three, and somewhere between twelve and one, or somewhere between two and three, he knows sleep came, and that is all that he does know—all that the afterward awakened consciousness brings to mind. So the sleeper we have in contemplation, in the "company chamber," on the very ancient bedstead, remembers that he did go to sleep. May be it was during the counting of the sheep, or while the multiplication table was being repeated, or while sympathy was exercised for the tired laborer or the wearied traveler—somewhere along there he became fast asleep. In the meantime the other watchful inhabitants of the old bedstead, who had bided their time, begin hostilities. The feet, first of the sleeper, are poniarded for blood, and then others, crawling over part of the face, as if to be satisfied that all's quiet and the victim is at rest, make incisions in the neck, stabbing and sucking here and there. The sleeper awakes. He soon becomes conscious that he has been humbugged out of sleep, and that they are there, probably in considerable force. He stretches himself, gapes and yawns, but in the darkness seeks a match and lights the lamp. He goes to the bed to investigate, but apparently they are gone. Like other sort of sinners, they hate the light and will flee from it as from wrath. Just under the pillow there is one or more likely, he will find, that did not fly with the gang when light was flashed over the scene. Too heavily laden, it may be, for active and sudden exertion, too full of the rich feast of crimson blood to find the hiding places. There it squats low upon the spotless sheet with the lamplight gloat-ing o'er. As the now fully awakened former occupant of

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the bed beholds the “varmint,” he might well wish, in the words of the poet:

“O, for some rank, mercurial rozet
Or fell red smedum,
I’d give you sic a hearty dose o’t
Wad dress your droddum.”

To dispatch the bug in such circumstances is often the thought of a moment, but the execution should be done with the greatest care, for the ordinary and suggestive killing by mashing the body and parts of the noisome nuisance produces such an offensive odoriferous shock to sensitive olfactory nerves that it would take hours to overcome and days to forget. It is best generally to let the thing alone in its glory, and leave the bed and bedding, for this one found under the pillow may be the lone straggler of a mighty horde, as close investigation often proves. Yes, surrender the couch to those creatures for whom it was not prepared, and if there be no book, paper, nor pencil, go to the window and by its side sit down for awhile, and look out and upward upon the immensity of space. Perhaps the stars may give some food thought of relief, and the consideration of the beautiful handiwork of the firmament might console in a sad and lonely midsummer night hour. Cogitate in the circumstances until tired nature yearns for rest, and then, avoid the bed, its sheets and pillows, and stretch thy weary length upon the floor, enduring hardness as a good soldier. Even there, however, upon the floor they may find you; even there, you may feel their sting and smell the intrusion of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, until day breaketh everywhere and the glad hour of morning delivers you from the dire prison of a bed-room and its obnoxious and cruel inhabitants.

The traveling preacher as a general rule has no option as to special homes or temporary abode. He must not seek soft places, sumptuous dining halls and delectable chambers in

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which to recuperate, feast and sleep. As he moves around among his parishioners or other kindly disposed and hospitable people, he would be lacking in the Christian spirit if he would be indifferent to the welcome fireside of the cottages, or show inappreciation for the cup of cold water from the humblest and poorest. He is here, yonder and everywhere, and must eat, drink and rest where invitation is extended and providence and pious policy may suggest. He must not say to the poor man who invites him to board and bed, unless there had been a previous innocent arrangement, "No, I thank you, sir; I will go to Col. Bobo's today to dine," or "to Major Plumtree's tomorrow for supper and lodging." The circuit rider must be a man of the people and for the people. He should be, for Christ's sake, "all things to all men that by all means he might save some." It is not only a pious proposition—this commendable conduct—but it is sound policy. It pays to stoop to conquer. Some of the most faithful adherents of the Church today are not robed in soft raiment, nor do they live in king's houses. The mainstay and steady support of our great ecclesiastical system in this Southland of ours in past days has been the humble dwellers of mountain log cabins and the inhabitants of uncouth homes 'midst the dreary swamps and tall pines of the lowlands. *There's* where our greatness and sturdy race began. They were a happy people on their bread and bacon as they bore the burden and heat of the day, and sang songs of joy around the torch-lighted firesides at night in their humble homes.

"How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

Such sentiments as are contained in the above actuated me, I am glad to say, in my early ministry when first I began to make my pastoral rounds, and I have been trying to hold fast to this faith and practice since those novice-days. I

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have had some trying experiences in attempting to come up to the standard—to the “all things to all men,” but, as a rule, I have managed the situation fairly well. Occasionally, however, I must confess, I have manifested a tendency that looked more to creature comforts than to the main purpose of my vocation. Once I remember well I departed from the wholesome principles I have ever maintained, and manifested a nervous weakness that I am more ready to confess than to defend. That which is akin to the æsthetic forces of a sensitive system broke out in open and daring rebellion, and I had to give way for the time on account of cruel circumstances which were beyond my power to amend or alleviate.

As I revert today to the scene, time and place of my tribulation and retreat, I have no words of commendation for my conduct, yet really in my heart I have never been able to condemn. Although I apparently did rashly violate the law of open-hearted hospitality, nevertheless I experienced complacency of spirit afterwards and my conscience was soothed and relieved by the thought of compulsory circumstances, and it seemed, like the rabbit in “Uncle Remus,” which climbed the telegraph pole, hostly pursued by the fox, I was just “obleeged ter.”

On one occasion, some years ago, early in my hopeful itinerancy in the county of ———, I was pressed to spend the night with a good and humble brother, whom, for convenience sake in the narrative, we will call Mr. Erastus McQuorter. He lived quite a distance from the place where I was residing, and without a wavering mind, but with heart encouraged by pleasing prospects, I consented to go, naming the hour of the evening when in all probability I would arrive.

Who is it that does not enjoy a drive over the highways of the up-country in the good old summer time, when there are no clouds nor threatening weather and the day is pleasant.

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The roads generally in summer are at their best, hard and smooth. The forest and fields are the greenest, the birds sing their sweetest and the fresh flowing streams and rivulets make music as the traveler passes by. Over the hills and down again, through long stretches of woodland, across the creeks, and valleys and through beautiful fields of waving corn I drove to McQuarter's, where I arrived just as the sun was going down. Perhaps the most interesting hour on the farm, away in the backwoods, is when the hard day's work is over and the "hands" and "plowmen plod their weary way" to their homes and the barn. The tired mules are ungeared and relieved of bit and bridle. They seek their watering and wallow with many a grunt of satisfaction in the soft, sandy places of the lot. The cows are now in the stalls chewing their cuds in peace after the milking and feeding, and the calves, young and foolish, skip about here and there, leaping and jumping, shying at objects and, with head up and tails outstretched, they run about as swiftly and dexteriously as deers in a park. The geese keep up a goose-like attitude and join in a discordant and monotonous refrain. The ducks chatter and quack continuously—the old drakes instinctively polite and obsequiously gallant are busy, bobbing their heads up and down, and seem to encourage those that do the quacking to make more noise and continue their fussy clamors. The other poultry who retire earliest, led by their richly-combed leader, have all repaired to their roost in the fowl house hardby and are not in the motley crowd's ignoble strife. The cock's shrill clarion, however, will be the first heard in the early morning. At feed time the hogs raise a perfect sound of dire distress and lamentation, until the boy comes with the slops and basket of corn. "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." After awhile all are watered, slopt, housed, penned, cooped and fed, and ere twilight in summer has altogether gone the farmer with a

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clear conscience, tired limbs and a good appetite, is ready for his substantial supper and his bed.

After enjoying a scene somewhat similar to the above the evening of my arrival, I was soon in McQuorter's castle, making myself “feel at home.” McQuorter's house was an old one. It bore evidence, internal and external, of great antiquity. It had never seen paint, and very little white-wash of lime, but its sound timbers had withstood the inroads of varied seasons of many years and the storms and tempests of decades. Mr. McQuorter's house was a log dwelling. The main part of the edifice was of hewn logs, weather-boarded without and ceiled within, and there were shed rooms around.

After the “stock” had been fed, and the cows milked, it wasn't long before preparations for supper were in full blast in an adjoining room. There was a hurrying and scurrying to and fro, and sounds of a spluttering and spattering, and of dishes, a-rinsing and a-clattering. Then there came a noise of grinding, and a noise of frying, and it was not long before everything was baked and browned, and supper was announced. The biscuit-bread was very large, baked in unwieldy pones, the coffee very strong, and ham and eggs were verily fried—and I did thank the good Lord for McQuorter's supper.

The scene now shifts to other quarters—to the sacred precincts of the bed-room, that part of the domicile given to the guest where, according to the law, he has two points of ownership. He is placed in undisputed *possession* of the room, and he has, therefore, the *right* of possession. He voluntarily enters in upon the possession and the right of possession, and at will he can retreat or surrender his rights and privileges. The guest is here made monarch of all he surveys with the right to lock, bar and defend if necessary from all assaults. I was not in the “company room” a great while when I, by the dim lamplight burning, did begin to survey.

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It was a shed-room, and an old one. In years gone it had been whitewashed, and I noticed the walls were streaked as by water. I paused and considered. Evidently the room, walls and all, had seen hot water, and I could not forbear articulating to myself audibly: "*Alas, I do believe they are here!*" Close inspection confirmed the belief, and though I was sincerely in hopes I was mistaken, yet I retired with a heavy heart and sad forebodings. I had placed a friendly match near the little lamp, so that in case of an uprising of my dreaded and suspected enemy I might be able to throw light immediately on the situation. I was soon ensconced between snowy white sheets, had changed the current of my thoughts from the consideration of sordid things to nobler conceptions, when all at once I felt sweet slumber's chain was binding me—I was gone. How long I slept I know not—I think not many moments over an hour when I became conscious of the crawling creatures and stinging sensations. When light was turned on, the scene that met my gaze on the snow-white counterpanes and sheets of the bed was horrifying. If I would say there were five hundred, I'd be guilty of a pardonable exaggeration. If I'd state that there were at least two hundred, I'd come near the truth. They were of all sizes, all ages, apparently. Some were flat and rather turtle-shaped, others narrow and long. I had never seen gray-backed and gray-headed ones before, I presume on account of old age—and withal there were a multitude of wee ones, just hatched and started out for their first game. To attend immediately, without a moment's hesitation, to my toilet was a movement hastily executed. Alas! they were on my shoes—on the soles thereof, and on my linen! I dressed and marched out into a piazza, and from there to the front yard of the dwelling. I reflected on my dire dilemma. What must I do? Where must I go? Back into that "company room?" Never. To the barn! came the notion like a thought of inspiration. I repaired thither with hasty strides, but the

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door was shut and locked. There was no way to gain entrance. I concluded to seek the stable, where my horse had been fed, and sleep the balance of the night in the trough, but found the feeding-box of the horse too short and too narrow. There was no room for me in barn nor stable, and I returned to the yard in a perturbation of mind that cannot well be described. To go from this place, or not to go, was the question—whether it was nobler to remain and be bitten by bugs all the night long, or order horse and vehicle and retreat to some other home and thus offend good people forever, was the burning question in my mind as I stood alone a star-light night in McQuorter's yard. It must have been near midnight, everything was so still. I was the lone sentinel, nervous and unhappy. I began to imagine the things were still on me—on my body and in my head, and I'd scratch here and there vigorously. While in a state of doubt and fear, holding my derby hat in one hand—the other was occupied in scratching—a piece of paper fell from the hat on the ground at my feet. I immediately seized this little piece of paper as something that might prove suggestive, that might indicate my course of action and bring me to some happy decision in this dreadful hour—for there were a few letters on the tag that fell from the hat. In early youth I had been somewhat affected by superstition. I caught it from the old "mammy" of the kitchen and the negroes of the "quarters." When a boy, going to some place and forgetting something and having to return, I'd make my mark and spit in it before I went back. The owl hooting or screeching near the window at midnight was a thing of terror and the harbinger of death. I was well up on all the foolish superstitions of the old plantation. There was in my youthful heart the greatest sympathy for poor, unfortunate Annie Lee, in "Enoch Arden," who, pressed by Phillip's suit and not knowing whether the absent Enoch was dead or alive, it being ten years since he left her for the long sea voyage, one night arose from her sleepless

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pillow and rushed to the Bible for a decision of her fate. She opened the sacred volume and, placing her finger quickly down, blindly, upon the page, she looked and read, "Under a palm tree." Those were the words, and nothing more. I don't know why I did it. It might have been that the early impressions I thought had been discarded, had subtly returned to me in a weak and trying hour. Anyhow, I reached down and secured the bit of paper that fell at my feet, and said: "Maybe on this tag there is a word that will hint to me what I must do." Going softly to the little lamp in the room I examined and found the tag to be a diamond-shaped one that had fallen from the inside of the derby hat. There were on it the initials of the makers of that sort of hat. The letters in large type printed, were, "H. O. P. & S." I felt immediately relieved. I was decided. O happy the doubting man that comes to a definite decision, and knows exactly what to do. My mind was "made up" instantly. I reasoned and translated thusly: "H. O. P. & S." means "Hop and skeedaddle," and I will forthwith leave these premises and my good friend, Erastus McQuorter.

I approached the door of my friend's apartments and summoned him to appear. I called softly at first. He did not respond. He must have been a sound sleeper, for in my restless movements during the hour or more I had been walking about the yard considerable noise had been produced by the dog and geese; but none of these things moved McQuorter, or disturbed him in his dreams. I called aloud for McQuorter, and knocked and called again. He came directly to the door, opened it, and I desired him to come inside, when the following dialogue occurred:

McQuorter: "What on earth, man, is the matter?"

Lodger: "Well, sir, I know you are surprised to see me dressed at this hour—and if you will from your heart forgive me, I'm obliged to tell you that I must take a midnight airing—I must travel."

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McQuorter (now thoroughly awakened): "Look here, you are joking? You don't intend to leave, do you?"

Lodger: "Yes, sir, I do; and you must not think hard of me. I am troubled with a nervousness that I cannot control."

McQuorter: "Why not stay on, man? Won't you soon get better after a little sleep?"

Lodger: "No, sir, never. It will take a drive of a few miles in the pleasant night air to restore my equilibrium. Absolutely necessary."

Nothing would satisfy McQuorter until I confessed that it was bugs—bugs by the hundreds that had driven me from my bed. On that equilibrium idea, and manifesting a meek contrite spirit, I got away without much difficulty. My horse was caught, harnessed and hitched, and I was soon on the highway with the feeling I imagine akin somewhat to that of a prisoner who had been pardoned and honorably discharged from prison and was rejoicing in his liberty again. I enjoyed a pleasant drive of a few miles, making my way to another hospital home, and, before 2 A. M., I had awakened another family, who doubtless thought it extremely early for pastoral calls, and was comfortable in bed, fast asleep.

I am persuaded that my host, Erastus McQuorter, forgave me for my unusual conduct and excused my precipitate retreat that summer night from his bed and board on the plausible ground of restoration of the equilibrium. It is likely that the next day at McQuorter's the old "company" bed and room underwent such a scouring and washing, overhauling and brushing with that painstaking particularity it had never witnessed before, and I am satisfied that future lodgers had no more their equilibrium disturbed or their slumbers broken by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

A growing civilization and refined Christian notions of cleanliness has wonderfully affected the homes, beds and kitchens of our dear common people during the last few years. Old things are passing away. The old corded bedstead has

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gone never to return, the antebellum feather bed is at growing discount, and domestic inventions along lines of comfort, cleanliness and convenience have been most marked, and are producing most salutary effect upon mind, morals and manners. Many of our most humble homes have flowers in the yard, the geranium hothouse, pretty climbing vines, the iron bedstead in the guest chamber, and all the house as neat and tidy as one could wish. The old log house with its shed-rooms, too, has seen its day, and, uninhabited, is crumbling in ruins. Hard by the old place, a new, neat cottage arises, painted and enclosed, and swept and garnished within. "Cleanliness is akin to godliness." More so: It is a characteristic of godliness and Christian civilization.

CHAPTER XII.

Notes and Notions.

"I pray thee, therefore, Father, that Thou wouldst send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment." One of those five brethren might have been a politician.

* * *

Dignified reverend that wishes to make himself specially agreeable to kind hostess: "I'll declare, Sister Nubbins, this clabber is simply delightful. Never did taste such delicious clabber. How do you make clabber, Sister Nubbins?"

* * *

Traveler, to Berkeley Man: "As I was passing the village of ——— the other evening I saw the town hall lit up; what was going on there?"

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Berkeley Man: "It was some sort of a play."

Traveler: "What sort of a play, you reckon?"

B. M. "Oh, it was only immature theatricals."

* * *

Every preacher should conduct annually at least one protracted revival meeting himself for his own special benefit as well as others. It is feared that there are some who are losing in unction and the personal power of persuasion. To feel that upon you rests the burden of souls, is itself a spiritual blessing that imparts strength.

* * *

Divine service—preacher with the opening prayer seems loath to let loose. The prayer had body and parts—all long and lengthening. Old preacher, kneeling near the source of the "opening prayer" called a halt: "Condense the prayer" (in a whisper). After a little again: "I say, brother, condense, condense." He finally blew for the station, but the entire congregation, as well as the "old preacher," had become wearied, and that part of the service which should always be refreshing proved to be trying and tedious.

* * *

A layman said to me: "I tell you, Brother Wilkes, our people came near kicking when Brother Skipper was sent to us by the Conference, but I looked at it this way: Before Conference met I prayed to the Lord to send us the right man—a good, consecrated minister, for the Whalebone charge, and I prayed earnestly, and I had faith in my praying. Now of course here comes Skipper. I am not going back on my prayer. I shall support him with all my heart. He is the man for Whalebone Circuit."

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"The tyrannical conduct of husbands, in such cases is universal; and I scarce know one householder of my acquaintance who has not, on some ill-omened and most inconvenient season, announced suddenly to his innocent helpmate that he had invited

Some odious Major Rock
To drop in at six o'clock,

To the great discomposure of the lady, and the discredit, perhaps, of her domestic arrangements."

She, the helpmate, should by all means be consulted beforehand with reference to the "Major's" dining, and the man of the house should always cultivate sympathy for the kitchen and culinary conscience of the wife.

* * *

Said an old fellow once to me over in Colleton, during a protracted meeting: "Brother W——, we are having a glorious meeting, but if you take up a collection you will spile the whole thing."

* * *

You have heard of the fool who said he never intended to go into water until he learned to swim. One meets another one now and then who says "he is not going to join the Church until he gets fitten."

* * *

A college commencement, graduating class exhibition; one young orator's subject, "A Succinct Dissertation on Recent Outcome of the Prolific Mind of Man." I wonder what has been the "outcome" of this young graduate?

* * *

Isn't it remarkable that the real innateness of a man will, in times, in favorable circumstances, show itself and work to

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the surface If the hog is in him, he will root out; if the tiger is there, he will soon show his claws; if the fox, cunning, trickery. And there are some mortals that only need an outward embellishment of hair, tail and two long ears to resemble another animal. And may the Lord bless and save all "sorts and conditions" of men here below.

* * *

I have known men who desire all the good things of earth—who put forward the most strenuous efforts to increase their annual income from a few thousand to several thousand, but who are greatly shocked when a minister receives an unusual amount of cash. I have known men exhibit such a heavenly mindedness, such a spirituality that it is positively refreshing when we contemplate their consistency and sincerity.

* * *

Will murder "out"? Some years ago there lived in Clark's Hill a man named Harling. I liked Harling—he was sociable, hospitable, and very entertaining—sometimes I feared he talked too much. I have lodged in his pleasant home and supped often at his table. He was devoted to his family, and especially to one afflicted child. One night he looked upon his affectionate wife and happy children the last time at the dining table. After the meal, and the baby put in its little cradle bed, Harling walked out upon the piazza of his home, and by some party "to present jury unknown" was shot down in his tracks. How many years will it take to develop this murderer? How long will it be before this murder will "out"?

* * *

Some have said education would solve the race question, and let the negro be educated. I believe that is a solution to some situations. As soon as the negro gets a little learning, and a few rations ahead, it is not long before he, she, and it,

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leaves the wash pots, cooking stoves, and the plow. Besides, in this land of ours there are a whole lot among 'em who are half, fourth or eighth white—sins that have come upon us of past decades—who have inherited Anglo-Saxon shrewdness and yearning for independence. A smart quarter white in a dark skin can put up a good argument for social equality if there is cash and estate to enforce the logic. The whole thing is in a mess.

* * *

The woman conducted to the Saviour for judgment had created quite a sensation in social and religious circles. She had sinned grievously and must be stoned. The only difference between the poor prostitute and old gowned and bearded rascals who were demanding her death was that her sin was known; the iniquity of the others was hid. When the time for throwing rocks came the miserable sinners sneaked away.

* * *

The moral atmosphere is always liable to stinking stirs, because sin abounds. There is hardly a neighborhood in South Carolina but is not visited occasionally by the sensation storm. Sometimes it's a cyclone affair, involving many. The sensation is heightened when there is a woman in it. The bold type of the papers rejoice and there are eager readers who hunger for the news.

* * *

The butter question is a most important one. The real domestic housewife thinks much of her butter, attends to its making with the greatest care, and takes pleasure in displaying her fine product on the dining table. This close attention and care in keeping this luxurious article of diet causes her to value it most highly, and the average housekeeper will go a long way to preserve her butter, and will defend it from

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all attacks. Some years ago in Chester there lived an excellent woman who made the finest of butter. An old lean, lank dog had invaded the sacred precincts of her cupboard more than twice and devoured her butter. She determined to have vengeance. She watched, caught him, pinioned him and hung him by the neck to a limb of a tree in the orchard until he was dead, dead, dead. It was a mournful execution; the hound died hard, strangled out of existence. Being in the neighborhood at the time, I wrote up the event for publication, but I kept out of the way of that good woman until after a big revival that occurred in her immediate vicinity. Then I drew near and was fairly well received. I've often thought of Elijah and have been comforted. He was a man subject to like passions as we are. When Jezebel threatened and got after him, he fled to the quiet retreat of the juniper trees far from the haunts of men and hoop-skirts of wrath.

* * *

Bishop Coke led a most strenuous life. On his way to hold a General Conference in Baltimore about the year 1792 he worked, it is recorded, while at sea, on "Poole's Commentary," to have it published for the benefit of preachers and people. It is said he was cheered in his work by six canaries that sang in his cabin. After years of profitable toil and hardships experience in the service of the Master, he writes: "I am forty-five. I have done nothing."

Many modern forty-fivers, with much scholarship and chatty Chautauqua training, think they have reached the acme of human excellence and learnedness. Only one thing lacking, and that's fame. That will be forthcoming, they probably presume, when the world finds them out and becomes able to discern and appreciate growing genius.

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That fuss in the forties about the negro separated saints and the synods. The pious prelates of the North, pushed by public opinion, published slavery a crime. They had snow-capped hills and annual zeroes. The thermometer froze out the African and he couldn't thrive there. The South had cotton and sunshine and a luxurious clime for this black fly in the ointment.

On one side there was no religion in slavery, because there was no money in the nigger; on the other side he was profitable. Therefore, slavery was a Christian institution.

Then they fou't.

* * *

The descendant of a New England Puritan divine has in his possession an old sermon written by his ancestor which shows that the preacher did not trust to the impulse of the moment when delivering his discourses.

The manuscript is written in a strange, crabbed hand, and plentifully besprinkled with marginal references. "Read slowly here," the minister admonishes himself in one spot, and "To be given out very loud and clear" is the suggestion for another passage. "Hurry a little, with fire," he wrote in several places. The most emphatic and important part of the whole sermon is indicated by a much-underlined marginal note. After hearing stories of this saintly old-time preacher, it is amusing to know that he deemed it wise and even necessary at the climax of his eloquence to "Yell like one possessed."—*Scl.*

* * *

The grave of Gen. Francis Marion (Berkeley County) is in a sad condition of neglect, and is not well enclosed. The old Marion house, not over two hundred yards from the tomb, is also uninhabited and fast decaying.

First, could not the bones of the old hero be removed to some appreciative town or city that will give him a monument? If that is impracticable, could not the Legislature

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when it convenes, appropriate a few dollars—about a hundred or more—to place the tomb and locality in a condition it deserves?

As long as liberty in South Carolina is valued the name and memory of Francis Marion will ever be cherished by all patriotic people.

* * *

An old woman, whose husband was ill, sent for the doctor. He said: "I will send him some medicine, which must be taken in a recumbent posture."

After he had gone the old woman sat down greatly puzzled. "A recumbent posture—a recumbent posture!" she kept repeating. "I haven't got one." At last she thought, "I will go and see if old Mrs. Smith has one to lend."

Accordingly she went and said to her neighbor, "Have you a recumbent posture to lend me to put some medicine in?"

Mrs. Smith, who was ignorant as her friend, replied, "I had one, but to tell you the truth, I have lost it."—*Sel.*

* * *

Keep a sharp lookout on the character and conduct of your grandmothers and grandfathers. They may cause no little trouble and tribulation in this world below. An authority in the *New York Herald* has this to say:

"A woman of criminal tendencies, whose occupation was the keeping of a disreputable house, and whose habits were of the lowest, including excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, died when she was 51 years old.

"This was in 1827. Her descendants have now been traced. They number 800. Seven hundred of them are criminals, having been convicted at least once. Three hundred and forty-two of them are drunkards, acknowledged by all as such. One hundred and twenty-seven are immoral women. Thirty-seven of them are murderers and were executed for their crimes.

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"This family has cost the nation \$3,000,000, this being the sum paid out for their trials and executions."

* * *

A Catholic paper relates that a convent school when visited was found to be filled with little girls of ages ranging from 6 to 16, with fresh sweet voices, in childish accents singing:

"Of our passions we are weary—
Weary of the yoke of sin."

A convict prison chapel, when visited was found with a select and exclusive congregation of forgers, burglars, wife-beaters, etc., in stentorian tones giving tongue to:

"Dear angel, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guide
A little child like me."

This reminds one of holy singing of some modern choirs, who spend part of the week in dancing, theatre going, and revelry and sing like angels on Sundays.

* * *

The efforts on the part of members of the House to pin one another down to direct answers reminded Representative Capron, of Rhode Island, of an experience in the last campaign. Mr. Capron was very much bothered while making a speech by a man in the audience who insisted on asking questions to which he demanded either "Yes" or "No" for answer.

"But there are some questions," finally remarked Mr. Capron, "which cannot be answered by 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"I should like to hear one," scornfully commented his annoyer.

"Well," said Mr. Capron, "think I can prove it. Have you quit beating your wife? Answer 'Yes' or 'No.' " The crowd saw at once that Mr. Capron had the man in a trap.

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If he had said "Yes" it was a confession that he had been beating his wife, and if he said "No" it was an admission that he was still indulging in the pastime.

"Yes or no," shouted everybody in the hall, and in the midst of the confusion the man made his escape.

* * *

One of our Bishops in a college platform address, in July, 1833, eloquently declaimed, "I look forward to coming days, when the Atlantic shall be connected with the Pacific by railroads and canals; when the East, with her rocky shores, the North, with her sail-covered lake, the South, with her sunny skies and fertile fields, shall hold intimate fellowship with the far distant West, as yet an unknown land, darkened with the shadow of unpenetrated forest. The hum of vast cities shall break upon the ear of the giant spirit of solitude now enthroned in the Western wilds."

The prophet got there, only he overlooked chasm of blood and the fertile fields of his sunny South torn and rent by the most destructive civil war. He didn't anticipate the mighty work and revolutionary power in electricity, nor did he dream of the motor car and flying machine. One on that same platform might take today a most hopeful religious view of days to come: "I look forward to coming days when this will be one united country, whose God is the Lord, and whose universal homage shall be to Him whose spirit inspires fraternity, and leads to love and peace; when Methodism will be a united factor for the evangelization of the world; when there will be no Church North, no Church South, but one to the glory of the Most High. Already from the unanimously adopted hymnal sweet songs waft the same note of praise and the same heavenly attuned choruses of one harmonious strain, arise from every altar from the lakes the gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and ere long the spirit of God will move in might with love and light upon the heart of many millions and make us one again."

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It was a poorly attended funeral. The relatives were few, and the friends of the deceased were not many. The dead one had not been influential in life, and the death caused very few sincere regrets. But she was a member of the Church, and I thought, as the day was calm and the weather propitious, it would have been becoming for a fair proportion of the large congregation to have turned out, and thus showed their Christian respect for their dead sister, and sympathy for the few relatives that sorrowfully followed the remains of their kinswoman to the grave. This thoughtful, sympathetic action would have been to those few relatives a strong sermon exemplifying Christian fellowship. It would have made them feel that they were members of a community in which real fraternity and unselfish love prevailed. It would have strengthened the tie that bound them to their Church and to their Heavenly Father. The wealthy, and those who "live in king's houses," when death comes, have long funeral processions, elaborate obsequies, much crepe, much mourning; the poor, the rude coffin, simple shroud, and a burial paraphernalia that saddens the eye of the observer—and the world, the Church world, often seems as indifferent to their decease as they were regardless of their welfare when living. I saw a picture once that impressed me. The Czar of all the Russias, walking near his palace one winter's day, met two or three soldiers drawing a sleigh over the snow, containing the body of their dead comrade. The Czar turned and followed, melancholy and slow, the bier to the place of interment. There doubtless was not a Russian heart that was not touched and made to feel the glow of kindness when they read the account of the great Czar attending the burial of a poor unfortunate soldier.

* * *

She was buxom, a picture of a young healthy matron "at home," age 33 years. Candor was a characteristic of her conversation, and a happy smile played over her features.

Notes and Notions.

"Who were you before you married, ma'am?"

"Judith Amaker Blarney, sir."

"And your first husband?"

"My first husband was a Banks, sir. Billy Banks, of ———."

"Ah, indeed, and then after a season you married again?"

"Yes, sir. My second was Josiah Ashcraft, of ———."

"And the third," said I, "is, of course, your present husband?"

"No, sir. My third was Timothy Troller, an old man, was the best of husbands, but he didn't live long after we were happily married."

"And so you have actually been married four times, and this present husband is your fourth?"

"Yes, sir (almost blushing quite red), Mr. Shuman is my fourth."

"What were the ages of your husbands?"

"My first, Mr. Banks, was a young man; my second, Mr. Ashcraft, was an elderly man; my third was quite an old man, and my fourth Mr. Shuman, is a young man"—and the happy smile continued to play over her features. As I left this home of husband No. 4, I could not help from thinking of the situation. Here, mused I, was a lady in her thirty-fourth year who has her fourth husband, and there is the poor old maid also in her thirty-fourth year, with slim prospects of getting only one. How unevenly often are earth's prizes distributed!

* * *

Dr. Watkinson, of England, says, in speaking of doing great things out of our poverty: "We want to build a Church; we don't send for a drum and fife band; we arrange for a bazaar and plenty of collecting boxes, and send all kinds of ingenious and pathetic appeals. If we want to do anything, to build a church or improve a church, or sustain a mission—

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anything of the sort—it does not rise “like an exhalation.” We have a little meeting in a vestry, and the thing is proposed, and the infinite difficulties are felt; and then a man gets up, and he shows that the thing is impracticable. I am bound to say I have never been present at one of those meetings but that man was there.”

Yes, this same man is in South Carolin and opposes good work, and clogs the wheel of progress. Let members propose to build a new church, and times being hard, he will oppose it, and try to show that it is impracticable. The salary of the preacher should not be raised, it is impracticable, the assessments for missions are too high, and cannot be realized; there is even no need of a new fence around the graveyard. It is impracticable, besides not necessary; those in there can't come out, those out don't want to go in.

Oh, this man. Well, the only way to do is to listen to him, and then go right ahead and, by the help of Providence, build your church, and paint it, too, raise your collections in full and abound in the work of the Lord.

* * *

The unregenerated heart is a dangerous and demoralizing institution. One thing he does not: he “will not seek after God;” one thing he will do: he will commit iniquity, and reveal the rascal that's in him if you give him favorable opportunity. “The heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.”

* * *

Crimes are committed and there is misery in the earth because the disease of depravity is not cured and controlled by the operation of divine grace. The resolute resistance to the wooings of the Holy Spirit hardens the sinner in his ways, drives him on his own resources, and then and there the perishing begins, of character, happiness and peace. Finally and fatally, the soul, borne down by lust and gross sensuality,

Notes and Notions.

falls completely under influence of the devil. "Except ye repent ye shall perish."

* * *

The following definition of "woman's rights" is the best we have yet seen; we regret our ignorance of the author; her name should be known:

The right to wake when other sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress,
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer;
The right to dry an orphan's tear;
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure;
The right when other friends have flown,
And left the sufferer all alone.
To kneel that dying couch beside,
And meekly point to Him who died;
The right a happy home to make
In any clime for Jesus' sake.
Rights such as these are all we crave,
Until our last—a quiet grave.

* * *

I saw a dog once apparently under deep conviction. It was in Modoc, a lovely village among the hills in western Edgefield. That part of the inhabitants who have died since I left there I trust have all gone regularly to heaven, but really there was a time when I thought there were few candidates. I had been engaged in a series of services held specially for the conversion of sinners and for the edification of such saints as might happen to be around. I preached and preached. Three or four days passed and not a penitent, nor a "mourner," though the little chapel by the railroad was pretty

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well filled every service. One night I grew desperate and brought all my guns to bear on the well fortified fortress—but there was no sign of surrender. A dog, a well grown, lean, lank dog came in and squatted in the middle aisle not far from the door, and sat intently gazing at me in a solemn way. As I was closing he looked upwards and began slowly to utter the most piteous howls. Young and old grinned and giggled. After the dog had run a sort of howling octave and stopped I remarked, "O ye people of Modoc, I have labored in your midst several days, I've prayed for you, I have preached unto you the word, but the only instance of emotion and sentiment, the only animal that has shown any penitence or sorrow, has been a poor wandering dog. He has just responded to urgent appeals in the only way he knows how." I dismissed a quiet, sober-minded crowd that night. That dog followed me home to Parksville, where I resided, and showed the sincerest attachment to me—until his owner sought him and led him away with a halter.

* * *

(Place, Orangeburg County.)

Years ago a pretty and winsome lass of sixteen summers or more had two lovers whom we will name Damon and Dexter. Damon was older, yet truly did he love Annie Belle. Dexter wooed more persistently perhaps, with more dash and daring, never faltering, never wavering, until at last Annie Belle showed pity to Dexter and gave him her heart and hand. Damon went West, and his crushed spirit sought surcease from sorrow in some quiet valley, resolved never to love again. Happy marriage, music and flowers, and friends showered blessings on Dexter and Annie Belle. "At home" in the cottage by the roadside. Ere long the bridal flowers faded, as all things here below must fade, and real life began—the hard-fought battle began for competence and comfort. After some years, the blazing hearth burned cheerily.

Notes and Notions.

“Children ran to lisp the sire’s return
And climb his knees the envied kiss to share.”

Many years rolled by rapidly. Dexter, never strong, grew faint and weary and seemed tired of this life of toil and trouble. One day he looked up to heaven and expired. Disconsolate widow, all in black and mourning—but still pretty, resembling her youth. Letters from the West, simply letters of inquiry from the same quiet valley in the West, after one twelve-month had passed, to learn how Annie Belle fared, and where she was—containing, too, words of condolence. “I’d just like to know, Annie Belle, how you are—and the children.” Damon, now no longer young, but the same Damon as of yore, comes from the quiet valley and visits the old sweetheart to console her in her troubles. Damon consoled and consoled, and continued to console Annie Belle. This is a strange world here below, much given to the romantic. After consoling, Damon begun a-wooing, and ere long the widow, of course, was won. And now at last Damon is happy—being himself consoled with the thought that it is better late than never—to get her.

* * *

Perhaps dyspepsia is the most common ail of suffering humanity, and it is the condition of many other diseases. The physicians can successfully treat many patients without seeing them, or feeling the pulse. He knows it is over eating and indigestion, and he can roll up about six pills with this direction: “Take two every two hours” until an event occurs, very important to the patient, and that will be all the doctoring necessary for awhile.

Some dyspeptics are fat, and many are lean. The fat fellow complains of “heartburn,” takes soda, eats his “fill” at dinner and feels no account until the next meal when it is more soda and another “fill.” The poor victim moves on in the world at a half rate.

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There is loss of energy and get up. He has no enthusiasm for earth or heaven, and in the present circumstances with his "fills" and soda, it will be a difficult thing to save him from the devil. Most dyspeptics are lean and lank, and ofttimes are nervous with it. The eye has lost or is losing its luster and penetrating power. The jaw covering is sallow and flabby.

He has a load in his stomach, especially "just after eating." He shows you where it is, puts his hands there, over the big lump in his bowels. His biscuits and grease, and syrup and collards, have all gone down, forming into a great wad. There this pestilence revolves in darkness, pregnant with evil. The circulation is so sluggish the man becomes morose, and on account of indigested matter there results debility and weakness, mental and physical.

He is given to "blues," and gets mad at all creation round at times if the wad continues. If unfortunately married he will raise a row with his wife about the most insignificant thing, if he is not scared of her. If a button is off his loose-fitting pants, or is not sewed on in the right place, he quarrels and will be, in this and other things, more or less snarly and snappy.

The dyspeptic is rarely licentious. That is not his besetting sin. In addition to his irritability and moral cowardice he is covetous in the extreme. He is poor giver generally, and yields slowly to appeals of charity. He is so much concerned about himself and his bowels that he is unable to extend kind thoughts and helping hands to others.

* * *

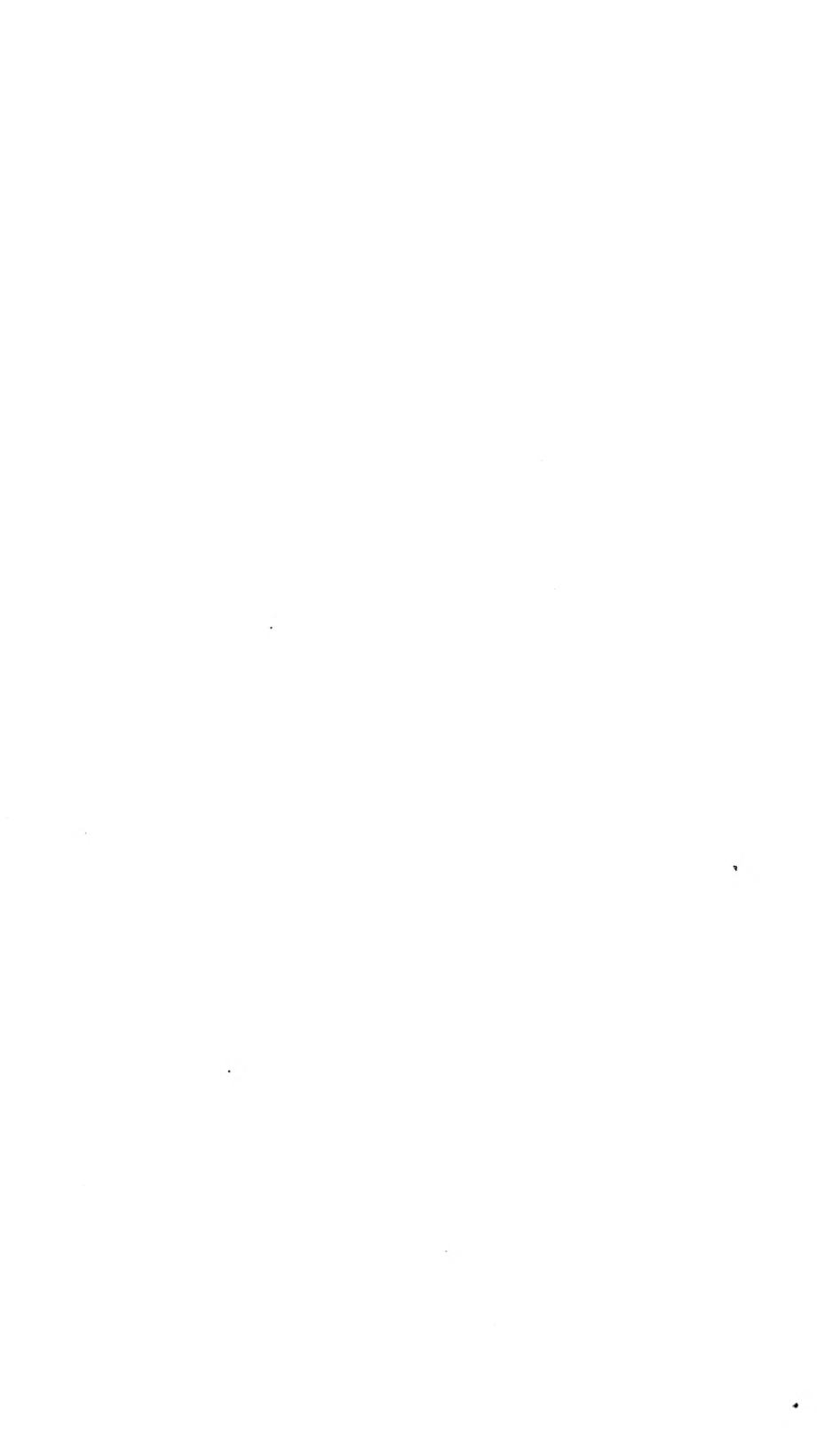
The greatest sufferer in this land of ours is perhaps pure and lovely woman. It is said about one out of five hundred is free from pain and physical trouble. Some time since I congratulated a good sister on her apparent fine health, when she replied, "Ah, Bro. Wilkes, I never see a well day." There are many who never see a well day.

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The far-away look, the nervous eye, the heaving sigh in moments of abstraction often betoken internal troubles. Sometimes there is melancholy, and the mind wanders in twilight and shadows.

There is loss of vivaciousness, though the bloom may still be in the cheek, and the song of her life now becomes low and plaintive. Ah, that great curse, seen everywhere, female trouble. Writes a well-known physician: "Woman's peculiar constitution renders her doubly susceptible to injurious influences and a resulting series of diseases, from which the other sex is entirely exempt. Physically and mentally, woman is man modified, perfected, the last and crowning handiwork of God. When, therefore, this structure so wonderfully endowed, so exquisitely wrought, and performing the most delicate and sacred functions which God has ever entrusted to a created being, is disturbed by disease, when the nicely-adjusted balance of her complex nature deviates from its true and intended poise, the most efficient aid should be extended in order that the normal equilibrium may be regained, her health restored and her divine mission, on which human welfare so largely depends, fulfilled.

PART II.



CHAPTER I.

A Mill Village Scene.

I had noticed that the old couple were extremely fond of each other. They had shared each other's joys and sorrows for many long years together, and now in old age they seemed more than ever to lean on each other for mutual help, sympathy and consolation. They had traveled about from mill to mill, from village to village over the State until the roaming habit had become, it seems, almost essential to their well-being and existence. Probably the moving about from mill to mill continually inspired the hope that it was better further on, and kept them looking for some valley of rest, some place that would give satisfaction, contentment and repose. Their earthly possessions were few and of the simplest kind. They owned not a foot of land, nor "no cottage in the wilderness." The old man was a sort of a mill supernumerary. From the "boss" of a room he once held in his prime, and a general "loom fixer," he had descended to menial and lowly occupations and would often sweep the floors, or carry buckets of water at his fifty cents a day, in the large mill hard by the river. Their children all grown and mostly married off, had families of their own and were moving about the same old way—their lengthy, weary rounds among the mills, scattered here and there over the broad land. So, therefore, the aged couple for bare existence and bread had to fight their battles alone. Their poverty was of a kind that tends to harden the sensibilities and smother the soft, gentle impulses of the human heart. It was of that cruel kind that's disposed to paralyze the ennobling passions, and "freeze the general current of the soul." It was a financial condition that doesn't attract friends in this life. It was a state of existence that doesn't conduce to favors from mankind, gen-

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erally, here below. Ah, how long will such dire poverty exist in this God-favored land of ours! The Lord of Heaven once promised a highly favored people if they would be obedient and loyal they would have all the comforts and conveniences of life heart could wish. When will those who now tramp, tramp, the treadmills around us be fed with the "finest of wheat" and the honey out of the rock? Amidst much poverty and chilling circumstances I was impressed with the unfeigned love that existed between this aged pair. They seemed shut up to themselves with two minds that thought as one. Cupid delights to hover over the hearts of kings' daughters and revel in homes of opulence and ease. It is most difficult and most rare for immaculate conjugal love to hold its own midst the want and strife of abject poverty. They, these poor people, were as ignorant as they were poverty-stricken. There had been great impoverishment of mind, the light of the intellect had about gone out, and there was a darkness that could be felt. This disastrous circumstance added to the horror of the situation. The husband was older and the feebler of the two. One autumn day I noticed his steps were few and slow, and I clearly saw that ere long he'd succumb to wasting disease and to the growing infirmities of old age. After the lapse of a few weeks I returned to the village and upon inquiry I learned he had died. I visited the cottage and heard the sad story from the grief-stricken wife and disconsolate widow. The very language was perfect only in accents of the heart's grief, and the nasal prolonged intonations of the voice tremulous with feeling seem specially adapted to dole out the wails of woe. "Jerry," she would say, midst sobs and the blinding tears, "Jerry never got over that last spell. Hit knocked the sperrit clean out of 'im somehow, and he wont the same Jerry no more. Poor ole fel-low! He'd creep about and follow me like a leetle chield and would say, 'Birdie, doncher leave me now.' 'Nay,' sez I, 'Jerry, I'll never leave ye, and I'll love ye as long as grass is

A Mill Village Scene.

green, and as long as flows yander bright river by the mill.' And the poor ole fel-low would smile and look like his ole self again. But he got weaker and weaker. He'd give way in the knees and I'd have to lead him about. Last Chuesday he took to his bed, and he never riz any more. All day Friday he kept callin' me, and sez he, 'Birdie, I can't see. Is the river a-runnin'?' 'Yes,' sez I, 'hit's a-runnin', and I'm right here by ye.' Towards the turn of the day he began to hiccup, and I saw Jerry was a-gwine. I laid meself down beside him and took him by the hand, and sez I to comfort him a leetle, sez I, 'Jerry, we are both passing away. Look at me, Jerry; look at my eyes and my ole rinkley face! Don't you see we are both gwine together?' The poor ole fel-low did look so piteful as he turned his glassy eyes on me for the last time. He kinder gasped a time or two, and fatched a long breth, and—he was gone."

Amidst all this poverty of hearth and poverty of home, there was the bright illumination of pure conjugal love which shone brighter and brighter as chill death closed the earthly scene. In this earthly realm there is a law of compensation that runs throughout universal being, and permeates every kingdom and every sphere. Often in palaces there are the grim skeletons in the closets, and heartaches and matrimonial misery. In this cottage of chill penury and want there was that unfaltering love which made brilliant the otherwise darkened doorway, and as an angel of light, it produced a peace and a happiness unalloyed to the dying pillow.

The next day at eventide they put the body of poor Jerry in a rude pine coffin, and the place of burial was a high knoll—where the grass will ever grow green, and hard by the bright river that will flow on forever.

CHAPTER II.

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

"Oh, that we could see ourselves as others see us." Brother Jass Simmons is a diligent pastor, and goes in and out rapidly and regularly, but one is not downright certain whether all this work is for himself or really done for that love of Christ which constrains him. That he is conceited is beyond a doubt; that he may be unconsciously and habitually deceitful is highly probable. When he will become thoroughly sane and perfectly cured is a question of time—possibly not until the flesh is wasted and dissolution is near.

* * *

Brother Titus Tarheel has been expressing a desire to enter into the kingdom for many years. He has been known to say often to the Lord, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done." A few years ago he became involved in debt. To avoid paying he "made over" to his wife his large landed estate. The transfer defrauded the creditors and kept the Tarheels comfortable and in easy circumstances. From that estate they expect at some time, when "the fitful fever of life is o'er," to make a triumphant entry into the kingdom of God.

* * *

Scene—Preachers' tent camp-meeting. Occasion—Going around examining beds. Rev. Bosworth Blinker soliloquizes: "Ah, now while there is no other near I'll select my bed. This one (feeling) is too hard; this one is near the window—sudden currents of air endanger my health. Let's see; this bed's too old, too old—germs of disease may lie there concealed. Ha! here is the bed, here is the couch upon which my weary self must slumber and sleep. The others can take care of themselves. I am the best man, I need the best things—the best

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bed, the finest fare, the armchair, the highest place at the feast. I am thankful that there are marks, lines and differences here below, and in the heavens one star doth differ from another in glory."

The next day Brother Blinker preached on "The child in the midst," and as he preached, at times he wept.

* * *

Brother Tim Prankey is a good layman, pays his church dues, mighty moral, very quick and jumpy in and about church—in fact, a handy fellow—but he has the same sort of characteristics that delicately shades the spirit of Brother Jass Simmons. He talks to his pastor sweetly and piously, and when good opportunity presents itself stabs him in the back most effectively. It is said that Prankey, before his conversion, while engaged in the mercantile business, was unreliable and was given at times "to ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

* * *

The Rev. M. L. Peacock preaches eloquently and fervently on the grace of humility, but his arrogancy is beyond question, and his general gait and gear demonstrate that he has far more pride than piety; organ of self-esteem abnormally developed, and his dignity and complacency are quite impressive.

* * *

Letter heads: "The Rev. M. T. Elevator, D. D., Rose Valley, Ala." Envelopes: "Return to the Rev. M. T. Elevator, D. D., Rose Valley, Ala." Walking cane, inscription on: "The Rev. M. T. Elevator, D. D." On the doorplate of parsonage: "The Rev. M. T. Elevator, D. D." And I do pray that all human beings will not forget to say, or write: "*Doctor M. T. Elevator.*"

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The Snooks' residence, 6 P. M. Scene—Front room, the family of Snooks seated.

Mrs. Snooks, looking out the window, sees a traveler coming in the distance: "Lor' me! I do believe yonder comes old man Josiah Trotter. I just said he'd come. He preaches tomorrow at Pisgah."

Abraham Snooks: "What sort of a horse is it? Is it a bay?"

Mrs. S.: "No, it's that old flop-eared sorrel you have fed here so much, and old Josiah Trotter is behind there holding the lines, or I am not standing here."

Abraham: "Well, I'll declare!"

Mrs. S.: "It looks like the old thing comes here every Saturday evening, just because it is convenient to Pisgah—and my! I'm tired of it. I didn't want to have anything but a cold supper tonight—but here he comes, and a chicken is to be killed, and coffee to prepare. Lor' me! I do wish the old thing had gone somewhere else this evening."

Little Peter Snooks: "Well, ma, you needn't to tell me to run myself down after the chicken. I just ain't going to do it for the old thing."

Mrs. S.: "Hush, Peter."

Nellie Snooks: "Oh, he shore likes chicken. Don't you remember, Pete, when he was here before he ate both the gizzards outen the chicken pie?"

Peter: "Yes, I does."

Mrs. S.: "Hush, Peter; hush, Nellie. Go, Abraham, he is at the gate. I knew it was Trotter and the old flop-eared—" (Exit.)

Abraham (at the gate): "Why, how do you do, Brother Trotter? Glad to see you. Alight and come in. Wife has just been looking for you."

Trotter: "Well, I am glad to see you, Brother Snooks. How is Sister Snooks?"

Abraham: "Oh, quite well, sir."

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

Trotter: "And little Nell and Peter?"

Abraham: "Lively as crickets, sir, lively as crickets—both anxious to see Uncle Trotter. They speak so often of Uncle Trotter."

Sister Snooks (meeting them at front door): "Why, howdy do, Brother Trotter. We are indeed glad you've come to spend the night with us. I had just said to husband that I feared you had passed us by this time. Come, come in, do come in, and be at home." (Curtain.)

* * *

I believe that Simmons, Peacock, Tarheel, Dr. M. T. Elevator, Prankey, Mr. and Mrs. Snooks do all live and flourish in this world of ours—all having their strong weaknesses and their faults and failings which time, training and Christian culture, it seems, cannot eliminate. They will all pardon me, I hope, for being purely personal, for real reformation and repentance cannot be effected sometimes until we "see ourselves as others see us."

* * *

Some years ago I was associated occasionally with a preacher who manifested much zeal in his efforts to do good and persuade men. He would address men bluntly in season and out of season in reference to their soul's salvation and sometimes showed more pious earnestness than prudent politeness. On one occasion, a Sunday afternoon, being in the neighborhood holding religious services he accosted an Irishman who had not been in the habit of attending the church regularly.

Preacher: "Well, sir, you didn't go out to church today."

Irishman: "Nay; a pain in the lour part of me bock I'm suffering from."

Preacher: "Well, I hope you are trying to serve the Lord and be a Christian."

Irishman: "Wal, I can't say; I've enemies, sir."

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Preacher: "Enemies? Listen to this: 'If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty give him water to drink; for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.' "

Irishman, in great astonishment: "What ye tell me? Heap fire upon the puir mon's head Nay, sir, I'd niver do that. That would be bastly. I'd take a borrel stave to 'im, but I'd niver think of pooting coals of fire upon the puir mon's head."

PURELY PERSONAL.

Nearly everybody will read personals. The philosopher and the gravedigger will peruse with almost equal eagerness brief and breezy accounts of men, women and children published in the columns of the daily or weekly newspaper. This is because of a general fondness for the concrete, and a general and widespread dislike of the abstract. The following personals will, I trust, mend and make wise, and will not give unnecessary offense:

Mrs. Rosa Snoggles, of Lovely Vale, is downright smart—far too smart, I have thought, for the comfort and convenience of those in her environment. She talks well, and often too much. She is handy in raising funds for a decaying church, and collecting cash to buy household and kitchen furniture for the parsonage. When she has raised the funds for the one and collected cash for the other, her heart's desire is to boss the whole business—and will do so if you give her half a chance. When her good husband wants to take a chew of tobacco, or enjoy a cigar, he knows where to go—out in the backyard on the woodpile. Sister Snoggles, I think, will grow in grace and get real good when she becomes old—very old.

* * *

The Rev. Josiah Spangles and Sister Jemima Spangles are a happy, religious looking couple when in repose; especially

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does Brother Josiah seem so when in deep slumber, and not snoring. But when the couple are aroused and annoyed, or worried and flurried, they ere long manifest the infirmities of weak human nature. Their home has been known to be sort of a small storm center, with fearful tendency of becoming cyclonic. Old man Josiah will come in from a long trip and fuss at meals about soda, soup, or something. He will just quarrel with Sister Spangles, who will take it all pleasantly for awhile, but directly her temper will rise, and she will show more spirit in a quarrel in three minutes than Spangles in a whole hour. There is always a great calm then. It may not be the proper condition to be so disposed, but I've always felt somewhat grateful that Sister Spangles had sufficient nerve and temper to head off and overcome the old man when his fits of peevishness and dire wrath come on.

* * *

Dr. Quintillius Spanker is a steward of the church in the town of Wellville. He is a druggist, and sells an abundance of pills and panaceas for cash, and I am told on good authority that the country boys coming into the town of Wellville in a thirsty condition or very cold, or somewhat in colicky pain or needing a quart for “camphire,” can easily buy the liquor from Dr. Spanker. He is a nice man, up-to-date, proud, and very strutting, and his preacher will hardly do anything material or spiritual without first advising with Dr. Quintillius Spanker.

* * *

Walter Taggy and Bill Snell, both flourishing members of the dude society of Sparktown, and who worship (the Lord have mercy) in Grace chapel, attended with Miss Snoggles and Miss Pinkey the grand ball on Friday night and were present at a funeral in Grace chapel the following Sunday morning. The body was that of a sweet young girl who passed away before she was fifteen, and she was dying when

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that Friday evening ball in Sparktown was in progress. What saddens the picture still more is that Walter Taggy and Bill Snell were two of the pallbearers!

* * *

Somet time ago a young Georgian saw the handwriting and note in the possession of one of our Berkeley girls. He fell in love immediately with the pretty and attractive chirography, and vowed that if he could he'd court and marry the girl who wrote the "pretty hand." A correspondence followed. He met the girl who handled the pen so artistically only once. He wooed and won the fair hand and they were happily married.

* * *

Mr. Thos. Spilvey, leading steward of St. Charles' church, M. E. Church, South, attended a sumptuous feast at Mr. and Mrs. Stakey's home last Thanksgiving Day and returned home very drunk. Mr. Spilvey may believe in the doctrine of free grace, but there is no doubt that he has any hesitancy in appropriating free liquor.

St. Charles made a fine financial report at the last Annual Conference.

* * *

How this old world is given to all sorts of things. Mr. Jerry Pumper mourned at 60 mightily over the recent death of his dear and deceased wife. He planted sweet flowers over her grave, and would not be comforted. Actually it was not six months before Brother Pumper was courting and wooing a big buxom lass—a farmer's daughter—and marry her, he just would!

* * *

The Rev. Simon Peter Spokane was once an enthusiastic admirer and a most enthusiastic imitator of the late Rev. Sam Jones. On one occasion, during religious services he was conducting, while he was scorching the sinner, and showing sins

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of today in movable electric picture style, one or two auditors arose and walked out of the church. Brother Spokane became violently indignant. "Now," said he, "if there are any more soreheads that wish to go, they can rack out." About half of the congregation "racked"—leaving the irate apostle with a hopeless minority.

* * *

The *Shad Town News* speaks very complimentary of Miss Nina Pinchback, though her performances are somewhat varied: "Miss Nina Pinchback, after a pleasant sojourn at the popular summer resort, shines again in the realms of society. At the popular whist club last Friday evening she won the game and was awarded a most valuable premium. Last Sunday evening in the church, after a learned discourse by Dr. M. T. Elevator on "Heavenly Recognition," Miss Pinchback at the close of the solemn service sang in her sweetest tones, "We'll know each other there." Miss Nina excelled herself, and the congregation were carried away by her impressive attitude and melodious song."

* * *

There is no place where good common sense and decent decorum is in more demand than in the sick room on the part of those who come to visit the invalid, or show sympathy for the suffering patient. The right sort of visitors are always welcome to the sick room. The other sort should by all means stay away. Those who can easily dispense smiles and sunshine prove to be a most invigorating tonic. The graveyard faces who chatter about the bedstead in suspicious whispers are almost enough to cause the suffering mortal to take a speedy relapse. Many are acquainted with Sister Peggy Spreckles. She thrives in most communities in South Carolina. She has a nervous temperament, rather buxom body, a quick movement when the least excited, and an expression at times over grave and at other times over gay. She has gen-

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erally thin lips that form a mouth inclined to pucker, and two small eyes set close together over an aquiline nose, that seem inclined to want to see everything and pry into everything. Her voice is sometimes soft and cooing-like, at other times it assumes a more masculine tone. She has an humble appearance when she is out a-visiting, especially the sick. Her white apron makes her face and that nose all the redder, and the underskirts are so stiff and starched that they make quite a noise when she walks and on her uprisings and downsittings. Oh, this Sister Peggy Speckles! Nothing in the neighborhood happening can so stir her and quicken her movements as these two things: a birth attended with fearful probabilities, and a very ill person whose life is almost despaired of by physician and distressed relatives and friends. He is a young man, for instance, who has been sick quite awhile and his symptoms suddenly grew more pronounced and somewhat alarming. The loved ones are in a state of great anxiety, and the physician has said that there was only "a chance." Sister Speckles hears of this, and she immediately buckles on her armor of white apron and starched clothes, and proceeds rapidly to the sick chamber. Upon her arrival she seats herself and after saluting those near her in a grave whisper, she begins to stare at the young sufferer with wild wondering eyes. The patient is very pale and poor, and is lying on elevated pillows, with his eyes closed, but not asleep. Mrs. Speckles begins: "Poor fellow, for all the world looks just like Mrs. Jones' brother just before he—" This was spoken in a loud whisper, but the patient could not distinctly hear the last word. Directly the patient is seized with a coughing spell, and attendants assist in relieving him of the spittle that came to his mouth. Mrs. Speckles peers over and views with intense interest the process, and again she whispers to one near her, "Poor Jimmie Jones was just that way! He'd cough and cough, and what he'd spit up would be just as yaller, for all the world as the yaller of an aig." And other

“All Sorts and Conditions of Men.”

symptoms Mrs. Speckles would note as just like the symptoms of Jimmie Jones, deceased. Ere long with a lingering look at the sick man, whose eyes are still partly closed, as if he were a ghost, Mrs. Spreckles departs. The sick young man had seen more than others thought he had seen, and had heard far more than friends thought he had heard. He needed smiles and sunshine, and the shadow of death had visited him instead.

* * *

I met and had a pleasant conversation the other day with Mrs. Blankenshop. She is an agreeable person, of fairly good health, and about 45 years of age. She is not a genuine widow lady, yet she is an unfortunate, a lamentable sort of widow, too. This kind of widowhood to which Mrs. Blankenshop belongs is not thought of, I don't think, by the apostle when he speaks of visiting the “widows in their affliction”—and yet they—Mrs. Blankenshop and others—have been sorely treated, and experience the saddest of afflictions. They need the consolation of the gospel and pastoral visiting. The real widow is a person in black skirt and hat, with a very black “streamer” behind, whose dear husband departed this life with good prospects of heaven. The Blankenshop widow is a person not in black, but in red or brown, whose husband has not departed this life, but who has wandered off no one knows where, with fair prospects of winding up in ruin and wreck, leaving the forsaken wife alone to paddle her own canoe. She is called—this Blankenshop sort of a widow (I dread to mention the term) “*a grass widow*—and I fear there are not a few of Blankenshops in South Carolina. I found a few evenings since when I strolled to the humble dwelling of Mrs. Blankenshop that she had an independent air, good carriage, optimistic views, and ready and willing to talk, as most good women are.

W.—“Mrs. Blankenshop, I am very sorry to learn of your

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lonely situation; but I trust you are meeting the ups and downs of life bravely."

Mrs. B.—"Oh, yes, sir; you see two of my children are with me, and they have good jobs, and I make a good deal with my needle. Of course I feel sometimes as if I was a real widow. Mr. Blankenshop left me without a word of warning some five years ago."

W.—"Ah, indeed—without a word of warning! Were there no premonitions, no threat of any kind?"

Mrs. B.—"No, sir. You see, Peter Blankenshop was a curious man. Sometimes he was as good and kind to me as any husband. He'd come home, all smiles, and bring me something from the store, and would say, 'Here, my dear, you see I thought of you today.' Oh, yes, Peter was kind sometimes. And then again he'd come in like a storm and quarrel with everybody and everything, and the children were scared of him when he'd come in that way. And I tell you another thing, I have known Peter to pray in a prayer meeting!"

W.—"It was during that period, I presume, when he would bring you something sweet and nice from the store and call you 'my dear.'"

Mrs. B.—"That's right. And then again he would stop going to church and prayer meeting, and he'd become stormy and abusive again."

W.—"He left you suddenly, did he?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, sir. He went aboard a ship at ———, bound for ———, and I have never heard of him since."

W.—"Well, he may come back one of these days a changed man, and bring you nice, pretty things again and call you 'my dear.'"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, he may, so he may."

W. (here I thought of poor Enoch Arden, who has caused the tears to stand a long time in my eye, and I said to her)—
"Let me advertise in the *Advocate* for him, noting the peculiarity of person, etc.? Did he have any peculiar feature?"

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Mrs. B.—“The reddest head of hair you ever saw—high cheek bones—and his nose was long—and his eyes was close together—and he sorter shuffled as he walked.”

W.—“Well, I could advertise in the *Advocate*, the hair, nose and shuffle of Peter Blankenshop, and just add that any information concerning him would be rewarded; that his loved one is sorrowing for him and praying for his return, etc.”

Mrs. B.—“No, no! Let him be, let him be! If he is dead he might er been carried off in one of his pious fits, and he would be better off; and if he is a living let him stay where he is, and I'd be better off.”

So Mrs. Blankenshop is passing the days in her humble dwelling, and while she is far from being happy, she seems comparatively contented with her lonely lot and seems inclined to look forward to brighter prospects and happier days.

CHAPTER III.

Monck's Corner.

One evening last Spring after a long and tedious drive I arrived at a little village called Monck's Corner, the capital of Berkeley County. There is only one way the citizens from far and near can reach their court house who live in the larger western and northwestern part of the county, and that is by private conveyance, or else by rail *via* Charleston. I had driven about thirty-three miles from the Four Hole section through the Briner Swamp, and the Dean Swamp, and the Wasamasaw, and Black Tom, Katou Bay, six miles wide, and other bays and swamps. The day was dark and dreary, and ever and anon sudden showers of rain would fall which made traveling through an unromantic country as unpleasant as it was wearisome. Mr. Chapman, in his history of South Carolina, writing of Gen. Marion's exploit at

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Monck's Corner, says: "Learning that a body of one hundred prisoners, taken at Camden, were on the way to Charles Town under a strong guard, Marion determined to effect their rescue. Placing his men in ambush near Monck's Corner he succeeded in taking the whole party, British as well as Americans." The country continues to abound in swamps, thick undergrowth and woodland, and would afford ambush for hundreds of men today.

The little town, not far from the western fork of the Cooper River, seems to have been born with good intentions, but ere long the sad situation and atmospheric environment checked and thwarted the growth of the child of promise, and it has fallen into that state of inertia and premature old age from which it will hardly recover for some years. No din of shop, nor hum of electric-moving machinery disturb its solemn quietness. There is a settled calmness over the place that bespeaks of the industrial cemetery, and the winds of past years have already moaned out the funeral hymn of great earthly achievements. But even in this plac

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

Some lad may here be making tracks in the sand that will be the future Governor of a great Commonwealth, or one that will develop such an exalted character that he would "rather be right than be President."

It may be that a bright industrial resurrection morn awaits Monck's Corner—who knows the contrary The day of the electric trolley is coming. The day of a great drainage enterprise may be soon at hand, and if both good days come to the "Corner" it might produce marvelous effects and convert it into a richly picturesque city in a land "flowing with milk and honey."

The Corner and community, however, are in greater need of atmosphere than moneyed marts of trade and traffic. It

Monck's Corner.

needs more climate than cash. The death-rate generally in this and sections similar is not so great, and you will find here and there fine specimens of vigorous manhood and the round laughing face of the beautiful girl, but the average does not present such a hopeful outlook. Stagnant water and sobby, water-soaked "bays" have a fearful tendency to enervate blood, brain and bowels, and chill the energy and enthusiasm of the awakening mind. In a land of swamps, and midst areas of still and stagnant waters it is difficult to bring forth a genius, or create an enlightened specimen of spirited godliness. If the very flat portions of our low country could be thoroughly drained it would prove a blessing in health and happiness to thousands, and would be worth to the State millions in manhood and money.

The court house at Monck's Corner stands majestically on a sandy elevation amidst small pretty young pine trees about one mile from the depot. It was court week, and I attended part of one evening's session. The whole scene appeared primitive—the court of justice in an old field, with the solemn accompaniment of a fine brick jail very near, eating saloon in one of the offices on the first floor of the court house; horses of all sorts, colors and previous conditions hitched around, and citizens from Wasamasaw, "Black Tom," "Hell Hole," Four Holes and from other holes and places, in holiday attire, stand in yard and corridors, chatting, laughing and eating peanuts, or chewing or smoking tobacco earnestly.

I accosted one citizen in a broad-brim hat whom I thought was the largest and tallest in the crowd. Looking up, said I: "Six feet four, sir?" "Yes, and more," was the reply. "I'm six feet six." Looking down, I remarked: "Number elevens?" "Missed it again," he said, "number twelves!" "Where are you from?" I inquired, and the man of height and with the firm foundation answered, "I am from Hell Hole, sir."

When the hour arrived, the "court crier" cried out in the usual way, and all the citizens above mentioned quietly,

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promptly marched up-stairs to their places, the jurymen, witnesses, the lawyers, the auditors, and all, sedately sat down and confronted the honorable judge seated on his throne. The case before the jury involved fifty acres of disputed possession, two strong-winded lawyers and two vehement speeches somewhat on a phonographic order, with the too oft-repeated refrain, 'Now, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury.' When the last strain of eloquence of the learned lawyers had died away, amidst the pines outside surrounding, the judge charged the jury, clearly defined the law and plainly analyzed the situation. The "Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury" retired to their room, and it was not long before they "found a verdict." Ere the sun went down the court adjourned. The big fat sheriff took in charge the body and parts of the judge himself, extending hospitality; the jurymen, witnesses and lawyers retired to their lodging places, the citizens of Black Tom and Hell Hole to their haunts and homes, the jailor to attend to his prisoners, and court house and premises were soon as silent as a church in a country graveyard.

There is such a sameness in character and calamities among the people of this revolving globe. Hardly a hamlet in this land of ours but has its tragic tale to tell—its sad story of sin to narrate involving a wrecked life and a crushed heart. I had not been in this quiet little nook of the universe—the Monck's Corner—very long ere I was by sad contemplation led to thoughts like these: There is no barrier strong or high enough to avert the pollution and poison of that evil and subtle One who is permitted to roam this world, to wither and wreck, to curse and destroy. There is no hallowed garden that can prevent his entrance; there is no earthly paradise, however sweet may be its foliage or sacred its precincts, that can debar his intrusion. There is the home once filled with bridal song of joy and happiness, now a place of gloom and heart-aches, not on account of disease, or death, but loss of conjugal

The Jig and the German.

love—a poor trembling wife—deserted. Or may be it is the corrupted boy, grown dissolute and dissipated who brings grief to the mother's heart—worse than death. Or else, perchance, it is the once sweet, innocent girl led away from pure paths—now fallen!

If angels ever look down upon earth and shed tears they do not weep over a sadder scene than this.

Adieu, dear old village of the plain,
Rude, unique, the like one cannot find again.

May a kind Providence grant thee peace and plenty, and may the sunshine of His love ever linger round the sacred precincts of home and hearthstone.

CHAPTER IV.

The Jig and German.

“It is contrary to the spirit of the Discipline and of the New Testament to practice promiscuous dancing anywhere.”

That's in the Discipline. It forbids the “taking of such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus.” That same little book says further: “Amongst these indulgences which cannot stand this solemn test is the modern dance, both in its private and in its public exhibition, as utterly opposed to the genius of Christianity as taught by us.”

The *promiscuous* dancing is where the danger lies. The Discipline would give the widest range for the feet of men conspicuously shuffling together in dreamy waltzes. There is implied in the term “modern,” scant clothing.

I fear dancing is fast becoming a popular exercise now, especially at summer resorts. Frequently associations of some sort, except my brethren, the Baptists, will meet at the springs and wind up the affair at a big ball.

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Recently scores of dental gentlemen met at Harris Springs, talked about the grinders and filling teeth and closed discussions hilariously in a dance.

The old veterans will meet in Chester soon, and I dare say will cut pigeon wings. Yes, I note that some tuneful orchestra has already been engaged for the ball.

The churches generally denounce dancing. The Baptist, Presbyterian, and, I think, the Associate Reformed, will bring a fellow before the church on account of that fantastic toe. The Methodists cry aloud against it—and that's about all that's done generally.

It can be demonstrated that this jig business is far from a virtuous institution, and goes very far sometimes from original righteousness.

O sweet, pretty girl, with laughing brown eyes and cheery cheek, arms in a state of nature and mercy, in the low cuts, I say, you may be as innocent as an angel, but the t'other fellow ain't.

A friend recently related to me the following horrible facts: A young lady returning home at 3 o'clock in the morning, in the town of ———, from a ball, was taken violently ill. The next morning the symptoms became alarming; that evening at 6 o'clock she died. When they were about to bury the body, the coffin careened to one side, the screws gave way and the shrouded corpse fell into the open grave. About the same hour her baby girl, in charge of a nurse at the home of a relatives, swallowed a shoe button. It lodged in the wind-pipe. A surgical operation was performed, but resulted fatally. A few days after the last event the other child, a pretty girl about six years old, fell in the yard while playing and a sharp tack penetrated the skin of the temple. Blood poison ensued and she died.

I remember, when a child in Chester County, I attended the obsequies of a lady who had danced at a picnic on the identical

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plank that two days afterwards covered the coffin in her grave.

“Is there any harm in dancing?” Sometimes that question is put to the preacher, or a voluntary opinion is declared by a hopeful mother, “I don’t think there is anything wrong in an innocent waltz. Young people should have amusement.” I once called on a brother, whom I thought had a little churchianity at least, to go over a mile or more and assist in laboring with a member who had permitted dancing in his house the previous evening. I was surprised to learn his family had been there, too, and he modestly justified the jig.

This undoubted evil is gaining ground in places, and these charming summer resorts will make the business dangerously popular. The modern society is mostly low-necked and sleeveless, and revels in suppers, flowers and the german. There can’t be any *so-cie-ty* without the dance and the whirling, lascivious waltz. I notice sometimes that an entire religious community is involved in this society business. Generally, take a list of the participants of a fashionable ball, and you will find names that will startle you. The parents of many of those silk-skirted skippers and swallow-tailed swingers will sit piously on Sundays in pews and look as solemn as statues. They are all members of the Church.

Recently the *News and Courier* severely criticised the Rev. Mr. Stuart’s sermon denouncing dancing as dangerous and devilish, delivered in Charleston some time since. Mr. Stuart’s argument was that the hours of the ball were objectionable, being from 9 P. M. to 3 A. M., when human nature was weakest, that the dress is most voluptuous and the positions assumed in the dance were most corrupting. “And yet some parents allow their daughters to dance in order to make them graceful. I would rather my daughter would be as awkward as a cow in heaven than to be as graceful as a fairy in hell. And where is the person that was ever made purer by the dance?” To which the *News and Courier* in part adds:

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"The evils of the ball-room are not to be compared with the evil of the low and vulgar imaginings of preachers who preach as this revivalist has been preaching."

The evils are *present* because favorable *conditions* are there, and the unregenerate "*heart is fully set to do evil.*"

If the preacher's denunciation of the dance is evil imaginings, then the revelation of man's depravity in the Bible are evil imaginings. The evil imaginings is the *product* of the wild whirl of the waltz, and not in the preacher's mind. He was on practical lines pointing to a fearful fact *that can be demonstrated*. Says Spurgeon: "The caperings and wantonings of the ball-room are death to the solemn influences of our ministry, and many an ill-ended life first received its bent for evils amid the flippances of gay assemblies met to trip away the hours."

Reading the other day, I came across this narrative: "A pious woman had one son, who grew up gay and dissipated. She followed him with prayers and entreaties, but all seemed unavailing. He one day said, 'Mother, let me have my best clothes; I am going to a ball tonight.' She urged him not to go, but all in vain. As he was going, she said, 'My son, remember when you are dancing I shall be praying to the Lord to convert your soul.' At the ball, instead of the usual gayety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, 'We never had so dull a meeting in our lives.' The young man felt his conscience smitten, and said, 'I know what is the matter; my poor mother is now praying for her ungodly son.' He took his hat and said, 'I will never be found in such a place as this again.' From that night he began to pray for mercy. His mother's prayer was heard for his conversion."

* * *

Three-fourths of the outcasts had a man's arm around them for the first time when they were young girls at a social party or dance.

The Jig and the German.

There are 2,500 abandoned women in San Francisco. Prof. LaFlarris says: "I can safely say that three-fourths of these women were led to their downfall through the influence of dancing."

The matron of a house for fallen women in Los Angeles says: "Seven-tenths of the girls received here have fallen through parties, dancing and its influence."

"Would to God that I had never entered a dancing school," said an unfortunate one.

Of 200 girls in the brothel, 163 admitted that they were there "through dancing schools and the so-called parties, or a more appropriate name for them, 'the devil's protracted meeting.'"—*Faulkner's "From the Ball-room to Hell."*

* * *

THE LAST DANCE.

"One, two, three, four, five, six." The town clock was tolling the evening hour as the dying girl half turned her head and listened.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," the pale lips counted softly, and the faintest glow of excitement shone a moment on the marble cheek.

"Six o'clock; I must be dressing for the ball; I wear my white silk, with lilies at the throat."

She was dreaming of the grand ball that was to have been that night, the last of the season.

"It will be my last dance this season," she whispered.

Ay, the very last; the watchers turned away to hide their faces from the agonized mother, who bent sobbing above her dying child, busy with her last toilet.

"Ah! the effect is good; those buds are fit to bloom in paradise. I look well tonight."

She was all ready now, and half waved her small, white hand as in the motion of a fan, then said merrily: "I am coming, Frank; almost ready."

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She was going now, going down to meet her lover, and the careless lips were trying to hum a measure of the old Danube waltz, whose strains she had followed to the very portals of eternity.

The watchers shivered with dread, while the mother hid her face in the pillow beside the fair girl dancing out to meet Death, and sobbed aloud.

The revel was almost over, and the dying belle laid her hand on the bowed head beside her, and said: "Frank, do you hear that music? It is the last waltz. Hurry or I shall miss it. Is it not lovely, that old Danube strain? Listen! how it floats away—away—away. Faster; you are lagging—away—away—away."

The white arms were lifted for the lover's clasp, but Death was weary of the farce and struck them down.

The dance was over; the lights of the ball-room were beginning to flicker, and the dancer was very tired. She moved uneasily, sighed wearily, and spoke more slowly and softly, the passion in the voice all gone: "Frank, where are you? Home—take—me home. It is getting—dark—now."

Ay, dark! the watchers shuddered at the horror of it, and the frantic mother put her hands over her ears when the girl said: "Why don't the music—stop? It is—out of tune."

Demons are twanging the cords which jarred on dying ears.

The girl shivered and whispered: "Cold—go faster—it is late."

Ay, late; too late! They were going fast, and the girl nestled close in the pillow, and said, so softly they could scarcely hear: "Nearly home—go fast—freezing—go—"

They thought she was dead, but she sighed, shivered and said: "We stayed—too long—but—my—last—partner—"

He had come to claim her; the belle of the ball was dead; the last partner was Death; and they had drifted out together to the music of sobbing and tears.

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The fairy form was robed in the white silk, and lily buds nestled upon the lifeless breast; Death held her in a clasp closer than the lover's had been; the ball was over, but he still held her; the music was ended, the lights gone, but still the beautiful dancer lay quietly in the arms of her last partner—Death.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

CHAPTER V.

South Carolina Conference Scenes.

Appointments by the Bishop for the year 18—: Rev. A. B., of Seaside, to Roundville Circuit. Rev. C. D., of Roundville, to Seaside.

After appointments were read, C. D. and A. B. meeting: C. D.—“Say, here, if you are pleased to remain, I'd be pleased not to move.” A. B.—“All right, sir, I'd be delighted to stay if you wish Roundville another year.”

It was done, the bargain was made. No change. That year both died—one from natural causes; the other by gunshot wound—accident.

* * *

Conference to a good member: “What will you have, sonny—you fill a station appointment now?”

Member: “An agency job for the Conference, if you please.”

Years glide.

Conference: “What do you want now, sonny ”

Member: “Editorship of a religious paper, if you please.”

Years pass.

Conference: “Now, we've given you this and granted you that; what will you have now?”

Member: “A circuit, if you please.”

He got a good place at last.

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Two or three elders meet Rev. Bozy Blankety, who has a heavy heart—Elders: “Now, Blankety, having at heart the honor of the Conference, tell us as your friends all about this domestic trouble.”

Blankety: “Why, you see, brethren, I, a widower, had six children, and I married a widow who had five children, and the children grew and waxed strong.”

Elders: “Ah, yes. There soon arose clashes of interests in your home?”

Blankety: “Yes, verily. There were conflicts within and fightings without. The neighbors were disturbed, scandal arose—and—and—I’m done, and undone. Here are my credentials.” (Exit.)

A worldly wife, and a home of strife,
Drives many a saint from the heavenly life.

* * *

A Fourth Quarterly Meeting Occasion—Scene: Oak Ridge Station.

Caucus of Stewards—First Steward: “See, here, the Presiding Elder will nominate today, I’m dead sure, John Sizemore for District Steward. That won’t do. He is not the man.”

Second Steward: “You’re right.”

Third S.—“I say so, too—let us have the man that will represent Oak Ridge station, an up-to-date man.”

First S.: “You know the Presiding Elder, when the calls Question 26 has the right to nominate the steward. We have the right to elect or reject. See here, let us not confirm or elect Sizemore, and let us make him put in our man, Sam’l Melton Speckley. Brethren, we need such a man on the District Board now. He’ll talk; he’ll speak out his mind. He is sharp as a briar and shrewd as a witch.”

Second S.: “That’s what I say; Speckley is the man.”

Third S.: “So, so; nothing against Sizemore, but Speck-

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ley is against that per cent. plan, and will tell 'em something."

Others: "That's right."

First S.: "I see the Presiding Elder, by the way, going 'round the corner towards the church. Let us separate and depart."

Second S.: "Won't Speckley's election be a stunner to him?"

Third S.: "Yes; but it's time presiding elders were learning their dooty!"

First S.: "Let us be going—and see here, let us approach the church in different ways, innocently."

The Quarterly Meeting—Question 26th: "Who is elected District Steward?"

P. E.: "I nominate, brethren, the same brother we had last year—John Wesley Sizemore."

Stewards first, second and third, "and others," voted "No."

P. E. "Well, brethren, according to the Discipline of our Church it is my duty to nominate the District Steward, and yours to elect. I nominate another man, since you reject Bro. Sizemore. I place in nomination Nathan Quick."

Stewards first, second and third, "and others," quickly voted "Nay."

P. E.: "Well, I nominate Josiah Strong."

Stewards first, second and third, "and others," voted contrary.

P. E.: "I feared you brethren had not been capering 'round here this morning for nothing, and that there was some scheme planned. Your trap, however, is easily discerned and will hardly catch your game. I put in nomination for District Steward to represent Oak Ridge another of your brethren, Dandy G. Fletcher."

Same as before. No election.

P. E.: "The nominations are closed, brethren, so far as I'm concerned. I have put before you four good men. You have

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rejected every one. Oak Ridge is without a District Steward, and it is your work."

(Conference adjourns.)

Stewards' Caucus No. 2—First Steward: "I will declare—!"

Second S.: "Did you ever? That old P. E. is certainly a hard case."

Third S.: "I tell you, we will get him; we will down him. Did he not say we had been "capering"—and something about a "trap?" "Caper" and "trap," you see, ground for charges. The Conference meets soon. Let us do our dooty."
(Exeunt.)

Session of Annual Conference, the Bishop in the Chair—A Member of the Conference: "Bishop, I ask a ruling upon the following: When a Quarterly Conference refuses to elect a person, or persons nominated by the Presiding Elder for District Steward, is the Presiding Elder bound to continue to make nominations until the entire Board of Stewards is exhausted?"

Bishop: "He is not."

(It is so much more profitable for Christian stewards and other people to be found walking in the integrity of the heart, than "capering 'round" and setting "traps.")

* * *

Investigating Committee to Prisoner-Preacher: "Who are you?"

Prisoner-Preacher: "I am the man—accused."

In. Com.: "And you did not pay the debts?"

Pris.-Preacher: "No, sir. My salary was small, my family was large, I went in debt and ar—a—"

In. Com.: "Well, brother, we are not responsible for the large family and the small salary, but we are responsible for

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your honor and truthfulness—as long as your name is on the roll. Here are the charges. Are you guilty?”

Pris.-Preacher: “Guilty—in that I have not paid.”

In. Com.: “You must go—farewell.”

Pris.-Preacher: “Alas! Good-bye—”

(I wonder where today is our wandering boy—for is he not still ours?)

* * *

“Hello, Brother Preacher, what are you doing out here by the street sitting on the wood pile?”

“Well, I am out here to enjoy my cigar. My wife don’t allow smoking in the house.”

(The preacher with the cigar is right. It is better to endure a wood pile in peace than a fireside of fuss.)

* * *

Dignified and Reverend Dr. Amos Tuttle at Conference, to preachers grouped near main entrance: “No, sir, there is too much secularity among the preachers—too much yearning for filthy lucre.

“‘No cottage in the wilderness,
No land do I possess.’

Every one should be able with myself to say that.”

A Questioner: “How much life insurance do you carry now, Dr. Tuttle?”

Tuttle: “Well, let me see. Why, I carry five thousand, sir.”

Really, Dr. Amos Tuttle is speculating in futures, likely giving \$1 for \$5 or more, and as his spirit goes to heaven his body and bones turn into cash and coin. Dr. Amos Tuttle, therefore, is much given to secularity.

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Committee on Conference Relations to Old Circuit Rider: "Well, brother, you have finished your task; you will have to stop."

O. C. R.: "What? Finished my task? You want to put me on the superannuated list, I see, and I believe I'd rather die. What are your reasons? What are your grounds?"

Committee: "A sort of general decline—they say."

O. C. R.: "General decline! Why, did you hear my report? Everything paid in full, sir, and I've done as much pulpit work this year as any young man in the Conference. Some Sundays I preached three times. Sunday before Conference I preached twice, raised my collections for the benevolences of the Church, conducted a funeral, baptized three children, married a couple, ate a hearty supper and slept all night—and you come to me talking about a general decline?"

Committee: "But, brother, it is said you are absent-minded and preach the same sermon over and over again."

O. C. R.: "Same sermon? Absent-minded? Well, may be I have been absent-minded where my own personal interests were involved. It may be I've been too absent-minded with reference to laying up for a rainy day. As to preaching, I've added, line upon line, precept upon precept, and I've preached scores and scores of times from the text: 'Ye must be born again.' I do so because 'ye must be born again,' or you cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Committee: "Really we advise you to take a rest. You are old, and there are complaints that you cannot walk about and visit, that your legs give out."

O. C. R.: "Legs? Why, man, let us measure, let us measure. Let us take the circumference of legs, and mine will prove to be as large as some of yours. I acknowledge, however, that I do lack in leg power now. I am not at all swift, but I don't totter. I am a little unsteady at times, but I don't fall. And so, if you want younger legs, and are tired of my

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old sermons and my absent-mindedness, why I'll just give it up—I'll superannuate.

Sad scene, twelve months afterwards: The old circuit rider and wife by an humble cottage fireside on \$200 a year!

* * *

Bro. Sandy falls out with another preacher and speaks his mind: “Yes, sir, Tim. Spanner did wrong me. I do not speak to him. I purpose not to speak to him. I will have nothing to do with him whatever.”

Bro. Spanner is no more; the flowers on his grave have long since faded.

Bro. Sandy is aging fast and bowing to the weight of years.

Will there be reconciliation in heaven?

And will he “speak to him” there?

CHAPTER VI.

“Some Village Hampden.”

What sad changes a few years bring about in a village or community with whose people we were, it may be, but a few years ago so familiar. If you wish to study human nature and human frailty, and see tragedy and comedy enacted, take up the history of some remote village of a few years and there with pleasure and pain peruse its pages. They will reveal dark things in the human soul, and sad things, too, of which the world did not dream, as well as some sublimity in mere mortals, touches of the divine displayed now and then—that's far above nature's ways, and suggests kinship with the angels.

Not long since I made inquiries of a friend concerning a pretty village, and the people that I knew well not a dozen

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years ago. Not a few had moved away, and cast their lot in other communities. Old John Brown is sleeping in the cold earth of the graveyard. He thought more of acres than articles of religion, more of cash than creed, and I fear at that day it will be hard for John Brown to stand. Tom Borden, a good hospitable man, I always thought, was shot down one night in his own piazza by a murderer concealed in the yard, who had called him from his fireside to take his life. The foul deed caused a sensation for awhile, but the murderer was never caught nor likely will be until somewhere and somehow his own sins will find him out. This Tom Borden had a little boy—I knew him well—who was perfectly devoted to his father. When “papa” would go off on a trip he’d long for his return and was always the first of the children “to climb his knees the envied kiss to share.” Shortly after his “papa” was so cruelly shot in his own home, the little boy grew weak and weary, and soon pined away and died.

* * *

Young Miss Kitty Punking married early, and romantically. People may set orthodox ages for girls to marry, say twenty-one to twenty-four, but when the “gal” takes a notion at sixteen to elope, it is hard to head her off. Well, Kitty loved Ralph Snow, and Ralph idolized Kitty. The old folks objected to the marriage, especially Major Punking, an aged man both bold and brave, who did not want Kitty, his pet and youngest daughter, to marry anybody. But one day the major was caught napping, the bars were down and Kitty made a dash for liberty, and Ralph, watching the open gap, made a dash for Kitty, and they both went off dashing together, and were at a neighbor’s house most happily married. Major Punking, when the situation was revealed to him, the flight and the plight, he roared like most angry fathers do when the pet and youngest daughter elopes and marries. He was going to batter down, knock down and drag out, and slay

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the *posse cometatum* of 'em who had aided and abetted in this conspiracy—but—as they always do—all angry fathers who roar when the girl runs away, he subsided after awhile. * * * And now about three years have passed and there sits on the major's knee a sweet little miss just like Kitty was, and her name is Ione, and the major thinks she is the sweetest, smartest little cherub beneath the skies, and Ralph and Kitty are both great folks now in the major's eyes, because of Ione.

* * *

Mrs. Liza Sneed was a quiet, timid woman, but she was devoted to home and husband. Sam Sneed was a good sort of a fellow in his way as long as things went right to his notion, but otherwise he was cross, cold, snappish and snarly. Meeting with reverses in the world of business he became moody and unhappy, and ere long he began blaming his wife with his misfortune, accusing her of this and that, most false charges every time. Ofttimes she would go to a bosom friend and tell her, amidst spells of choking sobs, how she had labored to please Sam, how she loved him and how harshly she was treated. It was not long before she had a peculiar spell of sickness, and the poor sad heart ceased to beat forever. It might be well to write on her tombstone: "She died of a broken heart." I suspect now Sam thinks oft and affectionately of her who so fondly loved him, and perhaps scatters sweet flowers over her grave, but such love tokens cannot provoke now the silent dust or "soothe the dull cold ear of death."

* * *

Capt. Jim Belcher—a man of much mind and matter, who generally had about twelve plans but who prosecuted poorly, and succeeded in none, save one—married about twelve years, he had about twelve children. He moved to Florida to seek a fortune, and is about to move again, with all of the children and with all the plans. Yet with all, a hearty, good fellow,

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clever and companionable. I do hope this Belcher will land in heaven after awhile, where there will be no plans miscarried and no cradles to rock.

* * *

"Peter & Flinn," "General Merchants, Dealers in Hats and Honey, Bran and Bacon and Good Groceries," etc.—busted—long ago, running too many Church members on a credit. Maybe they broke with a little cash and will run the business in their wives' names, Mrs. Peter and Mrs. Flinn, as it is common to do.

* * *

Bill Snake, just the same, winds up drunk on express jug liquor Saturday night, and it is said his boy, young Bill, gaunt and gawky, is following the footsteps of his father—what other tracks has he to follow, that young lad Bill? It would be unnatural for the boy to do otherwise than get tight and cuss like his father.

* * *

After a mature age men seldom are converted. Sometimes there is outward manifestation of a change of character, but it proves to be only a sort of reformation, and the nature remains the same, untouched by the hand divine. A probationer who neglects his religious faculty when in a state of development will likely never be thoroughly Christianized, and if at thirty he is a devil at times, just label him: he is a goner, and will die a sinner—"to him that hath shall be given; to him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

* * *

Well, I'll write about and comment no more now on this village I knew years ago, which I might call "Sunny Ridge." As it was in the beginning of the village's growth, so it is now; it is mixed with good and evil; devil, dust, disease and death. The church bells are kept ringing; sometimes it's a marriage, sometimes it's a funeral. I trust old John Shark,

The Farmer Member.

who used to tell me he couldn't go to church and hear a sermon because of his heart (he had a slight affection of the heart and feared the "exzitement" of a service would kill him). I say I trust he will yet live to see Sunny Ridge full of the happiest and most God-serving people, and that when he gets ready to go he will set his house in order, go over to the church some bright Sabbath morning, hear a good sermon and happily die.

CHAPTER VII.

The Farmer Member.

I am so sorry for our Bishops, station preachers, organic brethren and others, who are confined to dull routine work in the towns, cities and conferences, and who cannot hold regularly with charming nature sweet communion, like the average itinerant, and who have not the opportunity the circuit rider has of gathering inspiration and thoughts unfettered from green fields, babbling brooks and songs of the forest birds. At this season of the year the country preacher often spends what is commonly termed "blue Monday" in the saddle or in the buggy, going the rounds, visiting from house to house, cheering and comforting here and there, and receiving cheer and comfort from kind sympathetic people in turn, whose welcoming doors open into homes, humble they may be, but homes most hospitable, and whose hearts are so loyal and true.

If you spend the night with your farmer member he will have early supper of good substantial fare, will suggest prayer soon afterward, and gapes and yawns will indicate time to retire very soon after evening devotions, and before you hardly realize it you are in a soft bed trying to slip off into a slumber. You are not there long, at least so it seems, before you become conscious that there is some mortal "stirring." You listen. In an adjoining room a chair will move

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on the floor. It's that farmer securing his breeches which he hung on the back of the chair on retiring; he's putting on his armor; he has actually risen, and is going forth. You wonder what o'clock it is, and you creep softly to the bureau where the watch lies a ticking, feeling somewhat like a thief in the night, strike a match gently and—lo, it's 3:30 A. M., as sure as you are alive. But maybe an hour or two will yet pass before there will be a final awakening. And you seek again the soft yielding bed and surrender to delicious drowsiness of the dawning hour of a June morning. Directly fresh alarming sounds are borne on the 3:30 A. M. air. They come from the kitchen. She is up and doing, "still achieving and still pursuing." You hear the rattle of cooking utensils, the scraping of pots, the falling of the tea kettle handles, and you conclude that the good housewife is preparing breakfast. You turn over in bed and sigh for sleep, but now you hear the coffee mill grinding; and arise, O sleeper, your time is up—breakfast will be ready directly. It is now 4:30 A. M., and the farmer member is waiting, walking about you in the hall and on the porch, listening to hear a sound of stir in the prophet's chamber. After a while the farmer member ventures to the door, and knocks, knocks again. You realize the inevitable, but don't stir, say nothing, let him come in, let there be a "breaking and entering," a regular burglary entrance at this unseasonable hour; make out you are asleep, snore hard, move neither hand nor foot, but snore and listen at him calling you, now standing in the half-open door, looking down upon you with a 4:30 A. M. gruesome grin: "Brother Wilkes! O Brother Wilkes! say, preacher, preacher!" You move, you yawn, and stare in a blinkity-blankity way. "I say, preacher, air you 'sleep?"

God bless the farmer member, whose underlying principle is fidelity to Church and State. He is the heroic plowman bearing the drudgery of dust and dirt, but he is clothing the king in his palace, and he is feeding a hungry world. Let

Recollections of Early Childhood.

not grandeur disdain whose waiving plume comes from this man's labor obscure, nor let proud ambition mock the humble toil that makes the world's traffic and trade sing with joy. In his Christian heart and patriotic home lies the greatness of our nation, and upon his brawny shoulders there rests the hope and fortune of our holy Zion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Recollections of Early Childhood.

Who can forget the associations of early boyhood, or bury the scenes and characters of those first years, when life was one sweet dream, whose pathway was all covered with flowers? After the lapse of many hard years you look back and easily bring to mind the memory of other days, until, for a moment at least, you all but live them over again. The sweet voices of loved ones long since silenced speak to you, and laughing bright eyes peer at you once more. You almost feel the touch of the hand, now no more, and realize the enlivening influence of the presence, gone forever. My good old grandfather, Robert Hawthorne, lived just four miles west of Winnsboro, where I spent many happy days. I was there with my widowed mother when Sherman's army marched through. She saved the house and buildings from a Sherman conflagration by promptly giving, when fire was threatened and actually started, the Masonic sign of distress. I remember old Mrs. Armstrong just across the branch and her clean kitchen, and the best pan-cakes and chicken pie a young mortal ever ate. Charlie Cope (now of Orangeburg) lived near. He was, too, the only son and child. One day in June, each aged six, we were running up and down the long piazza of the Hawthorne home just after a shower of rain and hail, and somehow there was a collision, a head to head collision,

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and the two little fellows got scars that will go with them to the grave. One day, after my wounds were healed, I rode Grandpa's old horse, "Black," all the way to Winnsboro and back by my lone self—what an achievement! I do hope if there be a heaven for horses old Black will land there. Grandpa would hold family prayers, beginning with "Our Heavenly Father." Uncle Ned Gibson, a bachelor great-uncle, who boarded with us, would swear around, about as fervently as grandpa prayed, and when he'd go to Winnsboro he would bring me great red sticks of candy. My first fox hunt was behind this great uncle on his horse, having a pillow for a saddle (in the wild runs I needed one) and along with us were Major Woodward and his fine pack of hounds. There would come often to Squire Hawthorne's a pretty young lady from Winnsboro to visit one of my young aunts. They were intimate and affectionate friends. They would climb the big rocks, gather wild flowers, sing, chatter and talk of their lovers the live-long day. The pretty young lady would call me her "sweetheart," and gave such tender attention that my child's heart was completely won. I remember well her dreamy brown eyes, blushing cheeks and all the tints, touches and delicate elements that go to make the rare and radiant maiden. I was rejoiced when she came to the "Squire's," bringing joy and life with her, and possibly the first sadness that ever I felt was when she went away and told her "little sweetheart" good-bye.

* * *

The other day at Winnsboro in the churchyard I stood at her grave—the cruel place that engulfs all the beauty and the brave of this dying world—and I had the same child sweetheart feeling again. The inscription on the marble tomb tells the story. She married; there was gladness awhile in her new home, and prospects most pleasing, but, alas, soon the shadows came—sorrows—death.

Earthquake Incident.

"She gave to misery, 'twas all she had—a tear; she gained from heaven, 'twas all she wished—a Friend."

May sweetest flowers ever bloom over the grave of my childhood's fairest friend; and many the sunshine love to linger 'round thy resting place—Annie Belle.

CHAPTER IX.

Earthquake Incident.

[The facts in the following were told me by a gentleman who knew well the conspicuous figure who acted his part so nervously on that earthquake night, and vouches for its truth.]

Dramatis Personæ: Josiah Bushrod, Sally Bushrod, his wife, and Jacob Bushrod, his son. Scene: Country home in ——— County, S. C. Time: August 31st, 1886, 6 to 11 P. M.

I.

Josiah (just arrived from town late in evening): "Say, Jakie, Jakie! Where are you?"

Jakie: "I'm a-coming as fast as I can."

Josiah: "Take the horse, Jakie, take the horse. Did John Simpson send back my hayrake he borrowed?"

Jakie: "Yes, sir, and he said that he was much obliged to you."

Josiah: "Oh, yes. That's all I get, 'Much obliged.' Never saw such borrowers in my life as we've got here on Chestnut Ridge. They will borrow your axe, your cross-cut saw, your Dixie plow, hayrakes—anything and everything—and it's always 'much obliged.' "

Jakie: "Oh, pa? You know Pewter Smith?"

Josiah: "Yes, I know Pewter—and for the last twenty

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years I've known him. He is got the right name—he's pewter."

Jakie: "Well, he's just been here and asked ma if you'd care to lend him Claybank and the old surrey tomorrow to go to Shiloh to the big meeting. He wants ter take all the children, and his mother-in-law is on a visit to him."

Josiah: "Good gracious! There it is again. Pewter wants to borrow a horse, and borrow a surrey, and borrow the harness—all to go to a meeting to hear maybe a borrowed sermon. My! My! My! How this world is given to borrowing. Say, Jakie, what did your ma say?"

Jakie: "Well, ma said that she was rejoicing in the way the meeting was going on, and was mighty pleased to see him so interested, and that she was sure you would be glad to lend Claybank and the surrey to carry his folks to the revival meeting."

Josiah: "Well, now, I ain't. Do you hear it—I just ain't. Say, Jakie, did you have that young fodder pulled on Spring branch?"

Jakie: "Yes, sir, and took it in 'fore sundown."

Josiah: "Did you let 'Crooked Leg Bill' and 'Liza's Jim' have their rations at 12 o'clock as I told you?"

Jakie: "No, sir, but I let them have 'em this evening 'fore you came—one peck of meal and three pounds of meat each. We didn't get home until after 12 o'clock."

Josiah: "Oh, yes. I suppose you and your ma had to go to that great meeting. When will it break?"

Jakie: "It was to close today, but there was such a warm meeting today, and so many joined the church, and so many mourners, that the preacher said he would go on a few days longer."

Josiah: "And I reckoned old Pewter Smith shouted. Take Rainbow and put him up and feed him in the stall next to Claybank, and feed Claybank well, for he will have to go to

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Shiloh tomorrow, according to your ma's directions, and carry all the 'Pewter' Smiths."

(Exit Jakie.)

II.

Josiah (meeting Mrs. Bushrod in front porch, who affectionately greets him): "I'll declare, Sally, this has been a sizzing hot day, sure, and it's been a galloping day with me, too—and I'm tired."

Mrs. B.: "Oh, well, sit in your rocker and rest. In a few moments we will have supper, and there in the hall is some cool water just from the spring. Josiah?"

Josiah: "What do yer want, Sally?"

Mrs. B.: "Tell me the truth, haven't you been drinking some of that horrid stuff in town today?"

Josiah: "Sally, see here, you know I am a man of liberty. I want to eat as I please, sleep as I please, go where I please, and drink as I please. I am like Henry Patrick of old, I'd say, 'Give me liberty, or something worse,' every time. That's my ticket. Yes, I did take a drink or two, but I was feeling poorly, and I drank for my 'stomach's sake and often infirmities,' and I say this, too—let all husbands 'tend to their business and let all good wives 'tend to their business. Ain't that according to Scripture? But, say, Sally, we had a high old time in town today. A whole lot of us friends gathered at the eating house, and Jim Brown nominated me the ugliest man in ——— County; and Mose Hill put up Joe Busby—'Old Whiskers,' as the boys call him—and there were seven votes cast and I got the majority! (Laughing.) Oh, we had a rollicking good time!"

Mrs. B.: "Ah, Josiah, you ought not to behave and talk this way. You are a member of the Church, Josiah, and you use to attend every preaching day—but you have gone back. I wish you had avoided your friends today and had gone with me to Shiloh. Bro. Spookendyke took for his text: 'Watch,

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for ye know neither the day, nor the hour.' And when I thought how indifferent you were to your soul's salvation, and your example before our oldest boy, I felt most distressed. Several promised, at his urgent request, the pastor's, that each would pray for some dear unconverted friend. I promised to pray for a friend—and that friend is yourself, Josiah! Several, too, have vowed to take up family prayer—and it makes my heart glad when I think of the many praying homes now in Chestnut Ridge community. Let me see if I can name those who made the promise today. There is Peter Dickson and Jerry Simson—"

Josiah (interrupting): "Yes, the same that's always borrowing my hayrake, cross-cut saw—"

Mrs. B.: "Well, no matter, I believe he is a changed man now. And there are John Halback, Zeke Nardin, Tom Smoke and 'Pewter' Smith—"

Josiah: "I'll be bound, if old Pewter will be outdone—"

Mrs. B.: "Would to the good Lord that my dear husband would resolve not to be outdone, for I fear if he continues to resist the Spirit he will be undone. Josiah, if I could see you with your Bible in your hand and hear you read the Holy Word, and get down on your knees and have family prayer, I would be one happy soul. And I pray and hope that I may yet see—"

Josiah: "Now, Sally. Come, and see here, Sally; you're a right good preacher, but there are three things I wish to draw your religious attention to right now: firstly, I am tired; secondly, I want my supper, and, thirdly, I want to go to bed. Do you hear now, Sally?"

(Exit.)

III.

Mrs. Sally Bushrod (alone in sitting room by lamp on table, with her Bible): "I reckon poor Josiah is fast asleep now, after his rollicking day in town. This is no new thing,

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however, for, alas! dissipation is gaining on Josiah. Just think of it! While we were worshiping at Shiloh my dear husband was carousing with his fellows in a restaurant—and actually voting for the ugliest man in the county! Josiah is far from being a bad man at heart, though he quarrels about borrowers and borrowing, to a neighbor needing help, or even to a stranger in dire want of bread I don't remember him ever saying 'No.' Oh, I do pray he may be converted and turn from all his evil ways and associates." (Reads Bible.)

All at once a deep rumbling sound is heard—a peculiar ominous sound that cannot be well described—somewhat like distant thunder. It becomes louder and more distinct. Directly the house begins to quiver fearfully, and chairs and tables are rocking to and fro or falling. Bricks from the chimney tops are shaken down, landing on shed-rooms around. Dogs begin to howl piteously and to bark. Cattle are lowing, horses are neighing. Cries of "Mercy! Mercy! O Lord!" could be heard far and near. Mrs. B. was satisfied at first the great judgment day had come, and for a moment was so startled that she made no movement except to rise and stand near the centre table, holding the hitherto rocking lamp. It wasn't long before she thought of Josiah. She hastily runs to his room, finds him undressed and in a state of terror, sitting on the bed.

Josiah: "Oh, Sally, what in the world—what on the earth!"

Mrs. B.: "Oh, Josiah, the judgment day has come, and what a fix you are in!"

(Another rumbling sound—a shock and a shaking.)

Josiah: "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, Sally! I want you to forgive me. I haven't been the husband to you I ought to have been. Oh! Oh! I ought to have gone to church—oh, forgive me, Sally!"

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Mrs. B.: "Hush, Josiah, don't call on me to forgive you! Call on the Lord! Call on the Lord right away! Lose not a moment. Come right on in the sitting room, read a word in the Good Book, and let us pray. Get down on your knees and cry out for mercy and salvation! Come!"

Josiah: "Will do anything you say, Sally. Yes, I will read, I will pray. Oh, mercy!"

Josiah follows wife to the big room. (Another shock.) Tremblingly reaches the table and instead of the Bible, he seizes a framed hand looking glass, takes it up a moment and then dashes it down.

"Sally! Oh, Sally! It's too late to pray! It's too late, the devil is done here, for I've seen him!"

(Rushes out—wife following.)

The prayer of Mrs. Bushrod and the earthquake triumphed. Josiah Bushrod, I am told, afterwards became a sadder, wiser and a religious man.

CHAPTER X.

Sundry Subjects.

SENSE OF APPRECIATION.

Newly Married Man: "What do ye charge?"

Pastor: "Oh, nothing, sir. We make no charges."

Married Man: "Do yuners love 'taters?"

Pastor: "Oh, yes, sir."

Married man: "Wall, I'll send you some. Good-bye."

Now, he had a sense of appreciation, but it ran along the line of "'taters."

* * *

SEVEN GOOD REASONS.

During a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing, with no little show of learning, the clauses of a proposed tem-

Sundry Subjects.

perance law. An old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap and said:

"I don't know nuthin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it."

"What are they?" asked the lawyer.

And the grim old farmer responded: "Four sons and three daughters."—*Sel.*

* * *

A MINISTER'S GOOD-BYE.

A report reached the *Clinton* office the first part of the week that a minister of one of our near-by villages took permanent leave of one of his congregations a few Sabbaths since in the following pathetic words:

"Brothers and Sisters: I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever did. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you haven't paid me my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, 'and by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Brothers, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go you cannot come now, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."

* * *

"SOMETHING MUST BE SACRIFICED."

A peculiar phenomenon occurred one day a few years ago within the corporate limits of the little town of Woodford, S. C. It was an unusual display of highly wrought feeling which deviated from the common course that passion and resentment usually suggest.

The scene was a blacksmith shop and the actors in the tragedy were the proprietor of the shop and a farmer. The smith had repaired the farmer's vehicle, the latter had come

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to settle the account with the worker in iron. But there was a difference in opinion in regard to the stipulation made in the beginning. There was in the shop about the vehicle an animated discussion, and it seemed for a while there would be a lamentable concussion. Finally some expression from the farmer blew the man of the bellows into a blaze of indignation. He made a few violent motions, and murderously seized his new hat and threw it into a heated stove. "There, now," said he, "burn; when it comes to this, something has got to be sacrificed!" The nervous action of the smith and the burning hat brought on a reaction in the head of the farmer. Pacific sentiments after the storm prevailed. The debt was paid and the farmer rolled away in his carriage, leaving the hatless blacksmith satisfied that he had not made the sacrifice in vain.

* * *

DEATH OF BILLY MAHONE.

Act 1. The funeral. Large gathering of friends and relatives of the deceased, Billy Mahone, and the widow. Much weeping—but the widow wept most. Yards of "mourning"—but the widow "out-mournd" them all—the heavy black veil falling to the ground. And the two little boys, aged four and two, sons of the deceased, opened their big eyes on a strange scene.

Act 2.—The monument. A pretty one, and skillfully chiseled. Bore many fine words of grief and Scripture, with the carved representation of two hands clasped. "Erected to the Memory of William Mahone by his disconsolate Widow." The grave kept green and decorated with flowers. "Meet me, dear Billy, at heaven's gate," she'd moan.

Act 3.—The insurance agent calls with check of \$4,000. The "disconsolate widow" comforted. Goes to the dentist's office six months after date and secures five new teeth. The disconsolate widow buys a brand new turnout, and drops the

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long mourning veil—looking very rosy in a background of black.

Act 4.—One day Jake Phillips calls just to see the children. Brings them candy and nice things. The children think all the world of “dear Uncle Jake.” The widow now in “second mourning.” Great deal of white—no black and bunglesome headgear. Often seen in new turnout, and new teeth, at church. And Jake Phillips, too, with his new breeches. Both look pious during solemn service.

Act 5.—Married—as sure as you live! In the village church—amidst evergreens and music. Mrs. Mahone and Jake Phillips united in holy matrimony. Bridal presents—and congratulations. A trip to the sea and “At Home.” * * * Poor Billy Mahone! His demise yielded a new turnout, new teeth, new silks—and Jake Phillips. I wonder who will meet him now at heaven’s gate—and the flowers, too, on the grave have all faded, and faded forever!

* * *

JACKSON IN THE PRAYER MEETING.

Stonewall Jackson, the Christian hero of the great civil war, always moved onward under clearest conviction of duty, though in the face of failure itself. That determined spirit to do or die manifested itself wherever duty called, whether charging the solid phalanx of the enemy or leading a prayer meeting in his village church at Lexington, Va. A few years ago I boarded with a gentleman in Lexington who knew the general well and worshiped with him regularly in the same church (Presbyterian).

Shortly after General Jackson joined the church he felt it his duty to lead in public prayer, and so expressed himself to his venerable pastor, Dr. White. He requested the general to conduct the prayer service the next Thursday evening. It was a failure all through, the gentleman said. In his prayer he was confusing, in his talk he was confounding, to the great

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distress and embarrassment of the leader's friends. To the great surprise of the pastor and others, he requested to be called on in public service again. He blundered on, but persevered until he became mighty in prayer and exhortation, and was at the beginning of the war the superintendent of a very successful Sunday school.

* * *

HUNGRY MULE.

A negro freight hand had been placed in charge of a mule, the destination of which was marked on a tag attached by twine to the animal's leg. Before the mule could be persuaded to enter a car, he managed to reach the tag, and before the negro could interpose he had that tag well chewed up. The old man looked at the local freight agent in great perturbation and said: "What I goin' to do wid dat mule? He done eat up de place where he's goin'."

* * *

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is more method, perhaps, than modesty in the recent proposal to the world at large of a Japanese lady, who advertises: "I am a beautiful woman, with cloud-like hair, flowery face, willow-like waist and crescent eye-brows. I have enough property to walk through life hand in hand, gazing at the flowers in the day and the moon at night. If there is a gentleman who is clever, learned, handsome and of good taste, I will join with him for life, and share the pleasure of being buried in the same grave."

One of the most unconventional and startling proposals on record was that of Lorenzo Dow, an eloquent and popular Methodist minister. Mr. Dow had mourned his first wife for a year, and thought it was high time to replace her. One day at the close of the sermon he electrified his congregation by announcing: "I am a candidate for matrimony, and if any

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woman in this congregation would care to take me, let her rise." After a modest interval, two ladies rose from their seats, one at the foot of the pulpit and the other at the back of the church. The reverend gentleman inspected them for a moment, and then said: "As the one nearest to me was the first to rise, I will make her my wife; and now we will sing hymn No. —." Such an audacious proposal deserved the happy union which followed it, and Mr. Dow was not the less contented with his choice because she was amply supplied with this world's goods.

There have been fewer quainter proposals than that of the late Bishop of Ossory, who, after pulling the "wishing bone" with a young lady who had won his heart, laid down his part of the broken bone and whispered to her, "Will you lay your bones with my bones?"—*Sel.*

* * *

CLEVER WITNESS.

A lawyer in a court the other day, after a close cross-examination of a witness, an illiterate Irish woman, in reference to the position of the doors and windows, etc., in her house, asked the following question: "And now, my good woman, tell the court how the stairs run in your house." To which the good woman replied: "How do the stairs run? Shure, whin I'm oop stairs they run down, and whin I'm down stairs they run oop."

* * *

A RELIGION THAT BENDS.

An incident told by the Rev. V. B. Carroll in the *Homiletic Review* makes apparent the necessity in this transition period of getting the negro inwardly right in order that his relationship to society may be right.

We were driving out one Sunday from Decatur, when we came upon a negro with a club in his hand and a freshly

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killed 'possum on his shoulder. We stopped to examine his prize, and the colonel said:

"My friend, do you know it is Sunday?"

"Sartin, boss."

"Are you not a religious man?"

"I are. I'ze jist on my way home from church."

"And what sort of religion have you got that permits you to go hunting on Sunday?"

"Religion, religion?" queried the man as he held the 'possum up with one hand and scratched his head with the other. "Does you 'spect any black man in Alabama to tie hisself up to any religion dat 'lows a 'possum to walk right across de road ahead of him an' git away free? No, sah! A religion which won't bend a little when a fat 'possum heads you off couldn't be 'stablished round about here by all preachers in de universe."

* * *

A NOVEL TEST.

Dr. Geo. F. Pierce was president of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., 1850-54, before he was Bishop. The old custom of sunrise prayer was then in vogue. "Old Davy," a colored man, was janitor. The boys were fond of playing pranks on him, and, by imitating the president, got him to ringing the bell at any time but the right time. The president caught on to the trick, and one morning got to the chapel quite early, before it was light enough to see well, and ahead of the boys. He found old Davy at his post, and said to him, "Good morning, Uncle Davy; it is time to ring the bell."

"Now you needn't think you kin fool me no mo'," said Davy. "I ain't a gwine ter listen ter none o' you freshmans. I ring de bell when de true time come."

"But I'm Dr. Pierce," he replied.

"Well," said Davy, "dar's jes one way to prove it. Dar

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ain' no man in de worl' got a head lak Mas' George Pierce; you pull off dat hat an' lemme see your head."

"If that will convince you," said the president, "I will hat-off to you. Come here and look."

Old Davy came up close to him, and he lifted his hat. "Laws er massy!" said old Davy; "dat sho is Mas' George. I gwine ter ring dat bell right now, kase dar ain't nobody in de worl', no freshmans, got a head lak dat 'cept Mas' George."

And it was a unique head. At first glance, apart from the face, it appeared to be only a roundish, full head; but as you continued to behold it, it showed special angles and length that individualized its wondrous symmetry.—*B. W. Bigham in Children's Visitor.*

* * *

"I KEPT MY PROMISE."

A young soldier under General Sheridan said to him just before a battle: "General, if I am killed, tell my mother that I kept my promise. Not a drop of strong drink have I tasted." The battle was fought, and the lad lay among the slain. Said General Sheridan: "I carried the message to his mother. She replied, 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

* * *

SUPERSTITIOUS.

Detective George Fall, of the city hall force, was riding uptown in a Thirteenth street trolley car last Friday when a colored man of his acquaintance came in and sat down in the next seat. After a brief chat, the detective said: "Are you superstitious, Sam?" "No, suh," said Sam. "Well, it's a good thing you're not," said Fall. "There's a cross-eyed woman sitting opposite." "Ya-as, suh, dat's right," chuckled Sam. "And up in the corner there is a hunchback." "Yas, suh, I sees him." "See the number of the car up there? It's

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313." "Yas, suh." "And this is Thirteenth street we are on, you know." "You go 'long, suh." "The cash register, as you may observe, shows the figure 1313." "Yas, suh." "And this is Friday." "Ya-as." "Also it is the thirteenth of the month." "Quit yo' foolin', man." "It is now," said the detective, pulling out his watch, "just exactly thirteen minutes past—" The colored man had risen to his feet. "I ain't supahstitious, Mistah Fall," he said, "but heah's where I gits off. You do make a man mighty oncomfable."—*Philadelphia Record*.

* * *

TOUGH WORLD.

Flossie is six years old. "Mama," she asked one day, "if I get married, will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid, like Aunt Kate?" "Yes, Flossie." "Mamma," she said, after a short pause, "it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

* * *

ESCAPED THE ACOUSTICS.

Mack, the colored sexton of our first church at Decatur, was ordered one Sunday morning by one of the stewards to open the folding doors between the auditorium and the Sunday school room. "No, sir, boss, I can't do dat. If I open dem doors, de preacher ketch de acoustics, shore."—*Alabama Advocate*.

* * *

"DON'T MENTION IT."

This amusing story was told of the little niece of Phillips Brooks, the famous divine, relates the *Philadelphia Times*:

One evening as her mother was tucking her snugly in bed, the maid stepped in and said there was a caller waiting in the

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parlor. Her mother told the little one to say her prayer, and said that she would be back in a few moments.

The caller stayed only a short time, and when the mother went upstairs again she asked the little girl if she had said her prayer.

"Yes, mamma, I did and didn't," she said.

"What do you mean by that, dear?"

"Well, mamma, I was awfully sleepy, so I just asked God if he wouldn't excuse me tonight, and He said: 'Oh, don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

* * *

HAD HELPED BEFORE.

Dr. Edward King, the venerated and saintly Bishop of Lincoln, in England, is now much advanced in years and somewhat infirm. Recently he has been visiting Bournemouth for his health, and T. P. O'Connor tells the following story of the venerable prelate's visit to that seaside health resort: After resting for some time one afternoon on a seat on the parade the Bishop desired to move, but, owing to his age and infirmities, found some difficulty in rising. A kindhearted little girl of the town notice his trouble and ran up, saying, "Oh, let me help you."

The good Bishop beamed upon the child with one of his sweetest smiles, and the smile of the Bishop is very sweet indeed. "You are a dear little maiden," he said, "but I do not think you are strong enough."

"Why, bless you, sir," was the reply, "I've often helped up daddy when he was a sight worse drunk than you are!"

* * *

THE BAD LITTLE BOY AND THE GOOD PRESIDING ELDER.

Hon. John Dougherty, of Missouri, says that in one of the counties in his congressional district there lives a good Christian lady, a devout and constant member of the Methodist

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Episcopal Church, South. Some days before the day of a Quarterly Conference held there some years ago our good lady friend received word that the Presiding Elder would be her guest for a few days during the meeting. In order to convince the Elder that she had been and was doing her Christian duty in the matter of training her only child, a boy about four years old, to walk in "the straight and narrow path," she thought it not amiss to give him some special instructions before the minister arrived. So, taking the little fellow upon her lap one day, she told him that the Presiding Elder, a big and great man, would visit them soon and that he would "be very sure to ask some questions about your Sunday school, how you like your teacher, etc. But probably the first questions he asks will be: What is your name? How old are you? Do you know where bad boys go when they die? Now, when he asks your name, tell him Johnnie Jones. When he asks how old you are, tell him four years old, and when he asks if you know where bad boys go when they die, tell him, using the Scriptural word, that bad boys, when they die, go to hell." John was drilled on these questions daily until the minister came. In the meantime he knew by rote that his name was Johnnie Jones, that he was four years old and that when bad boys die they go to hell.

The minister was a portly gentleman of friendly manner and pleasant countenance. After receiving a cordial welcome, he was seated in the sitting room and the proud parent excused herself and sought Johnnie, the pride and expectancy of her life, to introduce him to the minister. After John's face was washed, his hair combed and he was otherwise made presentable, his mother led him in to meet the preacher. As the urchin entered the sitting room he observed through the open door a neighbor playmate sitting on the fence whistling for him and calling him to come out quick. Johnnie at once grew impatient to go out and wished the ceremony of meeting the preacher and answering his questions to be done with as

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quickly as possible. The doting mother introduced him as the youngest child, the baby of the family. The good minister called the boy to him and, taking his little chubby hand in his own, remarked: "What a very handsome lad? How like his mother?" His next question was exactly as had been anticipated. "Well, my little man, what is your name?" The boy glanced first up to the minister then at his waiting playmate and, intending to expedite matters as much as possible by answering the three expected questions at once, replied: "Johnnie Jones, four years old, go to hell," and in the confusion that followed skipped out to meet his friend.—*Champ Clarke.*

* * *

OPPOSITION TO USE OF TOBACCO.

Our Northern brethren will run along the line of abolition somewhere now and then. Climate and the geographical position have a great deal to do with the spirit of abolition and the energy with which it is enforced. Commercial profitableness in a material thing is a great argument in favor of its retention; unprofitableness suggests abolition. Tobacco is now receiving serious attention by not a few Conferences in the North. Resolutions full of all sorts of denunciatory adjectives against the weed and use are passed easily before a third reading in their solemn synods, and the preacher before he is received and appointed to serve a charge must quit his quid and sacrifice his smoke and cigar. Down South in many parts where tobacco is successfully cultivated, its harvest and manufacture work marvels in the prosperity of the country. When it flourishes in the markets the hearts of all sorts of citizens beat high with hope, and the man with a mortgage no longer mourns, while good people sing with more spirit than ever their joyous jubilees. Tobacco is supplying thousands with employment, shelter, food and raiment. The weed maintains schools, build churches and chapels, pays the

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preacher, endows Christian institutions of learning, and sends the gospel to the poor. But it doesn't grow well in New York State, and our pious brethren pass their resolutions. A year or two ago a Northern Conference had a special committee on the use of tobacco. Their report was as follows: "The use of tobacco is inconsistent with a profession of the Christian religion, being unnatural, unclean, selfish, expensive, extravagant and offensive; to us who have pledged ourselves wholly to abstain from its use, it is sin. Therefore, be it resolved, That we, as ministers of the gospel, use our influence, both by precept and example, to induce all others to abstain from its use."

Watch that resolution of the North. It will invade the South Carolina Conference after awhile. Sentimental quackery travels on rapid wings. It spreads like a fad or fashion. I have heard of a hat in Chicago—high, clumsy and outrageously feathered—I read descriptions of the hat, and quietly, with a spirit of Christian resignation, waited its coming—for I knew it was the "fashion" and bound to go. Ere long I saw that same hat bobbing about in the congregation as the people would assemble or disperse. Many men are prone somehow to stress outward things, and their real religion resembles that of old. Holiness is a pious grunt, and abstaining from meats and drinks. But I have some respect for pious prejudices, though sometimes inconvenient to show, and some regard for a religious crank, though he may possess more brass than brains. I do not enjoy so much sitting down at a dining table with a genuine Jew, eating alone pig roast or pork sausage, specially prepared for my Gentile appetite. It won't be long before I'll be up and going. I believe, for the sake of congeniality, I'd rather deny myself of hog, and spend a few pleasant and palatable moments devouring the Jew's fat goose. If tobacco offended my brother, I do not like to use it in his presence, having regard to conscience and

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its weakness, but when I have no longer this environment, I smoke my pipe in peace.

* * *

"A certain colored clergyman in the South had among his parishioners an old colored 'mammy' whose shortcomings and backslidings were many, and who caused the old minister to make numerous trips to 'mammy's' old shanty, followed by exhortations and prayers. After a long time he succeeded in causing the old lady to renounce one by one each of her bad habits until none remained but the old black pipe.

"'Sister Maria,' he said solemnly one night after an unusually long argument, 'how you 'spec to meet yo'r Lord wif sech a 'baccy bref?'

"'Bless you, honey, dat's all right,' cried mammy. 'Befo' I meets my Lord I 'spees to lose my bref.'"—*New York Times*.

* * *

"YE KNOW NOT THE DAY NOR THE HOUR."

"She was taken suddenly sick and died in half an hour." Now and again here and there in this community and that, this unwarned departure occurs, when the soul is suddenly snatched from earth to eternity. "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch; ye know neither the day nor the hour."

The good woman alluded to above was doubtless ready when the summons came. Her pastor, who knew her well, in the obituary said she was a faithful Christian; but there are some to whom the sudden summons means the ending of the sinner's career, and they leave nothing behind them in their life's record to inspire a happy hope in the breast of the fond and affectionate loved ones that they will meet in blissful realms. Said a cheerless mother, when a son had died: "I could easily give him up if I only knew he was saved and had died in the faith." The sinner is a fool. He "hates knowledge." That he should be a Christian he will freely confess;

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that he *can* be, by the grace of God, he will readily admit; but he *today* "will not come to Christ that he might have life." He knows he is under the condemnation, in that he loves darkness, and that the sentence against the evil work of his life will be executed unless he repents. He does not repent because he thinks that sentence will not be executed *speedily*. This is a grave and gloomy state of things, but true as applied to the common sinners, and goes to prove the fearful depravity of the human heart and the power of the god of this world.

One bright spring morning, a few years ago, there stood before me to be married two beings whose hearts beat as one. They were young, happy and hopeful, but their happiness was confined to this world—they entertained no hope for the other. Their anticipated pleasures were connected with the honeymoon, the little vine-clad cottage on the hillside, and enhancing the home and laying in goods for future days.

One day I said: "Mrs. ———, you and your husband had best now, in the beginning of your married life, consecrate your united lives to Christ, and let yours ever be a Christian home." She only blushed and smiled. Hardly a year had passed when one dark, dreary night some one knocked at the parsonage door. In a nervous and agitated voice the errand was told: Mrs. S——— had been taken ill, was at the point of death, and wished to make a profession of religion and be received into the Church immediately. Away in the wee small hours of morn the poor girl tossed from side to side in the clutches of a dying agony. She "did not want to be lost." "Oh, do something for me!" She desired to be a member of the Church. It was done; the rite was performed; but I've always feared "the door was shut." Ere the sunlight of another day broke in on the darkness of that sad abode, the recent blooming bride lay still at last in the embrace of death.

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“CAST THYSELF DOWN.”

Many persons who visit Niagara Falls find they have a great desire to leap from various points on the several bridges or from one of the numerous points of observation. For this reason, after once having experienced the fascinating sensation that coaxes them on to death in the deep and rapid running waters, they never go near any of the seductive points without being in company with some one who will guard them from harm as a result of what perhaps might be termed by some their weakness. Many people who have visited Niagara have confessed that the waters of the beautiful river had a weird fascination for them while standing at places where death would be easy by simply letting go one's hold and slipping into the river, and people saved from suicide there have admitted that they knew no reason why they should end their lives, but the scene was so delightful that it coaxed them to seek the peace of death there.—*Philadelphia Record*.

I stood once on top of Cæsar's Head, leaned over and peered down the thrilling depths of the perpendicular rock. After the first flush of horror at the sight there followed very gently a faint impetus to crouch and jump away over in the horrible void and go plunging down below—but I didn't. That impression arrested further observation. A brother minister was with me at the time, and he confessed that he had the same sort of feeling. I reckon there are such crazy suicidal streaks in most human beings revealed by such circumstances.

Prof. Low, of the army balloon corps, had frequently invited a newspaper correspondent to make an ascension with him, but each time the invitation was declined. Later, he told the professor of the temptation he had to jump from high places and that he feared making an ascent. The professor stated that the reason people had such desires was that they were full of electricity; that the magnetic current in the earth was its attraction, and that what he was standing on carried

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the current. He also said that up in a balloon the continuity was cut off. Finally, the man made the ascension and found that the desire to jump was not present.

* * *

AFRAID OF LIGHTNING.

The *Electric Review* says: Some people suffer from such an acute dread of lightning that it renders a large portion of the year in this section a period of extreme discomfort, and we have always believed that if man or woman kind could be taught in infancy—as we have known some mothers to impress upon their children—that nothing was to be feared from the lightning flash that we see, it would lessen to a great extent the sum total of mental suffering from this cause. Of course it can be argued that the danger of being “struck” is not hereby diminished, and that the next flash contains just as much menace as the last; but no one goes through the whole twelve months in a state of unreasoning dread of an electric death. It is the actual storm of the moment that suggests the terror, and if the nerves could be brought under control to the extent of viewing the blinding glare with equanimity, much of the source of disquietude would necessarily be eliminated, for as a matter of fact, statistics tell us that considering the frequency of electric commotions and the numerous instances of the fluid “struck,” the fatalities are infinitely small in comparison.

I knew an old sinner in Modoc years ago who would swear and gamble when skies were clear, but in case of a thunder-storm he'd actually creep under a feather bed for fear and cower until the clouds passed over. Poor fellow, I fear the “Scratch” has him before now. There are many such old sinners in the land.

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PROVIDENCE AND THE PROVIDENTIAL.

Does a calamitous event that naturally follows indiscretion or inexcusable negligence come under the head of providential? Sometimes a poor mortal kills himself by drink. We follow the hearse, weep with the mourners and bereaved ones, stand at the grave, and say "forasmuch as God has taken out of this world the soul of our deceased brother we therefore commit," etc. I was somewhat embarrassed once when I attended the burial of a man who had committed suicide. Under pressure of trouble he jumped into a deep river and was drowned. A few days afterwards the body was found, and it was near midnight when it was interred—a gruesome scene—the saddest of funerals. But his death was not providential—and I refrained from saying that God took him out of this world.

I came across the other day a little volume called "The Three Sisters." The author was a heart-broken father, whose three beautiful and affectionate daughters were burned to death at one time. He speaks in this way of the terrible accident: "This was one of the most afflictive events of the unsearchable ways of Providence that could possibly befall fond parents." The sad story, briefly told, is this: The father, mother and grandmother went off on a visit and left the three sisters at home with a female servant. The three sisters had taken their supper with their usual cheerfulness. Matilda (the servant) was at the head of the table, washing the tea things. Ann was by her side wiping them. Hester came in with a book in her hand, and, laying it on the table, went to the press to get the can of lamp-fluid to replenish the lamp. She filled the lamp, assisted by Laura. By some means, we know not certainly how, the fluid took fire. Perhaps Laura, who held the top of the lamp, with the burning wick, and who was very quick and impulsive in her movements, when she saw the lamp was full, without the least thought of

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danger, aimed to put the top on the lamp before her sister had time to remove the can. All instantly were enveloped in flames. I don't think this is "a way of providence." It was not a prudent thing to leave three young ladies, the oldest not over eighteen summers, in a home alone, the parents going off on a long visit. It would have been an excellent idea to have left with the girls the mother, or at least the old grandmother. In the second place, it was a piece of criminal imprudence to hold a blazing lamp wick near a can of oil.

Speaking of providence and the providential, reminds me of an impressive incident related in a conversation by the late Dr. J. B. Barbee during the session of Conference held in Darlington some years ago. He was traveling out West one night, and the train was running down a heavy grade in a mountainous section. All was well, but he felt uneasy, as if in anticipation of something jeopardizing to life or limb—an unusual state of feeling. There was no cause to be alarmed in regard to personal safety. He was constrained to pray, and did so fervently. A dreadful foreboding would not leave him. He again silently and in faith, from his seat in the car, called upon the Lord, imploring His protection upon passengers and His guiding eye and hand for the engineer and those in charge of the fast-moving train. Directly it began to "slow up" and the monster engine soon stood still. The engineer had descried ahead a dark obstruction on the track, which proved to be a debris of earth and stone that had fallen from the mountain side. Had the train gone on it would have been derailed completely, and all on board, such was the fearful position of the train at this point, would doubtless have perished. Did the Spirit arouse the soul of Dr. Barbee to a sense of immediate danger it was unlawful to define? And did a yielding to that Spirit, and the power of fervent prayer, incite the engineer to wideawake vigilance at the dull and dreary hour of midnight as to cause him to detect a fatal obstruction which otherwise might not have been seen?

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

Rev. Samuel Spookendyke.

Sometimes the popularity of a predecessor of a circuit, station or mission is a source of much annoyance, unrest and positive irritation to the successor and present possessor of the rein of government of the circuit, station or mission. Why is this? What is the basis of the psychological phenomenon?

Ought we not to rejoice over the good reputation of our fellow-preacher, and if possible, he being worthy, seek to increase rather than be a means of detracting from his growing popularity? This principle is clearly suggested by the law of love. The opposite spirit will inevitably in time breed envy and not a few evil dispositions.

Once upon a time—I believe that’s the way most stories begin, but this “once upon a time” contains far more fact than fiction—once upon a time I was associated with, we will call him Brother Blalock, in a protracted meeting. Brother Blalock, a courteous, good gentleman, had not been in charge of the circuit, station or mission very long, but had been there a sufficient number of days and weeks to learn that his predecessor, Rev. Samuel Spookendyke, was extremely popular with the people. We indulged in a pastoral stroll one day, visiting the members. The first home—an important one, an official’s residence—lived Brother Shaggy. Sister Shaggy met us pleasantly at the door and greeted us cordially. We were there only a few moments when Brother Blalock was requested to baptize at first opportunity little “Spookendyke Shaggy”—just a year old. “For me, I tell you,” said Sister Shaggy, “never was a man like Brother Spookendyke. My ole man never no more takes a chaw of terbacker in his mouth now than if it wert dirt. Brother Spookendyke was powerful gin terbacker.”

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I noticed here that Brother Blalock had a small "quid 'n," but he wasn't expectorating. "Yes, sirree," continued the sister, "he was a power, and my ole man says he 'spects never to chaw again."

Brother Shelly's was the next gate at which we stopped. He was in the front yard mending his fishing tackle. Blalock: "Brother Shelly, glad to see you. This is Brother W——, who is assisting us in our meeting." Shelly shook hands, but seemed indifferent—was interested in his fish hooks and lines.

Blalock: "Are you going angling, Brother Shelly?"

Shelly: "No, sir; I'm going a-fishing. Do you like to fish with hook and line, Brother Blalock?"

Blalock: "Well, sometimes."

I interposed here and related my fishing experience in part, and how I did love to catch 'em, especially cats and perch.

Shelly: "Well, sir, as good a fisherman as ever wet a line in these waters 'bout here was Brother Spookendyke. He was here last year, but they sent him across the country. That man would fish with you all day—never got out of patience, and when the sun went down he was still at it. I did love to fish with Brother Spookendyke."

Mrs. Tabitha Trepan, a widow lady, fat and fifty, lived near the manse. She had a large family, a nervous, quaking body and parts, a tremulous voice, and an expression in her big, round face that varied fearfully. Sometimes it was very sad and grave, and then in a moment it would change to be often too gay and giddy. She had been a lone, lorn widow for nearly five years. Mr. Trepan was a hard-working man, as all the neighbors would testify. He was the night watchman in the big cotton mill, and generally dug or superintended the digging of all the graves of the villagers as they'd one by one "shake off these mortal coils." Mr. Trepan, the neighbors said, was a silent man—never had much to say. He has been known to sit for hours a summer's morning in

the cool entry of his humble home with arms folded as if in profound meditation. His wife, all bustle and fuss, would attend to her domestic work, and, having failed to excite or arouse her thoughtful husband to talk on town topics, she has been known to talk to the cats, ask the dog questions, and quarrel with the fowls that would trespass in the kitchen. Mortals, in this world, and the only one, often marry their contrasts. I have seen a very long man married to a very short woman; a little, thin man have a big barrel of a wife; a shrinking, modest man have a bold, dashing, chatterbox wife. And when you find a Mr. Trepan, you will likely discover a Mrs. Tabitha.

It wasn't long after we had called on Mrs. Trepan before she introduced her troubles and spoke feelingly of her late lamented husband, "lovable, best, faithfulest husband that ever did live." As she proceeded with the sad story the round, fat face grew sad and sadder, and now and then the tear would fall, as fond recollections of conjugal happiness stirred the widowed heart. "I will never forget," continued Mrs. Trepan, "the evening my poor Jerry changed for the worse. He kept a-callin' for his lantern. It 'peared like he was about to go on his night-watch rounds in the big mill. He kept a-callin' for his lantern. And then he'd be quiet awhile—just betwixt midnight and day he said to me, 'Tabby, give me my lantern—my last round, my last round, and then I will go to sleep.' Then he was still. I felt of his feet, and they were cold. And his knees, and they were cold as any stone, and upwards and upwards, and all was cold as any stone. Sez I, 'Jerry! Jerry!' but he never answered; he was gone." The widow wept. I confess my eye was somewhat moistened, but I looked at Blalock. He seemed gloomy and peculiar. May be he was thinking of what probably was next coming from the widow, for she would hold the floor. "Well," she said, after a pause and reaction, "Brother Spookendyke was a great comfort to my poor soul. He'd never go by my gate without

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stopping. And he'd make himself at home when here, too, for all the world just like one of the children." Here the sad expression in the big, round face would take its departure like darkness before the sunshine. "He'd come in, he would, and say, 'Sister Trepan, I am hungry,' and he'd go to the cupboard himself—and help himself! (Laughter—somewhat of a hysterical tendency.) And one day, I remember it well, he went into the kitchen betwixt 10 and 11, and, sez he, 'Look here, I smell something good a-cooking.' One of the boys had caught a 'possum the day before, and it was in the pot a-baking with 'taters around it, and he peeped into the pot and said, 'Possum and 'taters, sure as you are born! I'll be back here for dinner.'” (More laughter.)

As we were going home, Brother Blalock walking “melancholy and slow,” remarked: “You see what I have to endure. I have been here three months or more, and I have heard nothing but ‘Spookendyke.’ It’s Spookendyke this and Spookendyke that, and I am just sick and tired of it. What is there in it to so charm the people as to cause them to be discourteous and oblivious to the present situation? He joked with Mrs. Shaggy, fished with old man Shelly, and ate 'possum with that chief of cranks, Mrs. Trepan. And it’s just that way all 'round. I can’t fish with Shelly, nor eat 'possum, which I dislike, and I shall not joke with old Mrs. Shaggy just to get her to laugh or name a baby for me. It’s a misfit here, sure. I had rather be sent to Halifax.”

Bishop Galloway, a few years ago, in one of his interesting Conference talks, exhorted the preachers to refrain from writing letters to member-friends of their former charges after they had been transferred and moved to their new homes. When they (the preachers) left the charges, to leave them altogether, nor cast one longing, lingering look behind. I thought at the time this was an unnecessary episcopal deliverance, but no doubt the Bishop had in mind such cases as Spookendyke and Blalock, and one then can readily see good

List of Leading Laymen—South Carolina Conference.

grounds for the above exhortation. In this instance it would be best for Blalock's peace and spiritual elevation to keep Spookendyke's body and parts from the charge where the former flourished, and all of his written and verbal communications. There is some ministerial vanity in this world, and other scattered fragments of the remains of sin. Sometimes there is displayed more eagerness for popularity than a real desire to see the spread and progress of our holy religion.

The general situation in the above case would hardly be changed if we would or could substitute Blalock for Spookendyke—except personally. Here we would find Blalock the picture of complacency, while Spookendyke would have that turmoil of mind, and troubled spirit evinced by Blalock. If this be true, and that it is a reasonable conclusion as a general rule is fearfully probable, then the reason why in such instances there is envy, jealousy, disquietude is because of similarity of disposition and character, and the identical spirit worketh all in all. Blalock and Spookendyke move along on the same level, the same psychological track, and stand generally on the same platform of principles. "When I was a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

CHAPTER II.

List of Leading Laymen—South Carolina Conference.

This is not a complete roll—only a partial list of the noble gentlemen who are noted for their loyalty and love for the Church and the kingdom. I will just write down the names as they come to me, and follow with the definitive or descriptive words which their character and conduct might instantaneously suggest. Should a name arise, and the mien and manner come trooping up, of one rather conspicuous around

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the church altar, who cannot command safe and reliable adjectives, I'll just put a blank for ——— the name, and write the adjectives, trusting he will forgive me freely for telling the truth.

I will thus begin and continue, taking this one and that one without regard to circumstances or conditions in life:

Judge Dantzler—Sharp, short and decisive. In inches about the size of the First Napoleon.

O. B. Riley—The Cornelius of the South Carolina Conference—"a devout man;" "gives much alms and prays to God always."

James Guess—Fat and fifty; will never commit suicide—too fond of hog and hominy and happy days here below. Church worker.

Asa Perritt—Teacher, surveyor, steward, farmer. Can do two things at a time. Hearty and healthy. Leads a strenuous life.

Geo. Hodges—A saint persevering, I'm persuaded, by prayer and good works. A good Sunday school teacher, a better Sunday school superintendent and a skilled Sunday school organizer.

J. B. Williams—Modest man, retiring disposition. Mixes his religion with his business, getting gray and growing in goodness.

Arthur Rembert—Keen "kutter." Built on the Canadian pony order. Can outwork four fat men. A lover of good people.

———Look out for trouble here! He is fussy and foxy. Curious and cranky—but hitting it for the kingdom.

W. H. Hardin—Long-legged, lank and liberal. Loyal and true to his Church and country, and is as polite as was Chesterfield.

G. H. Hoffmeyer—Delicate and dutiful. Sprung from some good Dutch or German family. Excellent steward. Will be missed when he goes to heaven.

List of Leading Laymen—South Carolina Conference.

J. G. Clinkscales—Bald, bold and brainy. A Christian by experience and a teacher by profession. He sees in this year of grace, 1907, a big political 'possum up a tree, and he is tempted to shake 'em down.

John Anderson—Built his fortune from the stump. Plain and practical. Capital Sunday school worker. A little elderly now, but progressive.

Edward Staley—Obscure and humble. "To fame and fortune unknown," but deserving of fame, and may be worth a fortune.

———Another trouble in Zion. This brother is one of brass, and blatant. Exhibits more policy than piety, more gas than grace. Will improve when he gets very old, and sensuality dies in him, and when the teeth are all gone.

J. Lyles Glenn—Thinks seriously about both worlds. Takes things easy. Has dollars, ducats and dignity.

McLeod—Lieut.-Gov. Has more intellectual acumen than you would think at first glance. He is fat, but not foul; ruddy, but not rough.

Coke Grier—Always in a state of bodily affliction. Religious and reliable. Walks humbly—loves his Church, and he is the preacher's friend.

Judge Prince—Born well, reared well, married well. All's well with Prince. He will grow in grace even on a bench in a court house of lawyers.

Leland Moore—Sympathetic nature and kind. He would paint all scenes and conditions here below in brightest colors. Optimistic.

W. G. Austin—A Confederate veteran with one arm. True and tried. Always in his place in church; never out of his place outside the church.

Dr. A. S. Hydrick—Clever conversationalist. Feels pulses and acts on livers. Knows how to dose and diagnose. The man to send for, if you've a limb to saw off, or got a cramp, or colic.

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Judge Gage—Much leanness and learning. Has tact and talent. Sociable. Knows how to entertain. Vitality strong. Has a judicial aspect.

J. Fuller Lyon—Manner and mien of a soldier. Looking at him the close observer would say, "That man has 'fou't'." The equipment of the Conference would not be complete without him.

Joseph A. McCullough—Handsome and handy. He would make a tip-top chief of police, or a steward of a church, or an excellent undertaker—or a good Governor of South Carolina.

R. H. Jennings—Safe, sound mortal. Pious and patriotic. Seems to be very fond of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren—good sign.

J. Thos. Austin—Sympathetic—tender sensibilities. Courteous and clever and a prudent politician. He will likely live to be very old, and dying, will not leave a widow behind him.

—————Here the spirit of another source of vexation in the Church comes to me. Sometimes he is very good, other times he is very mean. He knows how to act in either role. A born anarchist. Gets very sick occasionally—disappointing; he won't die.

Dr. J. L. B. Gilmore—A man of a few initials and good traits. Gentle in manner, conscientious churchman. Delicate in health, but fond of prescribing pills, plasters and panaceas for others.

Purdy, the Prudent—Plain, unpretentious. Walks softly. Esteemed citizen and excellent judge. The bench would have been a gainer could he have been retained.

Latimer, United States Senator—His pastor appreciates his membership, "quarterage" and co-operation. The high public office he occupies has improved him in girth, gear and gumption. Some one will want before long his seat in the Senate.

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Collins of Conway—All his family, brothers and sisters, died of consumption, and his has been a long, steady fight against disease. He will succeed and die, Collins, the aged. Nervous temperament, stirring Church worker, and always glad to get into a good shouting meeting.

Wallace of Newberry—Had he had ambition he'd made before now his mark on the tablet of fame. For years he has been toiling on the tripod, eschewing evil, keeping the faith and writing the best English.

J. B. Sykes—Diligent in business, fervent in spirit. He is a capital city Church usher, an important office, a faithful church-goer, and will sweetly sleep all during a tedious discourse, a quiet Sunday morning.

Featherstone of Laurens—Intelligent Christian. Has read much, writes well—and sleeps well—with a clear, good conscience, being a lawyer, too.

Dr. W. J. Murray—Mighty in liniments and medicinal liquids. Has innocent face, classic cut features. It would be a shocking surprise if it were known that he could commit one mean thing.

“What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties!
In form and moving, how express and admirable!
In action, how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!
The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals.”

CHAPTER III.

This, That and T'other.

The race of existence is not to the swift, nor the battle of life to the strong. Old age, bent and furrowed by the storms of many years, often drops a tear over a young man's bier,

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and trembling decrepitude not infrequently sighs over the untimely death of the beautiful and once blooming bride.

* * *

How to build up and keep going the Sunday school:

1. Get there, old and young.
2. Get there on time.
3. Let officers and teachers begin exercises promptly on time.
4. Don't talk the little fellows out of patience.
5. Avoid long prayers.
6. Don't try to run the business without religion. Teachers and officers should meet every Sunday before the exercise began, and hold a prayer meeting.
7. Close promptly, don't prolong; let everything be done decently and in order.

* * *

A Western editor recently announced that for just one issue he would tell the truth; the whole truth, naked and unvarnished. That is, the truth was to be naked and unvarnished. Here is one item from that issue:

"Married—Miss Sylvia Smith to Mr. James Cornaham last Saturday at the Baptist parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary girl about town, who doesn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking, and never helped her poor old mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by a long shot, and has a gait like a fat duck. The groom is known as an up-to-date loafer and has been living off his mother all his life. They will have a tough time of it."

* * *

A Scotchman, discussing his former pastors, said: "Our first minister was a man, but not a preacher; our second minister was a preacher, but not a man; and the third was neither a man nor a preacher."

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Most sinners will get religious when they get scared. They will smite the breast in time of an earthquake, or when a cyclone is coming. I am told on good authority that a prayerless man, who lived in Chester County, was once threatened with a terrible tornado, he thought. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of a hot summer day. The black, rolling western cloud seemed pent with fury and full of wrath. With the first house-cracking blow the sinner sought the closet, and amidst the noise of roaring winds, the poor fellow, scared out of his wits, could only think of the "Now I lay me down to sleep" prayer, which he very earnestly uttered.

* * *

A certain preacher asserts that all he wants a day to relieve physical wants is sweet milk, one gallon, and corn bread. That is something like the appetite of a calf, but it is innocent and wholesome, and it's milk for the Word.

* * *

Have you observed how those little nutmeg, teacup, "Perihelion" and pericranium societies do grow in some towns and cities? The saints seek culture, and the society gatherings are more popular than prayer meetings. I have read a notice something like this: "Miss Melissa Pearl Titmouse will read an essay at the Wednesday night meeting of the Nutmeg Club on the life and character of Falstaff." Falstaff is an interesting creation, but you have to go down into the slums to find him. His life is at its best when full of "sack" in the barroom of an inn, and his true character is clearly shown when among "the Merry Wives of Windsor." Miss Pearl Titmouse should devote her literary efforts to refined and elevating topics at the Nutmeg Club, and let all old Jack Falstaffs alone.

* * *

A traveling man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning

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was asked by the landlord how he rested. "Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia." The landlord was mad in a minute, and roared: "I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in my house."—*Sel.*

* * *

A West Virginia man eloped with a woman weighing 432 pounds. The *Columbia Record* adds: "The dispatch does not give details, but it is presumed that he took her all at one time."

This poor mortal is doubtless one of those who walk after the flesh, and not in the spirit.

* * *

Uncle George Tillman, who died not long ago, was a notable character in Carolina politics for years, but somehow he didn't take to religion. He contributed once, one hundred dollars to the building of a Baptist church in Clark's Hill, provided they put no bell in the belfry. The church was built, but no bell ever rang there. The preacher at the funeral, eulogizing, call the dead statesman a "Prince in Israel," but I don't think Uncle George had any of the characteristics of the true Christian Israelite. He didn't worship in the temple, nor did he ever confess Christ Jesus, the Lord. He was kind and gentle when he wasn't mad, loved his friends and hated his enemies. He was one of the most hospitable gentlemen I've ever known. "Whenever you come to Clark's Hill," he was accustomed to say to even a comparative stranger, "be sure to make my house your home."

* * *

Illiteracy is conspicuous in many of our mill towns, and the rambling, roaming life so generally practised will keep for years the percentage of ignoramuses at a fearful figure unless some strict compulsory law is enacted and enforced. The stark ignorance and illiteracy everywhere seen, everywhere felt, can be demonstrated to be the horrid generator of breed-

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ing evils that afflict most woefully Church and State. It is the unread, unthinking crowd that are most swayed by their feelings, and whose greatest enjoyment is realized when they indulge in low sensual pleasures. "My people are perishing for the lack of knowledge."

I move around much among all sorts and conditions of men. I see blots and blemishes here and there, deformities and perversities, but 'fore God the most terrible thing that's come my way in this great day is that combination which to be hated need but to be seen: Ignorance and sin. When lodged in the individual soul, in head and heart, you will invariably and inevitably find all the dirt and devil of this old world. How we in South Carolina do delight to talk about the Anglo-Saxon superiority, the white man's supremacy. We harp on white supremacy and continuity of the white man's supremacy, at the same time in this day of greatest educational facilities we are dragging along forty to sixty thousand white illiterates. The Anglo-American, fully developed, is the highest conception of man. His perfected powers make him monarch of all he surveys. His soul, I believe, is more susceptible to educational forces than other races, and he has inherent power to sway the rod of empire "or wake to ecstacy the living lyre," but that Anglo-American unlearned and untutored is obliged to sink to an inferior station and bow in submission to superior power. And power is in mind.

I believe in a compulsory education law, because it means light, liberty and elevation where darkness dwells. The parent who loves his country and offspring, the law would not affect. He'd be unconscious of such a law, but the other fellow, far gone from original righteousness, should be compelled for his own sake to do his duty where neglect is sin against child, Church and civilization.

* * *

In speaking of small children, don't, for mercy's sake, refer to them as "kids." Sometimes you may hear a young father

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speak of his two or three "kids" at home. I heard a young woman, in a community where it was customary to speak of children in the way I'd condemn, make reference to her childhood when she was quite a "kid." The word doesn't sound right, and in some cases it is too near the truth. The parents of kids are goats.

* * *

Who uses "No. 6" these days, and why is it called No. 6? I am told it is horrible stuff; a mere taste of the drug, it is said, lingers for hours. Years ago a good old local preacher was preparing to administer the sacrament. A dear elderly sister, half-blind, had prepared the elements, and had unknowingly placed a bottle of "No. 6" in the basket, thinking it was the wine bottle. When the time came in the impressive ceremony, the solemn and earnest person poured forth the No. 6, and, alas, drank thereof. I am told the scene that followed was awful. The sneezing, snorting and hiccoughing that issued in startling succession from within the chancel alarmed the worshipers. When it was possible to pause and to regain his breath, the distracted preacher exclaimed, with emphasis: "Merciful fathers; brethren, something is wrong." It was soon discovered that the bottle, indeed, was a wine bottle, but the contents were those elements that make the "No. 6."

* * *

The editor of the *Richmond Advocate* thinks pulpit orators should not be made Presiding Elders, on the ground that the fervent orator is unbalanced and is very likely to be lacking in common sense. The editor exaggerates as usual to carry his point. Dr. Lafferty is eloquent. He says: "It is a psychological axiom that an orator is unbalanced. Eloquence is exaggeration. There is excessive expansion of the mental iris—'sees men as trees walking.' They are not safe for leadership. Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, lost their popularity. A tongue-tied man—Moses—delivered Israel.

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The glib Aaron was a failure as a captain. 'Think of the golden calf and the return to the Nile. Think of Munsey selecting preachers to man a district.'

* * *

A man, on being asked by some companions to go into a saloon and have a drink with them, said: "I won't drink any today, boys."

"What's the matter with you, old man?" asked one. "If you've quit, what's up?"

"Well, boys, I'll tell you. Yesterday I was in Chicago. I called on a customer of mine down on Clark street, who keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. While I was there a young man came in, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as they make 'em. He had a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed it to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And what do you suppose it was? It was a pair of baby's shoes, little things, with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as though they had been won only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man. 'My wife bought 'em for the baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want to get a drink' 'You had better take them back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't; she's dead—baby died last night,' and then the poor fellow laid his head down on the show case and cried like a child. Boys, I have a baby at home, and I'll not take a drink with you today."—*National Advocate*.

* * *

Scene 1—Venerable preacher, Quaker proclivities, departing for railroad station, to good sister: "Well, now, good-bye. Peace be to thee, my sister."

Sister: "Good-bye, Uncle Penn" (kissing him).

Scene II—In another part of the castle, the venerable

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preacher's figure fast receding in the distance, leaving the good girl behind him.

Good Sister: "Lor' me, Uncle Penn kissed me."

Chorus of Maids and Maidens: "My! oh mercy! me! oh! oh! oh!"

Sister: "Yes; he said, 'Please kiss me, my sister,' and I er—"

Small Girl, interrupting: "No, he didn't, auntie. I was near you. Uncle Penn said, 'Peace be to thee, my sister.'"

* * *

A sad sight in this world of trial and preparation, yea, the saddest, is a poor man without the religion of Jesus Christ. A poor man with no chattels, no hereditaments, with a small area of half-cultivated land, running his forty acres and a mule, mostly mortgaged, without grace and hope of glory beyond, is a woeful spectacle. He will miss the ducats in this world and catch the devil in the next. The rich man of whom our Saviour speaks, "clothed in purple and faring sumptuously every day," was enjoying his heaven while Lazarus at his gate was tormented by poverty and afflicted in body. In course of time Lazarus entered his heaven, and the other got his reward. "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." There are many poor mortals in this land of ours who have neither grub nor grace. They live in a cruel servitude and in want, and will not seek to be released and relieved by the great poor man's Friend, who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," and, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and ye shall find rest."

* * *

We Methodist people are getting there. We will go along and keep up with the procession. I have noticed a choir arrangement something like this: Organist elected, Mr. Sam Stringey; musical manipulator, Mr. Toney Dudds; flute,

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violin and cornet performers, Peter Sncad, Jenny June, Viola Snapp and Rosa Snipe; soloists, Tiny Popinjay and Delilah Canker. There you have music that will beat the band, and no doubt the angels will rush to the upper parapets to listen to the sweet strains. "The unkindest cut of all" is that some of that crowd, as published accounts and names do confirm, will dance the jig and german till daylight on wax floors to the lazy tune of, "After the Ball is Over." The Lord bear with us.

* * *

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth—for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The opposite is generally what men strive to do. Poor mortal man hugs this earth with all his heart for the treasures that are in it. The greed for gold and greenbacks is more prevalent than perseverance for piety; cash and coin outweighs creed and character. The majority of men are not in earnest about the inestimable birthright, they yearn for pots of pottage. The rich man in the Scriptures who did lay up treasures upon earth, and was preparing to enlarge his barns, said, "Soul, take thine ease." Where was that man's soul? In that locality where dwells all the soul in most men—the bowels. "All the labor is for the mouth," and the vanity of this world, and "money answereth all things." Great words are being moneytized and language leans to the worldling's ideals. Define "worth." Suppose I were to ask a young merchant, "dealing in sausage, soap, soda, etc., at and below cost," a question regarding the worth of James H. Carlisle, meeting him in the street.

"Sir, Mr. Bacon, can you tell me what Dr. Carlisle is worth?"

Bacon: "No, sir. His name is not on our commercial books. I suppose his salary supports him. I hardly think he is worth much. As to insurance, I don't know how much he carries."

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"Prosperity," as now generally used, means fat pantries, well furnished homes, profitable trading, bank accounts, etc. Were you to ask Mr. Bacon, meeting him in the street, how prospers his soul, it would scare him.

"Success," likewise means shekels.

Fond Mother: "Our son (aged eighteen) is doing nicely now, and his success is assured; he is getting \$75 a month, and he is dreadfully saving."

And the vain creature rejoices over that "success" and the "dreadful saving." * * * Laying up treasures upon earth, and not rich towards God—that's the prevailing condition.

When he dies, the man of "success," of "worth," the prosperous man, he casts one long, lingering look behind, and triumphs in the silence of death.

"O grave, where is thy victory?"—I've left lands and possessions with titles clear; 'O death, where is thy sting?'—I am insured for fifty thousand."

The body lies out in the cemetery and the tombstone of beautiful marble tells the passerby that, "Here lies a consecrated Christian; blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Mercy on us, what lies tombstones sometimes tell!

* * *

The late Dr. Hashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself:

Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man, who had taken care of him when he was a child, was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand, and said: "Larry, you's a good preacher; you's a soundin' brass an' tinklin' cymbal."

* * *

Hon. Ashbel P. Fitch, formerly comptroller of New York, has stated that while he was comptroller he thoroughly investigated the subject of baldness, and reached the conclusion that it is an index of intellect. In the last year of his incum-

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bency, among other things in connection with his investigation, his curiosity led him to inquire as to the hair of the paupers that had been sent to the county poor house. "Out of 8,793 paupers who had come under the charge of the county that year," he says, "there was only one bald-headed man, and he had been scalped by the Indians."—*Visitor*.

I don't know that to be true, though comforting to many of the brethren.

* * *

Patient: "I'm sorry now that I sent for you, doctor, because I feel so much better that I don't need any medicine."

Doctor: "Better take some; I'll charge you just the same for a visit, whether you do or not."—*Sel*.

* * *

Carlyle describes a dandy as a "clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, person and purse is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress." One sad object in this world is a poverty-stricken dandy who is not able to buy the clothes to wear, but struts and swaggers as well as he can without finery—a poor peacock in jeans.

* * *

I was for a short while sometime since in company with a man who is somewhat careless in speech generally, and on this occasion he let slip out of his being accidentally and without so-called provocation, a word of profanity. He quickly apologized with some confusion, which indicated that he had uttered something he knew to be wrong, and he revealed the character of speech he was accustomed to use. Swearing comes commonly from two sources. Sometimes it's a hereditary sin. The boy or young man "cusses" because the "ole man" does. Or it is on account of association. Those who love the associa-

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tion of profane people will become profane. Wherever it comes from it's a simon-pure case of depravity, and the poor human being has gone very far from original righteousness when he profanes the name of his Maker. Profanity is a most dangerous form of depravity, and the guilty man is capable of doing any sort of meanness.

Dr. Mark Hopkins says that a man who "cusses" will tell a lie. I will quote a paragraph or two from him. "This is an offence that would excite astonishment if it were not so common. The thief, the sensualist, the ambitious man has temptation which appeals to a natural desire, but that a creature and child of God, supported wholly by His goodness and responsible to Him should wantonly profane His name could not beforehand be credited.

"Profaneness can be of no possible use to him who indulges in it, or to any one else. If it were not wicked it would be simply superfluous and ridiculous. It is, as Robert Hall says, in allusion to feudal times, small pepper corn sent to show that a man belongs to the devil. All observation shows, mine certainly does, what might have been inferred without it, that he who will swear will lie." Whoever may be guilty of it deserves not only to be condemned and abhorred, but despised."

* * *

Johnson: "Do you know young Jones?"

O'Kelly: "Yis, sor, I know him."

Johnson: "Can a person believe what he says?"

Pat: "Faith, an' it's jist this way: "When he tells ye the truth, ye can believe every word he says; but, when he lies to yez, ye better have no confidence in him at all."—*Sel.*

* * *

"Why is it?" asked a man of a negro who was doing some work for him, "that so few colored men commit suicide?"

"Well, boss," was the reply, "when a nigger sets down to worry he bound to fall asleep."—*Sel.*

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There have been many American humorists, good and bad, but only of late has the very worst one been discovered.

"How's Johnny?" asked one of the neighbors.

"Well," replied Aunt Ann Peebles, "he's got the hives this time. When he was a baby he had the nettle-rash. When he got over that he was troubled with a breakin' out that looked like measles. Then he had a ringworm on one side of his face. He has a bile every spring, and once in a while he gets somethin' the matter with his hands that the doctor says is salt rheum."

"He must have some kind of humor in his blood."

"Yes," said Aunt Ann, shaking her head, gloomily. "He's the worst humorist for his age that I ever see."—*Sel.*

* * *

The majority of our homes in the county I fear are without family altars, and fathers and mothers are not "used" to prayer and to read their Bibles around the hearthstone.

The big family Bible on the center table occupies a conspicuous place in the sitting room or parlor, but the probability is the Book is not handled much. Looks too new generally, and not thumb worn. I found a home once without a Bible. We were about to have family service and I asked for the book. The oldest boy, a big burly young man, about grown, with more grease in him than grace, looked around for a while, on the tables, under the tables, on the beds, and I think did actually look into the cupboard for the Bible, but it was not to be found. Finally, he said: "The Testament is not here, somebody has sure borrowed it." We had prayer, but I always believe that that big, burly young man told me a big one. "He that provideth not for his own has denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever." Parents need not expect their children to be pious and free, even from immorality, when they don't show piety at home.

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"Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is." Church members who do not attend services will soon get off the religious gear and lose their religion, if they have any to start with. Piety soon becomes an unknown quantity, and the preacher more or less a stranger in the land. But some people are providentially prevented from attending church, and of course they are excused. Bad roads, bad weather, bad breeches, unfashionable hats, the new ones not having arrived, keep people away sometimes from the Sunday services, but with healthy folks they are excuses that do not excuse. I have found out this--the man who does not attend church when he can will be guilty of some meanness before long. Just give him time and opportunity and some sort of rascality will just ooze out.

CHAPTER IV.

The "Call" to Preach—Dependence of the Methodist Ministry—Punkeyton Circuit—Rev. Thos. Trotter, P. C.—The Officials—The Stewards' Meeting—The Preacher's Expenses—Closing Scene.

I.

The call to preach, the vocation of a Methodist preacher, is not a mere hallucination. It is not, as a general rule, undertaken as a profession—the result of a choice. Men do not elect this course as they do the law, medicine and other avocations. There are exceptions, I do believe—but few. The great majority of Methodist preachers are sincerely and fully persuaded that they were moved by the Holy Spirit to preach the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, and forego all trouble and trial, and make all the sacrifices necessarily connected with the holy and arduous work of the sacred ministry. In early life, often in childhood days, there comes to the soul

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the impression to preach or to prepare to preach the Gospel. Later on this impression gains ground, and the young Christian concludes that he ought to prepare to enter the ministry. If this wooing of the Spirit, this persuasion, is resisted, and frequently it is, there comes over the soul an inward conviction that he must preach if the way is open and circumstances are favorable. He meditates seriously upon the striking passage of the apostle: 'Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel,' and the fearful probability of being lost at last if he heeds not the call and disobeys the heavenly vision. It is a trying hour, when he is in sore need of the voice of encouragement, and a strong, brotherly, helpful hand—and happy is he when finally he submits, takes up his cross and begins the itinerant life. The young man "called to preach" sometimes makes up his mind to follow some other profession, keeping the sacred secret within his own bosom, and divulges it to no one. He nurses his resolution, maps out his course and draws up his plans, notwithstanding "the still, small voice." But after awhile—after some experience, after, it may be, some years of trial and temptation—he yields at last to that continued impression, that he ought to preach, and he has been known to give up all earthly hopes and ambitions and devote himself, time and talent, entirely to the ministry of the Word. May be it was the profession of medicine this one "called" preferred and did put his hands to this plow; but ere long he left his laboratory, and possibly a world-renowned reputation, to follow the Master in the humble sphere of mountain mission or lowland circuit, preaching the Gospel. Or else, as it is not infrequently the case, another, he who had received the divine impression to preach, chooses law and begins a brilliant career, but in course of time he yields to a conscience that had never ceased to uphold him, turns his back upon once fond association, his office and emoluments, and begins a practice in a more sacred court and pleads for the souls of fallen humanity. He can of course, being a moral free agent, resist this inward

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impression, this call to preach and follow whatever pursuit or profession he may elect, but the conviction is not effaced, and it is a long time before continued rebellion hardens the conscience and drives the Spirit away. The result of disobedience to the heavenly calling of the self-willed moral free agent, as it may be or may have been noted in living witnesses, is that it leaves him free to do right, but more than ever prone to do evil, that while Christian rectitude can be attained, and the more excellent way be found, there really will be in him, who was called, but did not regard, a disposition to wander away from God, and a fearful tendency to be borne along the broad way with the wild, worldly crowd that gravitate to ruin and destruction. When there is real consecration and ready acceptance of the high calling, the young itinerant is initiated into the society and fellowship of as faithful a body of men as this dear old earth affords, and into an ecclesiastical system which for aggressive evangelistic power is without a parallel in all the religious world. If the Methodist Church fails or falters in her onward march, it will not be because of wanting in a divinely ordered arrangement for achievement and conquest. The world's her parish, and if she doesn't eventually spread from pole to pole by her untiring, unique and united itineracy, proving the greatest blessing to the people everywhere, she will have forgotten her past inspiring history and will have turned aside from her glorious destiny.

II.

There is no other kind of evangelist, or denominational prophet, that appeals more to the liberality of a people for support and sustenance than the Methodist itinerant. His pastorate, like his avocation, is not of his own choosing. He does not preach trial sermons to congregations and, if elected preacher in charge, agree for certain stipulated sum in shekels to serve them. He has no choice in the business; he is sent to preach the Gospel, and his field of labor is an

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appointment of Providence and the powers ordained of God. He calls together, when the appointment has been made and the year's work has begun, his Board of Stewards, to consult with them and to receive meekly any appropriation they may see fit to bestow. From a business standpoint they have got him fast, they have every advantage; he is entirely dependent. If the support allowed is sufficient, the preacher will be encouraged; if short rations are promised, he cannot afford to show discouragement—he must accept the proposition and conform to the situation. The vows are upon him and that "Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Whether for pounds or pennies, he must go forward in the great work, though he must needs bear the burden and heat of the day. Oh, these Boards of Stewards! What a power in Methodism! In this wide field of Christian soldiery they hold the keys of the commissary department and the revenues of the kingdom. They have the ability and privilege to feed and the means to clothe the prophets who are sent unto them. They have at their disposal grub and greenbacks, and that's what keeps the world on a move. The Church's great ecclesiastical system would degenerate and perish were it not for the faithful men of God who serve the tables, and until the ministry becomes so that it can easily subsist on air and water alone, we must ever, in grateful submission, bow to the supremacy of laymen's rights in carnal things.

But there are some pastoral charges where the people and Church officials are not dominated by the spirit of liberality and progressiveness, and they keep the pastor in such a state of continued want and carking care as all but freeze the genial current of his soul.

III.

The following story of Punkeyton Circuit is not an unusual history, and the experience of the Rev. Thomas Trotter will touch a sympathetic chord in kindred hearts who

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have been along the same way. The characters of the stewards portrayed have their prototype in living mortals moving around in this good land today. Sister Ruckster lives free from pain and care, somewhere—and all contain far more fact than fiction. The Punkeyton Circuit is situated away back in a retired part of the Lord's vineyard, far from the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife." The good people of that prosperous land have been pursuing the even tenor of their ways for many years, well known for excellent house-keepers, good cooks, big old-time meetings in midsummer and many dear old folks who occasionally "shout" during religious services over the old-time religion. Punkeyton is a small collection of houses and inhabitants, beautiful for situation. There are no shops, no railroad, and, I am informed by the oldest inhabitant of the village, that it is about as large now as it was fifty years ago, when its corporate lines were surveyed and the boundaries became a fixed fact. Among the important residences and business places I might mention that the parsonage home is there. The manse, built many years ago, holds its own within the corporate limits. The postoffice, kept in an old rickety building, is presided over by a fat, red face man, Mr. John Snapper, whose politics have always been in a state of uncertainty, and whose piety has been equally as unreliable. Dr. Sankey Mustard is the practicing physician of the little town, and lives conveniently to the parsonage and the cemetery. Mr. Jerry Heckley, the principal merchant, owns a large store of dry goods and groceries, and Peter Snarer, a notary public and farmer, lives in a cozy home, also near the manse. The parsonage has never been quite finished. There are no blinds for the windows of the second story, and it will take two or three more ice cream entertainments to realize a sufficient sum to supply the parsonage with curtains for the windows, chairs and other needed furniture. The parsonage furnishing, upholstering and repairing generally, is a slow, patient work of years,

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and it was so with the manse of the Punkeyton Circuit. The Rev. Thomas Trotter, the preacher in charge, had announced a meeting of the Board of Stewards at all of his appointments the first round after Conference, and that all-important day, Wednesday after the third Sunday in January, had arrived. During a grave consultation, held by the elder Trotters in the back porch on the probable events and outcome of the day, little Lila May, the oldest girl, a bright, bouncing lass of fourteen summers, came upon the scene with a hop, skip and jump, and declared, excitedly, that, "Papa must buy her a piano, her music teacher said she was executing beautifully now, and just must have one. Nina Ruckster and Minnie Quartz each had one, and Sarah Tinhorn's papa had ordered Sarah a pretty upright piano just the other day. Now, papa, if the stewards give you a heap of money today, won't you buy your Lila May a piano, too? You can buy it on the installment plan in such an easy way that you can't feel it. Now, won't you?" The father replied that he "would see about it," and Lila May grew more affectionate, kissed papa, and hurried off to school. She felt encouraged, because whenever her papa said he would "see about it," whether concerning the purchase of a new dress or a big doll, the articles would ere long be forthcoming—and she thought of the new piano all the day long.

The brave little woman of the parsonage, anxious to make it as pleasant and happy occasion as it was possible for her to do so, began operations early in the morning, making preparations for the dinner, for all the stewards, as it is customary, were to dine with the preacher in charge. She was cumbered with much serving. There were not sufficient dishes, and she had to borrow of Mrs. Tabitha Mustard, the doctor's wife, a few more plates; cups and saucers were needed, and two large boatlike dishes it was necessary to borrow to hold the boiled ham and roast. Mrs. Jerry Heckley, the merchant's wife, was kind enough to lend bright new

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table linen on which to place the stewards' dinner, and from Mr. Peter Snarer, who had only two heirs and a very large dwelling, were transferred some comfortable chairs and easy rockers with which to seat the expected guests during their stay and deliberations. Ere long the industrious Mrs. Trotter had everything in ship-shape, and soon a most appetizing dinner of a varied and tasteful assortment was simmering, stewing, browning and baking, and by 11 o'clock all were well under way in pot, pan and oven.

The stewards arrived irregularly, hitched their fat horses in the parsonage yard, formed in little groups, momentarily in the bright sunshine of a pleasant winter's day, and discussed in a desultory sort of way the price of cotton, and other things, and the occasion that had brought them together. One or two were in favor, one especially, Toney Railey, of raising the salary of the preacher in charge, and had talked it about. He represented Salem church, and said Salem was willing and ready to pay her proportionate part, or more if necessary, in order to get the charge to raise the salary. The churches were all fairly represented, on an average of about two from each of the four churches composing the circuit. John Peter Ruckster was chairman of the board, and a leading spirit. He represented Pisgah. He was familiarly called simply "J. P." Everybody knew "J. P."—many liked "J. P.," and not a few of the poorer people were dependent largely upon the favor of "J. P." He was a big country merchant as well as farmer, and was indulgent to some who could not pay cash for dry goods and groceries during the hard months between March and October. He was rather a nervous gentleman, "J. P." was, quick in movement, and had such a positive way of making assertions as precluded all further argument or opinion to the contrary. He was generally the first man in the circuit the new preacher consulted, or was constrained to consult, when he arrived in Punkeyton, and "J. P." was always ready and willing to inform who is who,

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and what's what. The phrenological and physiognomical makeup of "J. P." was much against him in the estimation of an observer of ordinary insight. He possessed a large red face, and small head, with rather low receding forehead. He had a small, short chin, high cheekbones, eyes very near together, which would entirely close when he laughed. In the midst of the big red, fat face there was a nose of not unusual dimensions, neither aquiline nor Roman, but was somewhat blunt and inclined to turn up. The fat cheeks seemed disposed to push out that important member and make it more conspicuous. "J. P." was neither vicious, nor virtuous, as a general rule. If it required a questionable action in a business transaction to accomplish something for Ruckster, he'd have no scruples in doing it. If a virtuous action would add to "J. P.'s" popularity, or increase his trade, he would have no hesitation in doing a virtuous action, provided, it didn't cost too much. He followed the dictates of his conscience, and often that happy disposition caused his peace to flow as a river. When "J. P." made a bad bargain and got "bit," he would have compunction of conscience and would enjoy no rest for a season. When it was the other fellow's hard luck and "J. P.'s" good fortune, then would the latter's conscience have its own sweet way. Bill Spotts, of Zion, had much flesh, being heavily built, with a fearful tendency to a lazy state of obesity. Intellectually, he was dull and dreary, and as he increased in fatness, there was an apparent decrease in mentality. He was a man of no convictions as to religious duty and his opinions and activities, if Bill had anything in him you might call Christian activity, with reference to the Church and its work, were formed and fashioned by the influence of Ruckster and others. During service at Zion on any spring or summer Sabbath morning, he would almost invariably fall fast asleep, but would wake up promptly when the Doxology was being sung, and after the benediction was pronounced he would often very cordially invite the preacher

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home with him for dinner. Spotts was a very prosperous farmer and lumberman, and had hoarded many hundreds, which he prized most highly. While Spotts possessed a few commendable characteristics, it was apparent that he was too fat and flourishing physically to be continuously a seeker of the Lord, and too prosperous to be genuinely pious.

Zedekiah Tinhorn, another steward from Zion, possessed an excitable, nervous temperament. He had been troubled for years with dyspepsia, and it produced a marked effect upon his physical frame, which was very weak and lank, and doubtless it was that annoying bodily ailment which had much to do with the springs of his character. Possessing tender sensibilities, he has been known to shed tears over pulpit oratorical pictures of distress and affliction, and on a love-feast occasion during a big midsummer revival meeting. Zed, if in good trim, would tell his experience in an affecting, tremulous way, and would shed tears over past faults and follies—and the pardoning love. There were some good points in Zed's dyspeptic soul, and some not so good. He was moody, fickle, unreliable—displayed much zeal for the Church at times, and at other times he would become lukewarm and very indifferent. It is said that he was very much like his father, who died before Trotter came to the Punkeyton Circuit. The old man did not attend church for a long time before he died, although he had been an active member many years. They brought an organ in the church against his will, he became offended and would not attend any service there whatever. He was buried in the old cemetery of Zion church, and heavenly words about "fidelity" and the "crown of righteousness" were deeply inscribed upon the polished marble erected to perpetuate his memory, but many good people who knew him well were in doubt as to his Christian fidelity and very uncertain as to the crown of righteousness the tombstone said he would wear. Like many other Scriptural truths inscribed on graveyard marble these days, they were written and put there more to

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gratify the wishes and soothe the spirits of the living than to portray the real character and well-grounded hope of the soul whose dust and bones reposed beneath the monumental slab.

Sims Starkey, of Pisgah, was another steward whose characteristics form a profitable study. He was a brother-in-law of Ruckster. He married "J. P's." sister, and was only a year his wife's senior, who was now in her forty-seventh year. Sims Starkey was a peculiar man—a peculiarly quiet man—and always bore a heavy countenance and a grave face. All sense of humor seems to have taken wings and left him forever. He was never known to laugh heartily, and rarely ever progressed in risibles beyond a faint, quiet smile. His movements were slow, and he was never seen in a hurry. He would stand at a public gathering, political meeting and other places alone, often like a statue, summer or winter, with his two big hands down to the bottom of his pants' pockets. But Sims Starkey was an industrious, good fellow, and everybody in the community liked him. If a neighbor experienced a misfortune of any kind, such as the loss of a barn by fire, Sims would come to his assistance. If a poor widow needed her garden ploughed, or potato patch "broke up," Sims would be the man to do the work, or have it done. Sims was kind to his preacher and sometimes would give him a load of oats after the harvesting, or a one-horse load of corn at the gathering time—all a free gift, not to be reported as "script" at the ensuing Quarterly Conference. Sims was fondly attached to his church, Pisgah, and would attend, without being requested, to the care and keeping of the yard and cemetery, and when there was to be a burial, Sims was generally called upon to look after the grave digging—which he always did well and superintended the melancholy work with becoming solemnity of manner. But in all kind actions and deeds of charity, as above enumerated, when Sims was called upon, it was observed that he, while entertaining the question or appeal sympathetically, would invariably give an evasive

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answer would say, "I'll let you know tomorrow," or "as soon as I go home and see what's to be done there." The neighbors soon learned "what was to be done there." It was to consult Mrs. Sophronia Malinda Starkey. Sims dared not undertake to do anything of importance without first consulting her. She was as kind to him as one need be when Sims was observant of her wishes and obedient to her will—but was quite severe on him when he crossed her purposes, and seemed inclined to have *his* own way. Therefore, if the widow in need was on good terms with Mrs. Starkey, the garden would be ploughed; if the deceased had been friendly with Mrs. Starkey, the grave digging by Sims would be attended to. If Sister Starkey and the preacher in charge were on congenial and pleasant terms, Sims would visit the parsonage barn lot with his load of corn or oats, but if "she didn't take a likening to the preacher," the preacher would go without Sims' corn and forage. Poor Sims Starkey was beyond doubt in the fearful bondage of apron and skirt, and was under strictest form and surveillance of petticoat government. Mrs. Starkey was a determined woman, strong, hearty and in perfect health at forty-seven. She was much of a woman. She'd bustle in and bustle about, and would lead in any Church work and do more for any Church society enterprise than any other female member if she were permitted to have her own way. She resembled strikingly her brother, J. P. Ruckster, in mind and manner, but was more resolute and had far more temper. It is said that Sims one day when the oldest boy was four years old, with the laudable view of bringing him up in the way he should go, undertook to spank him, and that at a psychological moment Mrs. Starkey appeared on the scene and interfered in such a resolute way that Sims gave up the job, and never undertook another of the same kind. Mrs. Starkey was chairman of the Parsonage Furnishing Society of Punkeyton Circuit, kept an inventory of all the things belonging to the manse, and it was a happy occasion to her

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when the society convened, as she was always full of chat, and sociable. "She'd thank the Lawd, her youngest, Sims Sparkey, Jr., was five years old, that she was through with cradle rocking, and was going to enjoy life—that she was." She would visit the parsonage on an inspecting tour sometimes, examine this, peer into that and bustle in and bustle about, and would insinuate that some wives were not as careful and economical as they should be. One day during one of these inspecting tours at the Punkeyton parsonage the little boy of the house, chasing a playful kitten, accidentally fell across a bed, disarranging quilts and pillows. This attracted the inspectress, who calmly remarked that the parsonage beds were not placed there by the society for little boys to play on. I got this straight from Mrs. Thomas Trotter, who, until her last "lab'ring breath" will not forget Mrs. Sophronia Malinda Starkey.

Ezekiel Swartz, who represented Bethel church, was a well-to-do farmer, indeed, comparatively speaking, he might be said to be rich. Besides a large estate of five thousand acres, he owned a great deal of machinery, two ginneries, and enjoyed a clear income, in dollars, of three thousand or more. He began his career, a poor boy, before the war, had a lung trouble, or heart failure, or some chronic complaint all along during that terrible catastrophe, all of which of course exempted him from service as a Confederate soldier. He rallied so effectually after the bloody and cruel contest was over, that he was enabled to prosecute his life work diligently and began to buy land and increase his worldly possessions. Uncle Zeke, as he was familiarly called, was always fond of telling others how earnestly he toiled in his early manhood days, and on what strict principles of economy he lived. In early life he lived on "hard tack," he and wife, that they might put by a snug sum for a rainy day. "A dollar saved is a dollar made" was his motto. He has been known, even since he became independent and dwelt in a palatial country

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home, to follow behind the cotton wagons on the way to the ginnery and pick up every little lock of cotton that might have been jostled out. He did deny himself and took up his carnal cross, forgetting the things of the past and reaching for the possessions in this world. He pressed toward the mark and got there, and now, in his old age, he could say, "Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." Though he may not have been conscious of it, "Uncle" Zeke had the highest estimate of his opinions, his judgment concerning men and measures, and even of his religious qualifications. Along with that mental and spiritual attitude he had a poor opinion generally of the mental and moral attainments of most other mortals. Very few people won from him a complimentary remark, very few actions of others would he commend. He was just built that way—Uncle Zeke was—naturally censorious and egotistical, with an alarming amount of bigotry.

Berry Whetstone, the other steward from Bethel, was a busy-bee man—a man with two or three irons in the fire at one time and dexterously managed all tolerably well. All the time at it, and hard at it, strong physically, and muscular, intellectually not so deep nor brilliant, but his mind was fairly clear and sound as far as it went. He enjoyed far more surveying a twenty-acre field and forest at \$3 a day than thinking with Carlyle or dreaming with Milton. He was a school teacher, and a good one, a farmer, a surveyor, a notary public, a trustee, a Sunday school teacher and a steward. If anything had to be done at Bethel with reference to Church work, graveyard work or building or repairing, Whetstone was always placed on the committee to guarantee prompt execution. Whetstone did not overflow with sentiment, and his soul was barren of song. His sympathetic nature did not stretch over a large field, and he was hardly capable of deep devotional feeling—but a loyal, true member and steward was

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Berry, and Punkeyton Circuit could not have spared him without sustaining a perceptible loss.

Toney Railey, of Salem, was a man of commendable parts. He was not the success in the business world that Swartz and Ruckster were, or even that attained by Billy Spotts, but in manners and morals he was their superior. Toney was refined in taste, and showed the marks everywhere, in all relations, of genuine good breeding. He was deferential to the opinions and wishes of others, and while not at all demonstrative or pretentious, he exemplified likely more Christian virtue and culture than any other man on the board. The only thing against Toney was he was a bachelor of some years' standing. His home was without the song and sunshine of a good wife. It is said that he was engaged once to a pretty young lady, that on the eve of the anticipated happy marriage she went back on him and he never loved again.

IV.

At about 10 A. M., all the stewards present, representing the four churches of the Punkeyton Circuit, assembled in the parsonage, and warm and cordial was the greeting and sincere was the welcome by the pastor. He had a warm, fraternal grasp and a kind word for one and all. "Howdy, howdy-do, brethren. Glad indeed to meet you this morning. Bro. Ruckster, walk in, sir. I hope you keep well, and Bro. Spotts, come. Bro. Tinhorn, you're welcome; sorry to learn of Sister Tinhorn's indisposition—and Bro. Swartz, how are you. Regret to learn you were so unfortunate as to lose your fine Jersew cow the other day." "Yes, sir," replied Swartz, "that was a fine cow. Cost me \$30, besides the expense of feeding her since I got her—a clear loss, sir." "Sorry, sir," continues the pastor; "and Bro. Whetstone, pleased to greet you—was afraid you would not come, you live so far—and Bro. Toney, glad indeed to see you. You bring up the rear—walk in—all walk in."

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After prayer by the pastor, the organization was soon perfected by electing J. P. Ruckster, chairman, and Toney Railey, secretary, and the Board of Stewards of the Punkeyton Circuit was ready for the business of providing for the support of the person and family of Rev. Thomas Trotter for the ensuing year. The preacher in charge made a modest, interesting statement concerning the work, and how glad he was to be with them again. His labor among them had been a work of pleasure—a labor of love. He was thankful that the business of the charge closed so well last year, everything having been paid in full, and that the circuit had made so propitious a beginning this new year. He congratulated them upon the general material prosperity of the country and community—which should be a source of devout thanksgiving to God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, whose goodness had been so wonderfully displayed. He thanked his stewards for what they had done in the past and of course would not be unappreciative of future favors. He implored divine blessings upon them and their deliberations.

The Chairman: "Now, gentlemen, let us come right down to brass tacks, and say what the assessment shall be for the support this year. Speak out your minds. Let everything be done squarely and fairly. The assessment last year was \$650, and we all know it was a long pull, and a pull altogether to get that amount, but we did, and I'm glad our preacher reported a clean sheet at Conference—so I am. Come, speak out. I 'spect it would be better for our pastor to retire a short while, that we might all speak out without embarrassment." (Trotter retires.)

Berry Whetstone: "Mr. Chairman: As our pastor has just said, we have had two or more years of unusual prosperity in the Punkeyton Circuit and community. This last year I am satisfied that in this part of the county 50 per cent. more cash was in circulation among the people than there was five years ago. The Punkeyton Circuit then paid the pastor

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\$650, and as I believe we are abundantly able to do so, I move, sir, that the assessment be raised to \$800, each church to pay its proportionate part in the same way we assessed and collected the \$650."

Toney Railey: "I second the motion of Bro. Whetstone. The time for Punkeyton Circuit to do something has arrived. Let us go forward, or we might go backward. Other charges in the district have gone up on salaries, and our circuit is able to do so. I know, too, that \$650 is not sufficient to support a preacher with eight in family. Last year Bro. Trotter was not able to pay all his grocery and dry goods accounts, and only recently I endorsed a note for Bro. Trotter, and endorsed it willingly, for \$50, to furnish him money to pay parties who were pressing him. We have a good preacher, brethren, let us hold up his hands and enable him to live and preach and attend to God's business without worry and without being troubled about matters of bread, meat and clothing."

Then followed a momentary pause and some quiet general talk among the stewards. The motion and the short, earnest speeches in favor of it were a surprise. "J. P." seemed nervous. "Come to order, now," said he; "let us proceed. Speak out your minds."

Uncle Zeke Swartz and Tinhorn both arose about the same time to address the chair, but Swartz was recognized.

Swartz: "I just want ter ax one question, does yer want ter make the preacher rich? Does yer want to put purple on him that he may live presumptuously every day? Now, I ax yer, where's the reason of it? Six hundred and fifty dollars is the same as fourteen heavy bales of cotton without a cent of expense and no fertilizers to pay for. I believe I could do on \$400 myself and have a leetle at the end of the year."

Tinhorn (interrupting): "I *know* I could do on \$300 a year."

Chair: "One at a time, brethren, one at a time."

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Swartz: "Where's the reason of it I say? A man that's to live right in this here world must be saving—save every scrap, every lock of cotton. That's the way I got my start. We have got a good home here for the preacher to live in, free of rent. The Parsonage Aid Sassity keeps the house well furnished, as good as mine or yorn, as yer all see—and if yer think our pastor and family air starvin' yer just wait till we go to dinner. Where's the reason of it, I say? Then, again, there air three acres of as good a land around this parsonage as yer will find in this whole district—and if the preacher is mind ter use these *here* (exhibiting and stretching out two big, red scaly hands, the fingers curved nearly to the palms)—if he's a mind ter work, I say, he can make three bales of cotton on that patch. That's the way I made my start. I move to have nothing to do with the motion that we've heard, and make the salary what it was last year. Take care what yer air doing. If you make it \$800 this year, another preacher will come along next year, mebbe, with a larger family than Bro. Trotter's—for Methodist preachers air getting famous of late for large families—and he will want more—"

Whetstone (interrupting): "How many children have you, Uncle Zeke?"

Swartz: "That's no matter—I've got ten, it's true, but they don't haveto '*pend on charity for a livin'.*'"

Chair: "You move, Bro. Swartz, do you, to lay the motion on the table?"

Swartz: "Yes, sir, and let it stay there."

Tinhorn: "I second that motion with all my heart."

Spotts: "Me, too."

The motion was put, and was carried, Swartz, Tinhorn, Spotts and Starkey voting for it; Whetstone and Railey voting against. The salary was soon fixed—same as the year before, \$650, with a few remarks to the effect that if any amount was collected in excess it should be handed over to

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the preacher in charge. The pastor was called in and informed by "J. P." of the decree of the council. The brave circuit rider deported himself as well as a good man could in the adverse circumstances. He thanked them for what they had done in good voice, attended by one of those feeble, fluctuating smiles that often appear on occasions of disappointment, and invited one and all out to dinner. Sister Trotter had worked and worried. Her dinner was superb—rich, rare and racy. The bread was brown on top, with a thin, delicate crust at the bottom. The rice grains were cooked whole, and thoroughly done. The roast was tender and juicy, the ham had been boiled just enough, the cutlets were stewed well down and nicely seasoned, the macaroni pie was most savory, the coffee of a rich amber without a dreg, the Irish potato salad, sliced sweet potatoes after being baked, stewed in sugar and butter, and condiments in pickles and catsup, stood all around, greatly encouraging the appetite. Oh! it was a dinner, and no one enjoyed the "persumptuous" meal more than did old Uncle Zeke Swartz.

V.

When the Rev. Thos. Trotter sat alone in his study by the blazing fire late in the afternoon, after the stewards had all departed for their homes, he gave himself up to moments of melancholy reflections, natural to mortals of keen sensibilities whose hopes have been frustrated and whose praiseworthy plans could not be executed. Trotter was a disappointed man. He was anxious for an increase of salary that he might be able to accomplish two things—first, by strict economy, plus the yield of the three-acre patch, to send his seventeen-year-old boy, an ambitious lad who had jut finished the ninth grade in the village school, to college; second, to gratify the wishes and fulfill the conditional promise to Lila May, his oldest daughter, in purchasing for her a piano on an easy installment plan. These cherished hopes had all been scat-

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tered to the winds by the disastrous speech of Bro. Swartz and the vote of the Board of Stewards, and Clarence, the boy must stay at home, and Lila May must do without the piano. There is nothing that so saddens a parent's heart as to be constrained to disappoint the high hopes and commendable plans of his children. The shock of personal grievances can be withstood, personal disappointments can be easily borne, but it is hard to be compelled to darken the way of the bright and joyous expectations and thwart the praiseworthy designs and the laudable aspirations of the young. It hurts away down near the heart—and so that dreary evening in January, after the stewards had gone, as Trotter reflected, and mused, and looked into the blazing fire, all alone in his study, he could not restrain the silent tear from falling as he thought of the now vanished piano for Lila May, and Clarence's poor prospects of entering college—both of which had been the talk of the family fireside for many days past. This was not the first hard stroke Trotter had received since he entered the ministry in obedience to the “call,” with a clear conscience and godly purpose. He had, without a murmur or word of complaint, drank the cup of financial embarrassment and humiliation to the dregs. On a certain circuit of the same faith and order as the Punkeyton he had once to don his old brown, three-year-old faded coat and borrow \$25 from a Presbyterian brother with which to meet his brethren and defray his expenses at Conference. On another circuit of the same grade and godliness as the Punkeyton, he had to send his report and Conference collections by the hands of a steward delegate because he was not able to pay his own expenses. He could not borrow—tried and failed. That charge still owes him over \$100 and interest for several years. The fearful deficit will likely continue to increase until the great judgment day.

Another true incident—trifling in itself, yet it bespeaks of a poverty persecution inflicted on a faithful itinerant of which

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the world never heard before. A lovely little child had died in Trotter's home. A leading steward called to see the child and afflicted family just a moment or two after the precious one left this world of sorrow. Its eyes would not remain closed. "Put a gold coin or silver piece on the lids," said the steward. There was no gold coin in that parsonage, nor had there been one in a long time; neither was there a piece of silver. A brass penny, a dull, copper one-cent, was all that Trotter had on hand—and the leading steward worth \$20,000 or more, stood by with equanimity and permitted it to be placed there—the one-cent piece of brass—to keep closed the eyelid of the lifeless child! It was, I've thought, one of the dreariest and saddest instances of extreme poverty that had ever occurred in the history of the South Carolina Conference.

VI.

But the laudable ambition of the seventeen-year-old Clarences and the reasonable wants and demands of the musical Lila Mays must be attended to. Should they not? Should they not their commendable aspirations be encouraged—and ways and means provided to train, educate, to embellish, that they might keep abreast with enlightened progressiveness. But how? If not by sacred means—if that prove insufficient—money and means accruing from a sacred calling, why not resort to secular means to a reasonable and righteous extent? A college education of a promising boy is sacred business, and the musical training and the piano for the girl—if she have talent—is not that sacred business, too? "Let us hold fast to the faith," says a pious exhorter—and I'm glad we have pious exhorters—"let us hold fast to the faith, walk worthy of our high vocation and avoid secularity." Amen! But a secularity that gives a Christian education to a boy and refines and enlightens a promising daughter, does not that secularity become almost as sacred as an altar? Is not that showing piety at home? "Providence will provide," says the same pious

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exhorter. Yes, indeed, but the bigotry, narrow-mindedness and penuriousness engrafted into such responsible souls as J. P. Ruckster, Zeke Swartz and Sister Sophronia Starkey form a combination wherever it unfortunately exists, sufficiently for a time at least, to defeat as beneficent designs of a kind Providence as ever rose with a morning sun! You don't have to go far, nor search diligently, in some sections to find the conspicuous conditions of a growing secularity in the South Carolina Conference. I fear it is gaining ground, or rather, the necessity back of it that compels. It is the demand that drives. Not long since a fellow-minister, needing more cash to provide for his own, told me how successful he had been in buying acres and selling again at a profit—realizing as much by the transaction as his one year's "ministerial support." Another preacher preached on Sunday about the treasures in heaven, and bought town lots on Monday. Sold the lots at a big profit to educate his sons. I was making inquiries the other day of a friend who travels about, concerning the health and habits of a fellow-minister who occupied a small station in his town, and he said the preacher was doing well, was having revival meetings, conducted by a traveling evangelist of course, that he liked the climate and the people, but the salary was not sufficient, and the preacher was going around as agent for an insurance company to *help support himself and family*. Another good preacher not only preaches the faith once delivered and edifies believers, but becomes an expert designer of houses and homes, and lets himself out to the public as an architect and makes money. Another reverend gentleman, with a family of seven, whose parishioners promise \$700, manipulates skillfully the keys of pianos and blows music into B flat cornets, and teaches instrumental music by the hour or session, thus materially adding to his income. One preacher becomes inventive and discovers a new and pious way to catch a rat, and knows how to make a horse bridle without buckles—patent applied for.

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Another good, gentle man, who lives under a conviction that he was called to preach the glorious Gospel, obtains the possession of a woolly horse—a meek looking sorrel with hair long and soft like wool, and I am told on good authority that he exhibited the woolly animal behind canvas for ten cents a show. He doubtless needed the surplus shekels accruing from the horse show with which to buy bread and books.

It is a sad sight to see, yet a sight that has been seen: An elderly and rather dignified preacher ministering at the altar of the church—administering the Sacrament, or talking to "mourners" on Sundays, and going around the following week among his parishioners, driving a poor horse, visiting from house to house, having prayers and selling an old patent churn, or coffee pot, for the sake of small profits—done to keep the wolf from the door.

This necessity should by all means be avoided, especially by prosperous Christian communities—this land selling, woolly horse, coffee pot and patent churn business—to supplement the preacher's salary and support. No preacher can make full proof of his ministry and have a seat in the market place and indulge in trade and traffic. No prophet can well bear the burden of souls and be zealous in pulling down the strongholds of Satan when he always must need be looking around for an extra job in order to secure comforts for his home and "rations" for his pot.

VII.

What are the legitimate expenses of a traveling preacher in the South Carolina Conference, or, for that matter, in the Alabama, or Georgia Conferences, whose family equals that of the Rev. Thos. Trotter's in number, expectations and aspirations? What should be the reasonable and righteous sum for salary assessed by a broad-minded and godly Board of Stewards to defray the necessary expenses of six children from four to seventeen years of age—all bright, live creatures, and two enlightened adults who are obligated to serve

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the Lord and obey His commandments in spreading Scriptural holiness over the land? Let us cogitate and consult together without exaggeration concerning the contribution to the saints, and introduce a comparison in expenditure that shows the sense of appreciation and the general religious drift among a dear people who are on their way to Canaan's happy land.

It is surprising to know how liberally our people as a general rule contribute to useless things, unnecessary luxuries and extraneous measures, which neither confer grace nor glory. I have no inclination to wage a war against tobacco and tobacco users, but let us put down the expenses incurred by this extravagance, together with the amount expended for other narcotics by the average well-to-do congregation of believers. Take, for instance, the Punkeyton Circuit, assessed \$650.00 for the support of the preacher in charge. There are, say, 460 members—that is nearly the average membership of a pastoral charge—460 members. It would be safe to say there are 200 males. Of that number there are about 80 from 14 to 60 years of age. Of that number—and this remark is based on close observation—there are fully 50 who use tobacco in cigarette, in pipe, in five-cent cigars and in downright chewing. The whiskey bill, I am sorry to state, continues to be a considerable item of expense in congregations of Christians generally. There is a small per cent. of our people, here and there, who use whiskey more than for necessary purposes. I've been North, East and West, and I am now living in the Southern section of our beloved State, and I declare that much intoxicating liquors in "wet" places and "dry" are sold and bought for beverage. We have a more temperate people than we had years ago; we have less drunkenness than formerly, but still the old dram cup is passed around—"fuss" X at the cross-roads and palatable punch in the halls of society—and it will ever, it seems, be a menacing evil. Once, not long ago, I lived in a "dry town"

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—a very dry town—and I was glad I did live, move and have my being in that same dry town. A fearful situation was revealed when, on one occasion, Saturday, I visited the express office of the "dry" town. I noticed all sorts and sizes of jugs and demijohns there, from distilleries and liquor houses, from the Old North State or other States. I notice they, the jugs and demijohns, all belonged to the different denominations. There stood the Presbyterian demijohn, and right near its brother was the big mouth brown jug of the Baptist persuasion, and over against the Baptist brown jug was a large chosen vessel of a Methodist. I departed from the express office, after seeing and knowing, filled with troubled thoughts of the trend and tendency of denominationalism in South Carolina.

Well, even away back on the Punkeyton Circuit, as everybody knows, the whiskey bill is no small item of expense among the people who use it. To the liquor and tobacco bills I might add the snuff and morphine outlay. Wherever you may be, on land or on the sea, you will find some one who "eats morphine." Sometimes it is a quiet, drowsy, old, pale female, sitting in the chimney corner of a village or country home, with a bottle of opiate "handy," and the poor old creature will have devoured pecks of it before her departure to the other world. Snuff is in demand in places. Go to any up-country town, especially if there are cotton mills around, and in most of the town groceries, and in all the mill stores, you will find cart-loads of snuff—and how, with their little sticks in their mouths they snuff and snuff, all the day long!

I will not comment longer on the sad story, but with a view of a general average, below are about the facts and figures of the Punkeyton Circuit—460 strong:

Fifty, with pipe, cigar, cigarette, or "chawin',"

4 to 6½ cents per diem, say 5 cents, per year,

at least.....\$ 912 50

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The whiskey bill—not including medical and “cam- fire liquor” expenses.....	\$ 150 00
Morphine eating and snuff snuffing (low estimate)	50 00

Total, in pipe, jug, snuff box and morphine
bottle\$1,112 50

But, to the question: What are the reasonable expenses of a preacher and family in the South Carolina Conference of this day and time, and what should the assessment be? Let us see, and be fair with figures and honest with facts. Let us take that same family of Trotters, eight in all. Let them live decently and in order, and let them be kept free from embarrassment in bed, board and clothing. Let it be understood that Trotter must stay on his work all the year long, and bear the burden and heat of the day. No mountain trip for Trotter, no excursions—nothing will be allowed for extra refreshment and recreation. Trotter must keep healthy and hearty. The drug store bills, plasters and panaceas are not included in the bill of items mentioned further on. Mrs. Trotter must hold her own and avoid sanitariums and hospitals, as medical and infirmary fees are not thought of in the account. Trotter is presumed not to pay any fees to society, such as are growing now in conspicuousness as the “Sons of Confucius,” or “Cavaliers of Bengal.” It is also presumed that he pays nothing for life insurance, and belongs to no life insurance organization. No one will object to him paying towards the benevolent collections of the Church. It would be cruel to deprive him of that great pleasure, and \$20 is placed in the account. The board bill includes of course the cost of entertaining visitors—fellow preachers assisting in protracted meetings, the appreciated visits of the Presiding Elder, college agents, etc.:

Board and table expenses—including cow expenses.	\$ 480 00
Clothing—the three smaller children.....	20 00
Clothing—the three larger children.....	40 00

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Clothing—for the two parent-Trotters.....	\$ 50 00
One cook—services and board.....	96 00
Washing—\$2.00 per month.....	24 00
Ironing	12 00
Extra laundry work.....	12 00
Keeping a valuable horse in good condition.....	75 00
Shoeing that horse.....	6 00
Buggy repairs and oil.....	4 00
Harness repairs.....	3 00
District and Annual Conference expenses.....	15 00
District Institute expenses.....	2 00
Books and periodicals.....	6 00
Fuel and lights.....	40 00
School expenses—supplementary to public school fund	15 00
Music—tuition	10 00
School books, pads, pencils, etc.....	10 00
Stationery, stamps, etc.....	4 00
Taxes on one cow, one horse, one watch and poll...	3 00
Benevolent collection contribution.....	20 00
Total	\$ 947 00
If he is moved, add.....	25 00
If he sends the 17-year-old lad to college, take price of home board from \$250.00.....	190 00
Grand total.....	\$1,162 00
Income:	
Let us grant him	\$ 800 00
Marriage fees (about).....	30 00
Garden and patch.....	40 00
"Pounding"—few, irregular, mostly uncertain...	30 00
Total	\$ 900 00

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There is a balance on the wrong side here of \$262.00, which places the Circuit Rider in debt so as to embarrass him and others. A second year of such a deficit and expenditure would drive him to the wall, and it would only be a question of time when he would be obliged to quit the Conference and surrender his credentials—if he continued to thus live beyond his income. But the average itinerant preacher like Trotter “foreseeth the evil and hideth himself”—and lives within his salary limitations. How is it done? By strictest economy, wise financiering in dimes and nickels, and by self-denial. The cook is dismissed, or not hired at all, and the wife does the cooking, scouring and dish washing. Trotter, with the assistance of the children, cuts the stove wood, minds off the calf and becomes a general “hewer of wood and drawer of water.” The book and periodical bill is cut down to one or two dollars. A washing machine is introduced and Trotter turns the crank—thus saving quite a sum. Most of the clothing is darned and redarned, patch and repatched—another item to be discounted. Trotter’s regulation pulpit and Conference coat, now in its fourth year, has been brushed and brushed, and to keep it fresh looking and active in the service, chemicals have been applied to it so copiously and so frequently that on a calm, damp morning, Trotter, with that coat on, has been known to smell like an old ammonia bottle. Closest, severest attention must constantly be paid to table expenses. When the old cow goes dry there is a dearth of deserts and dainties, and when she “comes in” again the event is hailed with delight by all the parsonage family. The fare generally must consist of a diet noted for its inexpensiveness: grits and gravy. Of course there are attendant circumstances of bread, bacon and vegetables in vegetable time, but the main substantial and regular fare must be grits and gravy. All can get so they like grits and gravy. Appetite is the best sauce. After drawing the water, cutting the wood, digging the patch and minding off the calf, Trotter is glad

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to say grace over his grits and gravy, the wee Trotters become fond of 'em and, doubtless, early conclude that the principal food of all the earth consists of grits and gravy.

So by working with "both hands earnestly" along lines of strictest economy the Circuit Rider allowed \$800.00 can get down and live within his income, and may be, have enough at the end of the year to defray his expenses and pay his "grits and gravy" bill until the first Quarterly Conference of another year arrives. There are, according to the Minutes of 1896, only ten circuits in the South Carolina Conference which pay for the support of preacher and family \$1,000 to \$1,100 a year. There are thirteen circuits which pay from \$800 to \$850 a year. There are scores and scores of others which fall way below those figures.

VIII.

Not as the angels do, but as many mortals here below look upon it, the termination of the average Circuit Rider's faithful itineracy in death has in it a peculiar pathos, not so conspicuous in the closing scenes of other earthly careers. Often there is nothing in his exit from the stage of action to attract attention of the world of business around him, or disturb in the least the ceaseless hum of trade. The bulletins of his dying moments are not wired over the land to be eagerly read by anxious and surging crowds. The world's wild tramp doesn't stop to take notice of an humble preacher passing away, and few only are for a moment arrested by the sad notes of his funeral bell. The banks have lost no depositor, the lawyer no client. The State has lost no important taxpayer, politics no partisan. There is no large estate for the administrator to settle, no claims of heirs to adjudicate. I have seen on a table in a rear room at Conference most of his earthly possessions: a few books—the dead preacher's library left to be sold at about half-price for the benefit of the widow and orphan child. I have seen his grave away back

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amidst the wild wood in a quiet country churchyard. A simple marble slab, worn and weather beaten, shows where the hero lies interred. He at last found a resting place in a strange ground whose memorial stones around him bear no kindred name. He gave to the world all he had, his time, talent, his life, and, in a commercial sense, with everything lost, and nothing gained. No landed estate does he own, no place on earth could be called his home. Perhaps his plans and purposes during life have often been thwarted, the fruition of the heart's longings, denied him, but sore and weary he toiled on from year to year because he felt that God had called him and bade him go. His struggles against want and chill penury have been long and severe from early manhood to the very last hour of earth's existence. His troubles and burdens have often been the most trying, his silent tears the saddest. But at his post he fell: all hardships and trials are over, and he has found a place at last. I recall the end of one whose career was a brief one in our Conference, whose name doubtless by many has been forgotten, but who had that sublime courage and Christian zeal so clearly marked in the character of the martyred heroes of old. I refer to Lucius Bellinger, whom, personally, I did not know. He was moved by the Conference during a bleak season in midwinter from Orangeburg County to Sampit, in Georgetown. He was taken ill upon his arrival to his new field of labor, and, after a short, painful illness, the brave itinerant preacher was called up higher. A Hebrew physician, Dr. M. S. Iseman, whose name should be held in grateful remembrance, attended the preacher during his dying moments and thus records the incident and the closing scene:

"I saw my patient for the first time as he lay prone upon his bed, tossing with pain and delirium; neither suffering nor the ravages of a mortal disease could mar the benign expression of striking dignity of a face cast in such kingly mould.

"At brief intervals a gleam of returning consciousness

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would enable him to recognize those at his bedside. Even at this moment I can recall the smile, the charming manners, and, above all, the cheerful play of sunlight illumining his features during those flitting moments of lucidity.

"He would open those large, bright blue eyes of his—a soft, melting blue—beaming with kindness and boundless love, answer a few questions intelligently, never failing as oft as he recognized me to inquire after his old friend and companion, Brother Stokes, whom he knew lay ill at Georgetown. All through his brief illness, he was still the watchman on the heights, the shepherd calling to his flock; as he lived so would he die, with the name and battlecry of his Master upon his lips.

"Alas, the transition was rapid. The day before he passed away I knew the fair-haired Levite had sung his last canticle before his earthly altar, and when next he would swing the golden censer, it would be in that temple where the Urim and Thummim dim not upon the breastplate of the faithful and the light burns before the mercy-seat forever."

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* published a few years ago the following lines, written by the wife of an itinerant preacher:

"A place of my own at last!" he said,
As he stretched his limbs in his dying bed,
Then his smile grew strangely sweet and bright,
And his eye lit up with a heavenly light.

"Just a little place, six feet by two,
Is all that I need with my travel's trough;
To the world my grave in flowers will smile
As my dust returns unto dust the while.

"Body and spirit I am content—
The way now shines where my Master went;
Hardships forever gone with the past,
A city appointment hails me at last!"

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CHAPTER V.

Ideas and Items.

From debt, dirt and the devil, good Lord deliver us.

* * *

What is a crank?

One of God Almighty's instruments out of tune and cracked.

* * *

Insurance Agent (to widow): "I will send you a check for the \$5,000 insurance on your late husband."

Widow: "Ah, if my poor husband had only lived to see this day!"

* * *

Two colored brethren overheard on the subject of prayer—
Joe: "Say, Bro. Sam, what am de best way ter pray; wid your eyes open or shot?"

Sam: "Wid my eyes shot, ob course, from de world, ole self, everything. Why; how does you pray?"

Joe: "I prays wid my eyes open; kase de Scriptur' say you must watch while you pray."

* * *

Sister Trepan: "I'll say this, I am just a poor old sinner. I do many things I oughtn't to, so I do; I am a poor sinner—but—"

A Neighbor: "That's what I have heard; I am told that at times you are rather obstreperous—"

Sister Trepan: "Look here, when you come to the real facts I'm as good as you or anybody else, and whoever says I am s'treperous, and such like, tells what's not so, and I'm right here to tell ye!"

Moral—It won't do to tell some people their faults or point out their follies. If you desire peace, let them confess their own sins.

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The following will readily, generally, keep our dear laymen, who were elected delegates, from attending the District Conference of their Church:

1. A sick mule.
2. Showers, in potato-slip time.
3. The building of a new kitchen, dining-room, or pasture fence.
4. A coroner's inquest in the neighborhood.
5. The Circuit Court, to convene a week after the Conference, where they are to serve as jurors. Therefore, they say, "Please have me excused."

* * *

Don't scenes shift in a startling way in this dear old changing world?

Little Girl (playing): "Oh, my doll, my dolly—hit's name is Susie. Sit in yo' 'ittle chair and let me sing to 'oo." (Sings.)

Same Girl, twelve years after (*not* playing). Time, midnight: "Jim, you just get right out of that bed and go for the doctor. I've been holding this brat in my arms half the night, and every time I sit down he bawls and bawls—and you over there in bed a-snoring and a-snoring. Go for the doctor, I say, Jim." (Weeps.)

* * *

Senator Tillman tells of an old darky in his employ that he once permitted to make use of certain land for farming purposes on condition that the darkey should give to the Senator one-fourth of the crop raised.

At the harvesting of the crop the Senator was amazed to find that the darky had not kept his part of the agreement, for, while he hauled away three wagon loads of produce, he had not sent a single one to the Senator's barn. Tillman called the negro's attention to the fact that he had taken the entire crop, asking:

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"Now, how's that, Zeb? Wasn't I to receive a fourth of the crop?"

"You was, Massa Tillman, you was," excitedly exclaimed the darky, "but dere's only three loads, sah, only three loads."

* * *

The day after the battle of Manassas Jackson's pastor, the Rev. Dr. White, was standing in front of the postoffice in Lexington, anxiously awaiting the opening of the mail. A letter was handed to him. As soon as this was done he recognized Jackson's handwriting, and exclaimed to the expectant group around him: "Now we shall know all about the facts." He opened it and read:

"My Dear Pastor: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday school. Inclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige.

"Yours faithfully, T. J. JACKSON."

* * *

Application warranted by facts: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without a cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" They that tarry long at "the bucket shops," they that seek fortunes in cotton futures.

* * *

Compensation.—I have seen an old married man, worth thousands, without an heir; I have seen a married man without lands, and "no cottage in the wilderness," who had 'em in abundance. Which is the richer? Which of the two has the greater fortune?

* * *

"A man kin forgit his manners an' git along foh awhile," said Uncle Eben, "but de fust t'ing he knows he gits so

Ideas and Items.

haughty he neglects to bow to de inevitable, an' den he's in trouble sho' nuff."—*Scel.*

* * *

Where shall the next District Conference be held? Where are the District Conferences being held this year? In the small towns and villages mostly. They are more appreciated there and congregations are larger. Avoid the big towns, and the big churches in the big towns. They will freeze out your District Conferences. I have seen it tried. The average District Conference, you know, for blaze, show and excitement, can't compete with the carnival exhibits and the thrilling theatrical displays. Then again, there is the push of business and the superior wisdom of some city people. Go, therefore, to the country—meet in some quiet village.

* * *

The steamer was sinking, and a stout German, seizing a life preserver which some one had thrown aside, stood, with limbs apart and distended cheeks, blowing with all his might to inflate it. One of the officers passing by said: "You can't blow that thing up; it has a hole in it." "Ish dot so," said the Teuton, "den I petter keeps my vind in me, ain't it?"

* * *

O negligent good housekeeper, do pardon me. I write for your good, and I write, too, because I've suffered. In the days that are gone I have slept on a hot summer's Sunday in the church building all the night long. The village reposed around me, but there were two or three feather beds in "shed rooms" with which I was acquainted, and I knew if I accepted kind invitations into one or the other I'd land—so I begged off and slumbered in the house of the Lord, with the amen corner bench for my sleeping couch and the big pulpit Bible for my pillow.

"W.," said Dr. C. once in a nice room where we were to

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lodge together after a weary day; "W.," said he, feeling of the bed, "there is something wrong here—with the bed."

W.—"No, it is clean; the sheets are snowy white."

C.—"What's wrong, then—I—I—smell a—a—"

W.—"New feathers, sir, and they have not been properly dried and aired."

C.—"Good gracious, man! What shall we do! It will never do, not to use the bed."

W.—"No, never. You use the bed and I'll to the floor. And you will do fairly well if you are still. The least movement of arms, head or foot will create unpleasant odors."

Lying perfectly straight, with white sheets tucked close around him, the doctor, I thought, presented a peculiar picture. He was perfectly still, however, and soon went off into a troubled series of snorts and snorings. I remember it well—there lay the divine, asleep in atmospheric conditions most distressing.

* * *

A corpse came up on the Seaboard last night to be shipped on over the Southern. The transfer people had a new negro driver in charge. There was loaded on his wagon a crate of hounds, besides the corpse, but the negro failed to make any mental note of the hounds, so engrossed was he with his gruesome freight.

With all his nerves tingling, he drove on until he got between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. Here the dogs began whining, but the negro had forgotten that he had any dogs along, and attributed the pitiful bescreechments to the dead man. "Whoa!" he cried, instinctively, leaped from the wagon and tore it up to the Seaboard depot.

The transfer people got messages as to where the horses had halted. They thought that the dead man had slid from his conveyance or that the wagon had bogged or the team balked. So they sent to the depot to inquire of the negro,

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but, "Lawd," said he, "how c'n you expect me to keep on drivin' a whiniu' daid man?"

The driver was not impervious to reason, however, and when he was convinced that the hounds, and not the dead man, had done the whining, he climbed to his perch again and made in safety his terminus at the Southern.—*Charlotte Observer*.

* * *

It has been remarked as a serious fact of science that a person cannot feel pain in two different places at the same time. To be sure, there are people who maintain that the place sometimes covers the entire body, but that does not interfere with the general theory.

A certain dentist, whose name and address are not given, is a staunch adherent of this theory, and has once or twice sought to demonstrate the truth of it by jabbing his patients in the arm or leg with a heavy needle just as he extracts the offending tooth. One day he got hold of a particularly stubborn tooth, which gave him no end of trouble.

"Here it comes at last," he exclaimed, as he felt it yielding, and at the same time he plunged his needle into the patient's leg.

"There," he said triumphantly, as he held up the forceps, with the tooth securely wedged, "we've got it, you see!"

"Yes, I see," replied the victim, ruefully. "I knew it was a big one, and I was afraid it would come hard, but I never supposed the roots went so far down as this," and he rubbed the spot on his leg, where the doctor had jabbed him, with a look that was partly awe and partly proud.—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

The truth told in peculiar circumstances: Considerable amusement was created on Wednesday by a posted advertisement. Just outside the temporary office of a dentist the following notice in large letters was posted against the wall:

The Circuit Rider's Sketch Book.

“DR. G. R. HARDING,
The Painless Tooth Extractor
is Now Here.
Come in.”

By pure accident the dentist had pasted his notice over the upper part of one of the bills—“The Lonely Widow”—which appeared recently in the opera house, and immediately below the dentist's announcement was the following conspicuous letter: “One Solid Scream from Start to Finish.”—*Newberry Observer*.

* * *

In the old home—in the low country—there are the sad, dreamy eyes of the picture on the parlor wall. It is that of the little boy that died some years ago. The story is told. He played the day before he died all the morning, was taken suddenly ill, and, whispering, “Mama, mama,” passed away.

Or it is that of the little girl, the pet of the home, just 10 or 11 years, meek, and in disposition as sweet and lovely as the violets and lillies she loved to gather and twine in bouquets with her tiny hands. “Sister,” says the young brother, “used to go after the cows with me every evening, but I have to go by myself now. Sister—she is gone.” All of her playthings are carefully placed away, and there is attached to them the most sacred sentiment of a mother's heart. The toys, the dolls, with the now faded dress she made before she was taken ill of a fever—all kept to themselves. At times in the morning hours, while the “hands” are plowing and singing nearby in the fields, and the husband is engaged in business cares, and all the world is seeking its own, this bereaved mother stops often for awhile in her domestic work, and thinks of her darling child who was taken from the old home a few years ago. She creeps almost stealthily to the closet where the old dolls and dresses and other sacred relics are hidden away, and as she views them, hot fresh tears steal down her cheeks: “O God!” she exclaims, “why didst thou take my child from me?”

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These old homes are here and there in this woodland today.

And the shadows and sorrows are there.

And the picture that hangs on the wall.

And the little empty chair, and playthings in the closet.

Thank God for the consolation of the glorious Gospel. Let us journey cheerfully on to that other home where there is no more sorrow, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

* * *

The public highway in Berkeley and Orangeburg in places is a delight to a good horse. Maude seems pleased, and makes it readily nine miles in an hour. The recent rains have packed the sand, making private travel so much more satisfactory and comfortable. The tall pines standing here and there, gracefully, hard by the roadside, and often the road running through quite a forest, as yet untouched by the woodman, and unscarred by the turpentine seeker, are positively conducive to helpful thinking and soothing of the spirits of the traveler. I've often somehow been stimulated in feeling or enchanted with hope of future pleasing prospects in driving through forest of the tall pines. May be there is a subtle music in these mighty silent shades which the soul instinctively recognizes and appropriates. * * *

* * *

A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend until the peril should be over. A few weeks after, the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

* * *

It is said that John Wesley preached three hundred times from the words, "Ye must be born again," and that when asked why he preached from it so often, his answer was, "Because ye must be born again."—Abbie C. Morrow.

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Some modern Wesleyan prophets are ever on the watch for something new, strange and peculiar in the way of texts. Possibly some South Carolina preacher last Sunday took for his text, "And Abraham begat Isaac."

* * *

"Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the judge, sharply.

"No, suh," answered the mild-eyed prisoner. "I has a lawyer hired ter do de defendin'. I's de man dat done stole de ahrticles."—*Scl.*

* * *

The following has been printed in many papers, and as it is such an earnest petition and moving prayer, I will insert here: A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the *Roanoke News*, this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white:

"O, Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle, dat he spy out sin afar off. Glue his hands to be Gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de Gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narror valley where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kersene ile of salvashum and set him on fire."

* * *

In many sections of our happy land this past summer there has been a great deal of malarial fever, and some typho-malarial fever, but rarely did it assume the malignant type. God has been merciful. Many families escaped entirely, and many who were sick are convalescent. One of our popular physicians has been quite ill, but he is improving, and is up and doing. If I were asked to prescribe for him I would say, "Doctor, let me see your tongue. Ah, slightly coated,

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indicating biliousness and malaria. Here is your prescription: two calomel tablets of one grain each, every two hours until you have taken six. Five hours after the last dose, take one heaping teaspoonful of castor oil, with four drops of turpentine. Twelve hours after the last oil dose, take another full teaspoonful of castor oil without the turpentine. The most effective remedies, doctor, are the simplest. Castor oil is the king of oils. There is nothing in the world more unpleasant and nauseating to the mouth and palate as this same castor oil, and nothing more agreeable to the internals of man, nor more heartily and more enthusiastically welcomed in their midst than oil, the old-time castor oil." If he'd take it I'd cure him.

If people generally would swallow more oil there would be less trouble in the land, and untimely deaths and bereavements, and funerals. Appendicitis is a modern trouble of the flesh that's encouraged because oil is not used. And it is almost becoming fashionable to have a case of it. To be stretched out on a long table in an operating room, to be made insensible by use of chloroform, and to have sharp-nosed, spectacled doctors, with their imported knives of finest steel making incisions, hunting for the appendix—I say it is getting too common, and too commonly fatal. Whenever a fellow goes to that operating room, and is placed upon that operating table to be operated on for appendicitis, I look upon him as being about nine-tenths dead. Many a poor patient has been thus most skillfully operated on and most skillfully and scientifically placed in his coffin. So, therefore, reader, whenever you have a pain in the right side, go to taking oil. You may have appendicitis, but take oil rather than steel. Everybody has an appendix. Adam, I am fully persuaded, had it—but the Lord has given us oil.

* * *

The current of past associations, habits, depravity of mind bear the poor sinner on downward to ruin. In course of time

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rescue from sin is rare. Visitations from God are in vain. Afflictions and sorrows fail to be means of his redemption from vice and the devil.

One calm spring day some years ago, I remember well, a sweet motherless girl, hardly yet out of the teens, lay upon the dying pillow. She had not many moments to live, she knew, and confessed it, but such a calmness of soul and serenity of spirit I had never seen before. Her last words to the sad group around her bedside were so tender and touching. She thanked the kind physician for his unremitting attention during her long illness and bade her weeping friends around her couch a sad farewell. Then she turned to her father, who sat tearful near her, and, with her pale little hand in his, begged him to be a good man and meet her and mamma in heaven, "won't you, papa?"

Everybody thought that the death of the daughter would change the heart and life of the father, but the flowers had hardly faded over her grave before he drifted into the ways of sin again, to his wallowing in the mire.

* * *

Now and then a Methodist preacher, as we read in the history of the Church, gets the mule in him somehow, attacks authorities that be, kicks violently against imaginary "tyranny," and after causing quite a stir and sensation withdraws, or is excommunicated. Brother Alex. Kilham brought about some excitement among the people called Methodists in the year 1796. He issued pamphlets on "Progress of Liberty" and another called "Methodistic Bull." He published charges involving prominent brethren of the connection. Some were accused of wasting the public money, "swindling," and secrecy in business. They were accused by Brother Kilham of "tyranny," "admitting preachers from selfish motives," and "much of that sort of thing." His charges against the preachers were pronounced "unproved and slan-

derous." He was adjudged "unworthy of being a member of the Methodist connection," and his name was struck from the roll. In the course of human events O'Kelly made a dash for "liberty." He made a motion that a preacher discontented with his appointment might appeal from the Bishop to the Conference, and if the Conference sustain him, the Bishop should give him another appointment. O'Kelly failed, of course, to carry his point, and "he and his friends against much entreaty withdrew from the Conference."

O'Kelly organized a sort of church, but the institution soon collapsed. He clamored stoutly against "despotism" until his death at ninety-two. Dr. Hyde, in his "Story of Methodism," makes this short entry with reference to a small schism in our own beloved Conference: "A smaller schism apparently from only personal ambition was made by one Hammett in Charleston. He was eloquent and popular, and his followers built him in the city a very fine church. He denounced Asbury and Coke as tyrants, but he made out no case, and his church died with him." Hammett's voice against "tyranny," O'Kelly's "clamors," and Kilham's "Bulls" all came to nought. They each doubtless gloried in their opposition and imagined their strenuous efforts would stop the march of a great Church, or seriously hinder her progress, but the wonderful ecclesiastical system, born of heaven, has made such wonderful strides as a Church of Christ that their antagonism seem the more insignificant, and a charitable oblivion has covered all their misdoings and misdeeds, save as mere mention in the historical annals of Methodistic triumphs.

* * *

I believe in the baptism of children with all my heart. I believe that form of dedication of the child to God accords with the mind of the Master, that it is a most impressive ceremony, and will have a most salutary moral effect upon the baptized child when he or she will have arrived at the years of

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discretion. Some years ago, one morning I was earnestly conversing, discussing, debating with an old man who had never made a profession of religion, with reference to the salvation of his soul. I urged upon him the duty—yea, the necessity of confessing Christ before men and uniting with God's people ere he go hence. I had the best of the argument, for all opposing theories and objections had been silenced, but the old man would not give up and consent to join the Church. "Don't you think," said I to the feeble old gentleman, sitting in his chimney corner, full of his self-righteousness, "don't you think you have a good, true, faithful wife?"

He replied: "I don't think anything about it; I know I have."

"Well," I rejoined, "she has made this profession I am urging you to make. She has confessed the Saviour you have denied. You say she is true and good—and that she is. If she would leave this old home tomorrow for some other place, deeming it wise and best, you no doubt would follow her, would you not?"

Old Man: "Yes, I believe I would."

"Well," I answered, "she is on her way to the better world. She has already made preparations. Will you not prepare and follow on?" (Silence.) "Again, were you baptized when you were a baby in arms?"

Old Man: "Yes, sir."

"What did they do that for? What was their purpose?"

Old Man: "Well, it was custom."

"No," I replied, "not because it was merely custom, but your parents were interested in the soul's training and salvation of their child. They dedicated their baby to God with heart's desire and earnest prayer that you might grow in grace and favor with God, and become a confirmed Christian. They did all they could with that end in view. And now will you go back on their faith, their dedication, their prayers?"

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The Spirit of the Lord was there in that home by that fire-side. The old man hesitated, but after awhile he stretched out his bony hand to me, saying: "Here, sir, I wish to join the Church. Help me become a Christian." I received him in the Church then and there, and when I left him late in the afternoon he was rejoicing and shaking hands with some of his old servants, telling them that "their old master had made a profession of religion" and he wanted "all to pray for him." It was a beautiful scene. A few weeks after I administered to him and the "true, good wife" the sacrament, and less than a year he passed away—but he died in the faith. One important agency in the conversion of this man was the fact of his baptism when a child.

* * *

Q. 1. What is society?

A. A union of fashionable beings united for the purpose of pleasure, maintaining caste, and upholding fashion.

2. What's the admission fee?

A. Money and manners.

3. What are among the characteristics of the society?

A. The jig and jug, punch and poker.

4. Does "society" prevail in South Carolina?

A. No, but it's coming. Whatever breaks out up North, comes South in course of time. There are strong symptoms of it in Spartanburg, Greenville and other big towns, and also in Rock Hill, Chester and others.

5. Which is a bigger institution where society prevails, the society or the Church?

A. Society.

6. Why?

A. Because society folks can transgress laws of Church with their fun and frolics with impunity; not a hair of their immoral heads will be touched, but if laws of society are violated, ostracism is the result.

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7. How is a day divided in society?

A. Into morning and evening.

8. There is no night there, then?

A. No, the word "night" would interfere with the sense of the term of fashion, "evening." For instance, it would offend the ear of society to say: "Mr. Brockton appeared at the ball in full *night* dress." It would be all right, you see, to say, "he appeared in full evening dress."

9. Is punctuality a rule in society?

A. Oh, no. It is fashionable to be a little late at society gatherings. It is unpopular to be in a hurry, "on a rush," and considered vulgar to be in haste.

* * *

As a general rule, according to the calling and conduct of many professional mortals, when a rich old sinner suddenly shuffles off, the doctor says: "There was a total and permanent cessation of all his vital functions, when the organs not only ceased to act, but lost the susceptibility of renewed action. He is a dead man, but his bill will be paid." The lawyer: "He died solvent, besides his insurance. The business of the estate can be wound up nicely." The undertaker, with an outward solemnity that has become habitual: "A job! a job! thank the Lawd." The preacher at the funeral, funeralizing: "Our deceased brother, who was taken from us so suddenly, was indeed a man of affairs, and, like Abraham of old, he was rich. He was not in all things as we would like to have seen and known him, but God is merciful, and likely just as he fell in death, before life was extinct, the penitent's prayer was heard. (Tears from the relatives flowing, the preacher's voice more Gospel-tone growing.) He was a long time member of the Church, and the Church paper was ever on his centre table. Therefore we weep, but not without hope. (Tears.) My faith at this moment looks up and says: 'Yes, yes, God is good, our deceased brother is safely

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landed on the other shore.' " (Lamentations.) "The monument says: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His."

The Bible says: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "Not every one that sayeth unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father, which is in heaven." "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Away with all this tombstone theology. As a man lives, so he is when he dies. If he live the regenerated life, all's well with his soul; if he die unsanctified, he will go to hell. How readest thou?

* * *

There is some truth, may be, in the following clipping:

A Dutchman, addressing his dog, said: "My dog, you have a schnapp. You vas only a dog and I vas a man; but I wish I vas you. You effry haf the best of it. Ven you go mid the bed in you shust durn round tree times and lay down. Ven I go mid the bed in I haf to lock up de place und vind up the clock, und put the cat oud und undress minself, und my vife vakes up und scoles me; den de baby cries und I haf to vawk him up und down; den maybe ven I shust go to schleep it's time to get oup again. Ven you get up you stretch yourself and scratch a cuple of times und you vas up. I haf to light the fire und put on the kettle, serap some mid my vife already und maybe I get some breakfast. You play around all day und half plenty of fun. I haf to vork all day und haf plenty of trouble. Ven you die you's dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

* * *

The President of the United States originated a phrase that has become quite popular and used by many writers and speakers—except, I believe, by our gubernatorial candidates

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(get them off the "licker" question and they are lost). The phrase is: "The strenuous life." The Methodist Discipline inculcated that idea long before the President's ancestors were heard of: "*Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed.*" The latter clause is far preferable than even the "strenuous life." A man can be "strenuous" in doing deeds of folly—in "beating the air," in eccentric foolishness. The Discipline's strenuous expression is the best, and blessed is the preacher or the layman who is so governed and ever heeds the injunction, "Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed."

* * *

Died, rather suddenly, in Springfield, not long ago, old "Mitty," a respectable hen, at rather an advanced age. Born in '93, she would have been about eight years old at her next birthday. She broke the shell and saw first the light of chicken world near Cuba, S. C., and scratched and labored one year on the Lamar Circuit. Two years on the South Branchville work, two years at Woodford, and she finished her course in Springfield. Old Mitty was game, industrious and faithful. She would hold to her nest in summer's heat and winter's cold, never deserting her post. She would hover the chicks 'midst most imminent dangers, or fiercest storms of wind and rain, never leaving nor forsaking them for her own personal comfort or safety. Her sacrifice for her offspring, often a numerous brood, was wonderful. The poor thing coming off her nest in August would be sometimes so poor, pale and puny, yet she'd scratch and almost fall with the effort to obtain worms and soft buried seed for her chicks, even denying herself of every crumb and sweet morsel.

Unselfish devotion to God-imposed duties is always sublime, and Old Mitty in great qualities was superior, I fear, to many mortals here below. "She did what she could." (1901.)

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Woman is rather strangely ecclesiastically constituted. She can be a superintendent of a Sunday school, but is not permitted to belong to Quarterly Conference, nor other sort of Conference. She is still confined to a circumscribed sphere as to vote and voice. But her day is coming. Maybe we will see her sitting in Conference as a delegate and hear the rustle of her skirts in the council rooms of the Church within a decade. Oh, I believe she is coming, making headway now for pulpit and platform, and we must all get ready to bow in humble submission to the mysterious ways of Providence.

* * *

A few days ago, on my way to church, near the cabin home by the wayside, I noticed a colored woman washing clothes, and a dead shoat just killed lying on the ground near her. "That's what temper done," said she to me as I was passing. "My ole man got mad because the pig got out of the lot and he couldn't get it back, and he shot it," and she was much annoyed on account of the result of an ungodly temper. I saw a white man in Lamar once who did worse than this colored man. His old ox ran away with him, and when finally stopped he was so infuriated that he, not having a stone or stick, did actually bite that overhanging lip of the ox furiously.

* * *

I met a venerable preacher some time ago whose early life was somewhat tinged with the romantic. He fell in love once with a sweet young lass of twelve, about his own age. One day, sitting in the school room, thinking more of love than of lore, he wrote her name on his left arm with pen and ink of an indelible sort, and drew a picture of the emblem of hope just above the name. He bared the arm, and I read the inscription written a long time before I was born. The little girl died ere she reached maturity, but her name lives in indelible characters upon the arm of her once youthful lover.

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Sweet talisman, in keeping with a tender heart that treasures her memory and loves yet the true, the beautiful and the good.

* * *

A good friend the other day said that all his family and relatives, with reference to Church faith and doctrine, were all right and orthodox, except one good brother who had recently become a member of the Boomerang Church. He was much distressed on that account, that a brother who had such sensible and pious parents should have a son that would go back on their teaching and training to the extent of becoming a disciple of the Boomerang Church. Exceptions to all rules must be expected. Orthodox parents should have children of like mind and pattern, and if you train up a child in the way he should go, in after years he should not depart from it.

But now and then, among the best, a black sheep will occur. Now and then the once hopeful boy will stray from the old paths. It may be because of a reversion to type. The spirit of some grandparent who flourished in the days of the simple life, descends like sin to the scion of the present generation, and makes him a runt—or else its simply perversity, or a sort of insanity. It may not be this nor that, it may be by petticoat persuasion. If a well raised boy marry a female brought up in a Boomerang atmosphere it's fearfully probable he will become a Boomerang too, and in course of human events—mercy on us—there will be a family, maybe numerically large, upon the face of the earth—and all Boomerangs.

* * *

“But David tarried still at Jerusalem.”—That proved to be a most disastrous vacation. When David quit the field of action and luxuriated in the cooling hours of leisure, he was overcome by temptation, and embarrassed the moral status of the Church alarmingly. There is religious health in

Beside the Couch of the Dying Itinerant.

steady work, and salvation in tedious toil. It is dangerous for a man with a good circulation and hearty heart action to have idle hands. In the majority of instances he will become a maker of mischief, or his leisure will lead to lewdness. The grace of God, that's startling in often effectual transformation of depraved nature, can't do much with the goat in man, if permitted to graze too long in pastures that are green. Were there more perspiration, less sin would prevail. The ready rascal is generally the mortal who failed to finish his task. Blessed is the man who, sunburnt and brown from honest toil, labors early and late in his chosen field of work, heart within, God overhead.

CHAPTER VI.

Beside the Couch of the Dying Itinerant—South Carolina Conference.

I have been a member of the South Carolina Conference for about eighteen years, and since my first year many have passed away. All died calmly, in the full assurance of faith; some on the dying bed gave expression of triumph, or of the glory beyond and of their indifference to the fast approach of death. Our preachers die well.

William Martin, January 10, 1889—A day or two before his death he said: "Oh, what a sweet season of peace. I have had such nearness to God. He has made my way clear and shining up to Him." At the last moment, he whispered, "What wonderful calm!"

John Emory Watson, June 11, 1889—"Tell my brethren of the Conference, I die at my post. Meet me in heaven."

E. J. Meynardie, July 1, 1890—"If it please God, I want to die in my boots.

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John Wesley Murray, December 2, 1891—"What will my poor wife do?"

Landy Wood, September 5, 1892—Before he became unconscious, his wife said to him, "How is it, now?" "I am crossing over the river," he replied, "but all is well—"

William Thomas, December 1, 1890—"Since I have found Jesus, I have lived and preached the Gospel."

Whitefoord Smith, April 27, 1893—He requested that Toplady's hymn, "The Dying Christian to His Soul," be recited to him just before he breathed his last.

William H. Lawton, November 3, 1893—"I know in whom I have believed—"

John B. Platt, January 17, 1893—"I will see you over the river."

John W. McRoy, August 6, 1893—"Since I have been confined to this room I have carefully examined again all the foundations of my salvation, and it is all right."

Sam'l B. Jones, September 8, 1894—"It is just as God wills; I would not turn my hand to decide. * * * It is all well; I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

W. D. Kirkland, May 31, 1896—"Lord, if I may work for Thee, let me live and give me strength for service; if not, take me home and let me rest."

Henry M. Mood, May 2, 1897—"God's will be done."

J. Walter Dickson, July 14, 1898—"I have examined the foundation, and it is all right."

William B. Verdin, July 22, 1899—"You do not know how tired I am. I long to fall asleep in the arms of Jesus."

Beside the Couch of the Dying Itinerant.

M. M. Pooser, April 11, 1900—"Oh, glory!"

Sidi H. Browne, September 13, 1900—"I am ready to go, and I am only waiting to be called home. I can say, with St. Paul, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' "

Paul F. Kistler, July 13, 1901—"It's no use trying to hide it, paralysis is coming on. I am not for this world much longer. I'll soon be at rest."

Frederick Auld, February 13, 1902—"I scarcely know whether to cry out with this awful pain or shout for joy with the glory that fills my soul. * * * The precious Saviour is so near that He seems almost a visible presence."

James Smiley Porter, April 11, 1902—"There is not a cloud; everything is as clear as sunlight."

Lewis M. Hamer, April 22, 1902—"It is all right with me, sir; it is all right. Tell my brethren of the Conference, it is all right with me."

J. Thomas Pate, May 8, 1902—"All is bright beyond."

Louis Charles Loyal, November 7, 1902—"I would like to answer to roll-call at Conference once more." Just before the last gasp, he cried out, "Here!"

John Attaway, July 14, 1903—"Are you ready?" some one asked him. "Yes, for the last forty years."

James E. Grier, October 3, 1903—"In all of this experience I see the hand of a special Providence. I do not know when He will land Me."

A. J. Stokes, April 13, 1906—"I may not live much longer; nature has lifted her danger signal. I may pass away at any time—I am ready to work on—I am willing to go at any time."

Benj. Marion Grier, September 22, 1907—"I am leaning on the Everlasting Arm."

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT!

[The following lines were found on the study table of the late Dr. Noyes, a well known minister of Illinois. The pathetic poem will strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of many a weary toiler:]

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death has left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with cheerful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside;
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight!

If I should die tonight,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
(For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?)
So I might rest forgiven of all tonight!

If I Should Die Tonight.

O friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow ;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me ; I am travel worn ;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn ;
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

THE END.

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- ☐ Of building womanly character.
- ☐ Of pointing to Christ as highest Teacher and shunning all that does not honor Him.
- ☐ Commodious new buildings, steam-heated, electric lights and all modern conveniences.
- ☐ Competent Faculty, home-like oversight, experienced physician and every attention needed.
- ☐ Good and wholesome food, well prepared.
- ☐ Cost as low as any first-class institution.
- ☐ Fall Opening September 18, 1907. Second Session begins October 23, 1907. Third Session, November 27, 1907. Fourth Session, January 14, 1908. Fifth Session, February 18, 1908. Sixth Session, March 24, 1908. Seventh Session, April 28, 1908. Commencement, May 31-June 2, 1908.

Send for Catalogue.

JOHN O. WILLSON, Greenwood, S. C.

Wofford College Fitting School

Three new brick buildings. Steam heat and electric lights. Head Master, three Teachers and Matron live in the buildings. Individual attention to each student. Situated on the Wofford Campus.

Students take a regular course in the College Gymnasium, and have access to the College Library. \$125.00 pays for Board, Tuition and all Fees. Sons of Methodist ministers do not pay tuition.

Next session begins September 18th. For Catalogue, etc., address

A. MASON DUPRE, Head Master,
Spartanburg, S. C.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

WOFFORD COLLEGE this year has dangerously near, if not quite, 500 students—too many for the men, money and means of the grand old institution. When will prosperous Methodist laymen awake and shell out? If we had one or two North Carolina Dukes an endowment would soon be realized. I am of the opinion that in our colleges for boys and young gentlemen there should be uniformity of dress. Otherwise, dudism will prevail, more or less, and there will be cranks on cravats and cassimeres, pants and panamas. A ten-dollar suit should do for a soph., but he wants a thirty-dollar outfit, and wants to be geared in new garments every season. The Carlisle Fitting School has adopted a uniform for the boys. Wofford should do something to counteract the rivalry in dress.

* * *

OUR COLLEGES FOR WOMEN are prospering; standard high especially at our Columbia College—raised recently. The young woman, with all of her classical tutoring and training, should be brought up and educated for the home—and taught to do practical things pertaining to home life and household work. That is her destiny if she gets married, and if she fails to be won there will be a sad, disappointed heart. What Columbia College or Lander sweet-girl graduate wants to live the monotonous life of the old maid? She, the female college student, should be taught the science of cooking and the art of housekeeping. No prizes in our colleges, unfortunately, are awarded to the girls who can bake the best bread. My idea of the first lady of a home is not a lover or writer of fiction and poetry, or a platform star, but one who can preside skillfully and intelligently in the kitchen and over the cradle.

* * *

THE ROCK HILL BUGGY Co. has a disjunctive conjunction that has achieved success: "A little higher in price, but——"

Notes and Personals.

It has been a most fortunate "But——" Jno. G. Anderson, who runs the business, a few years ago was a workman, *but* he climbed higher. He was in course of time made manager, *but* he went higher still and today he is president of the company.

* * *

THE R. L. BRYAN Co., publishers of the Circuit Rider's Sketch Book, is an old concern—true and tried. The senior Bryan, and founder, Richard L., departed this life and handled his last copy in 1900. A son, R. B. Bryan; a nephew, T. S. Bryan; G. A. Selby and Jno. T. McCaw manage now the large establishment, and they are meeting with the success that their skill, business tact and Christian courtesy deserve. They are also a "little higher in price, but——" To use their own words: "At a price that is just a little in excess of the shoddy kind."

* * *

THE MURRAY DRUG Co., of Columbia, S. C., is the largest drug establishment in this big South. They receive car loads of pills, plasters and panaceas for suffering mortals, and no doubt have and keep on hand "rivers of oil." A drug store wisely managed is a religious institution. They contain curative compound cathartics for bad livers—and that's what makes most rascals—the torpid liver.

* * *

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

THE CABLE COMPANY, of Charleston, besides their organs and pianos, purpose to do some soothing with their Edison phonograph. Who is it that is not charmed by the tuneful melodies that issue from that marvelous instrument? The Cable Company is a house of harmony—of wide, extending fame.

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Is the man with an Edison Phonograph. In the comfort of his home, with an easy chair and pipe, he has the music of the world at his command.

Whether his preference be classical, operatic, sacred, or rag-time music, the Phonograph supplies it.

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If you doubt the advantages of the Edison Phonograph as a means of entertaining you, call at our store or write for information.

We sell and guarantee Mason & Hamlin, Conover, Cable, Kingsbury and Wellington Pianos, and the famous Inner Player Pianos, the most complete musical instrument made. Send for art catalogue and easy payment plan of buying.

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Clothes Value, Style Correctness and Square Dealing we cannot too strongly commend them. A visit to this address will convince you of their ability to satisfy you in all respects—in Price, in Fabric and Style Variety. Nearly 500 Samples to choose from, all-up-to-the-minute and nobby.



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DO YOU KNOW OF **A C E T Y L E N E ?**

It's the light for churches, halls, stores, residences and streets. A beautiful white light, free from odor or smoke, and with just the smallest amount of heat. Inexpensive and reliable.

Caldwell Hotel, Columbia, S. C., uses it, so do Senators Tillman and Latimer. Write me for estimate on complete plant, stating Size of your building.

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AGENT FOR *Hercules Generators*
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THE LARGEST TRUCK FARM IN THE WORLD

CABBAGE PLANTS, LETTUCE PLANTS, CELERY PLANTS,
ONION PLANTS, PLANTS OF ALL KINDS

These plants raised in the OPEN AIR, on the Sea Islands, surrounded by salt water. The chemical ingredients of these vegetables show the wise provision of the Creator for His CHOSEN ONES. The iron in the Cabbage to correct the weak, pale face. The opium in the Lettuce and Onion for the nervous, the juice of the Celery for the nervous. Our method of planting and fertilizing increases and intensifies these properties in the different vegetables.

PRICES—1,000 to 4,000, \$1.50 per M; 4,000 to 9,000, \$1.25 per M; over 9,000, \$1.00 per M, F. O. B. Express Office, Meggetts, S. C.

Shipments ready from Nov. 1st to May 1st

N. H. BLITCH COMPANY

Everyone should join in this prayer—of Spurgeon :

“O Spirit of God, make us all more holy. Work in us more completely the image of Christ. We long to be as the Lord Jesus Christ in spirit and temper, and in unselfishness of life. Give us the character of Christ. Redemption from the power of sin is purchased with His blood, and we crave it, and pray that we may daily receive it. Let the whole militant Church of Christ be blessed; put power into all faithful ministers; convert this country; save it from abounding sin; let all the nations of the earth know the Lord. The Lord bless His people. Bring the Church to break down all bonds of nationality all limits of sects, and may we feel the blessed unity which is the very glory of the Church of Christ; yea, let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Our prayer can never cease until ‘Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.’ Hear us as we pray for the chief magistrate and all in authority and for Thy blessing to rest upon this land. Let Thy blessing extend over all the family of man. We ask it all for Christ’s sake. Amen.”

FOR SALE

Twenty-seven acres in the heart of the Town of Eutawville, S. C., including residence, barn, tenant house and out buildings,

Could be divided in most desirable building lots. Three miles from Eutaw Springs. Flowing well near.

Will sell all, or the lot, to suit the purchaser.

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NONE BUT THE BEST COMPANIES REPRESENTED

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All Prescriptions carefully compounded by experienced
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Toilet Supplies, also Dry Goods, Notions. Millinery
a Specialty—Hats made to order by skilled Milliner

We keep up with the fashions in dress and our customers will
have the advantage of artistic developments in the
latest styles. Secure our prescription, and get
our hat and dress, and be healthy,
harmonious and happy

MAIN STREET

HOLLY HILL, S. C.

HOLLY HILL, S. C.

SOME YEARS AGO the Atlantic Coast Line crossed the old State road from Columbia to Charleston, and right there at this cross roads a little town, with all the aspirations of a town, was born. There is no "hill" in all Berkeley County that I know of except an ascent before you reach the Wasamasaw Swamp—but the cross roads aforementioned was somewhat elevated above surrounding plain and swamps, and there was, too, a large, thriving holly tree near—hence it was called Holly Hill.

The only difference between Holly Hill and Chicago is that Chicago is bigger—Chicago is immense; Holly Hill is insignificant. Chicago has pork packers; Holly Hill has pork eaters and producers. The same sort of human nature prevails in both towns—the same sort of sins and sinners, and the real good people of both places have the same characteristics. Chicago, I find, exerts a wonderful influence in morals and manners on other smaller communities—so do other large centers of population. Holly Hill, and other villages that are progressive, will keep up with the fashionable world in dress, decorations or divinity. If a certain balloon sleeve of the feminine gender is worn in Chicago, and a big, obnoxious bustle, it is not long before that sleeve and that big bustle will be seen in the little Holly Hills of our land—you can't keep 'em out. Holly Hill, S. C., has a Methodist church and a Baptist appointment. The Afro-Americans have three churches within the corporate limits. The colored brethren shout and sing lustily and are very religious, but their morals as a colored community are not good—far from the standard. The possibilities in the way of production of the lands surrounding Holly Hill are wonderful. Agriculture is progressing rapidly. The soil yields abundantly corn, cotton and cane, 'taters, goobers, peas, pumpkins and all sorts of vegetables. The farmers generally live well and fare sumptu-

ously all the year round on their home-raised hog and hominy. Needed: two or three more live merchants with capital; a good hotel; a bright, breezy newspaper, cleverly edited; an artesian well; a knitting mill, or oil mill, or cotton mill, or some sort of manufacturing enterprise; a brand new brick, up-to-date building for the flourishing graded school—and also more of the undefiled religion—all of which I believe will be realized ere the town gets gray with old age. The merchants and others who advertise in the Circuit Rider's Sketch Book are the leading spirits, and the future welfare of the town depends largely upon them. They are growing in wisdom and liberality, and all seem happy and hopeful of better days.

* * *

“Chicago, Oct. 7.—Reports received by the *Tribune* from ten of the Methodist Episcopal Conferences in Illinois and neighboring States show that the question of higher salary for the average minister of that Church has reached a crisis.

“The generally expressed opinion is that religious work soon will suffer for lack of preachers unless salaries are raised. In many of the Conferences just held there was an exodus of preachers from the pulpit to enter business life.

“The higher salaries movement was discussed and advocated at practically all the Conferences.

“Salaries have been advanced about \$100 each during the last four years, but this increase—which has not kept pace with the increase in cost of living—has failed to stem the ministerial stampede into business life.”—*The State, Columbia*.

Thank the Lord there is no disposition on the part of our effective preachers of the South Carolina Conference to forsake their high calling—let the salary be small or great—and enter the whirl of business life, and come what way, God help us ever to be faithful.

Bank of Holly Hill

Holly Hill, S. C.

W. L. DEHAY
President

DR. J. L. B. GILMORE
Vice-President

J. FRANCIS FOLK
Cashier

MISS LEILA RHAME, Asst. Cashier

Date of Charter July 7, 1905

The following figures show that we have pleased our patrons:

Deposits September 30, 1905, \$13,593.21

Deposits September 30, 1906, \$18,405.32

Deposits September 30, 1907, \$71,082.59

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The Holly Hill Graded School

A well-organized, graded school for boys and girls. Delightfully situated at Holly Hill, S. C. Graduates are prepared for entering any of the colleges in the State, and may enter Winthrop without examination. A movement now on foot to add to the school under the recent high school Act, and to erect a handsome brick building. The present session began September 16 and will continue nine months. Experienced faculty consisting of

FITZHUGH SALLEY, B. A. College of Charleston
Teacher of High School Department

MISS BESSIE MITCHELL, B. A., Leesville College
Intermediate Department

MISS BERTIE MATHENY, Primary Department

For further information address the Principal, or Dr. J. L. B. GILMORE, Secretary of the Board.

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Have a First Class Hardware Store in every respect. We can furnish everything in Steel and Iron and Farming Implements, from a monkey wrench to a three-horse Oliver Sulky Plow. We carry a full line of Stoves, Ranges and Kitchen Furniture. Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Harness, etc. Also a choice line of Cutlery that are Keen Cutters, and the true and tried American Fence Wire.

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General Merchant and
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Holly Hill, S. C.

Will keep full line of men's and youths' Ready-Made Clothing. Specialty in children's Clothing, and Hats, Caps, Shoes and Notions. My Dry Goods Department will be full of Dress Goods of finest quality. The Ladies especially are invited to come to my store and inspect my beautiful line of fabrics. Will also keep in stock the best Groceries, Farmers' Supplies, Candies, Canned Goods and Patent Drugs.

My object will be to please all my customers in prices and goods. Thanking my friends for patronage of the past, I ask a continuance of the same, assuring those who favor me, will be favored.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE GRANDSON of the old darky of 1850, whose love and loyalty to "ole marster and missus," was as conspicuous as it was sincere, has been wonderfully evolutionized. His heart has been exalted, and he sees visions afar off that lend enchantment to the view. His education brings out a character not so pleasing, often, to contemplate, and his principles involve adhesion to "rights" that conditions of nature and birth do not warrant or justify. The idea of any sort of menial service for the white man is becoming more and more abhorrent to the common negro. It may be the knowledge of the slavery of his fathers produces a repugnance or indifference to perform tasks for the "white buckra." It may be the "colored" laborer is becoming more delicate and refined. Anyway today, as a general rule, all over this broad land, colored cooks and washing women, gardeners and ditchers, and "wages hands" are unreliable, uncertain and often hard "to have and to hold." Education increases difficulties. Hire a negro now, if you can, of some "larnin'" and some rations ahead, to serve in your kitchen, or hoe your patch of cotton! The thought of dependence upon the white man is becoming apparently unpleasant to the Afro-American and there is a striving to escape a consciousness of that condition.

In rural life, if the darky can rent his forty acres, and buy a mule on credit, and get some one "to run him on the lien" he will not give his services for the best wages, nor let himself out as a "cropper" under most favorable conditions.

In ecclesiastical functions the dusky prelate wants to sit on the right hand of things in Zion with the same privileges, and on the same platform, with his brother in white. Our Southern Church years ago labored diligently for the dark man's welfare and did sacrifice for his Christian civilization. Paine and Lane Institutes for the education of the negro stand as evidence of the Church's sympathy and liberality.

The Negro Question.

They have been manned by our own men and supported by our money. Maybe it is time to stop and let them follow their own ways. It would please them well and gratify the colored cult of the South if those institutions were conducted by negroes for negroes. As long as Paine and Lane are on the list of benevolences of the Church we will annually carry to the synod of the saints collections for their maintenance, but in the light of recent events it would be prudent and politic to put those colleges, for fair remuneration, in the black hands that covet them. Dr. J. J. Lafferty recently, in the *Baltimore Methodist*, has this to say under the caption, "Where Two Seas Meet":

"The General Conference of the Northern Methodist Church at its last session proposed a change in the constitution of that denomination so as to allow Bishops to be elected 'for work among particular races and languages or for any of our foreign missions, limiting their episcopal jurisdiction to the same respectively.' The Annual Conferences are now voting on this amendemnt. There are discussions in their papers, and with warmth.

"The 'Brother in Black' seems not to favor the scheme. The negro Methodist resents what he calls 'a Jim Crow Episcopacy'—a negro Bishop for negro Conferences. Reverend Abbott, a negro, declares for 'a whole Bishop or no Bishop at all,' which means a negro Bishop, the peer of white Bishops in every function, overseeing the white Conferences, ordaining the white licentiates, preaching 'the Conference sermon' and after services taking the arm of the first lady of that church, escorting her to her carriage, or rather auto. (with white chauffeur), and selecting a rear seat by her side—that's 'a whole Bishop!' The Central Missouri Conference (black) demands a Bishop of their race 'as much Bishop as the Rock River or New York East Conferences' (the two top synods of white preachers) could furnish. *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, makes boast that from its cradle it has roared and rent the

air as a Goliath for the 'black race in the South.' Even a *Zion's Herald* can get a gorge. For fifty years and more it has bellowed bravely for the blacks, in the distant 'South.' But when its negro Methodists refuse to be 'satisfied with no other sort of a superintendent than one who will rank in all respects to preside over white as well as colored Conferences'—it tilts the diaphragm of the Boston editor.

"Never did we dream of such a drastic dose to the 'black race in the South' as the prescription of Parkhurst, of *Zion's Herald*. Lend an ear and listen. This from *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, organ of New England Methodism: 'The fact might as well be plainly stated that negro writers who plead for a Bishop of their own race who "shall be as good as any other Bishop with the same prerogatives and jurisdiction" are hurting the very interests which they vainly think thus to advance.' Editor Parkhurst rubs in the cayenne. 'There is no likelihood that in our generation a negro Bishop will ever be allowed to preside over a white Conference.' Shades of Gil Haven!

"Our Northern brethren are where 'two seas meet.' If a whole Bishop of the African assortment is not elected the colored members may forsake 'the mother Church.' If a fat and odorous prelate, with skin soft and shining as a new rubber shoe, presides 'over' New England pulpiteers, then there will be a righteous ruction. On the other hand, the threat hangs menacing, like the sword of Damocles, of capturing the chief seats of the high priests. If the 'amendment' is adopted permitting negro Bishops for negro preachers, German prelates for German, etc., a chief captain of the colored corps tells how the members of a General Conference of African, Chinese, Hindoo will combine and make their candidates full 'whole' Bishops by a majority vote. Or these members of divers 'races,' 'languages,' a majority would refuse to elect full Bishops till all of that sort die out and so end the Wesleyan-Asbury episcopacy!"

Dr. J. L. B. Gilmore PHYSICIAN
AND DRUGGIST

MODEL DRUG STORE

Experienced Pharmacist, Finest Assortment of Toilet
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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
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Two things I aim to accomplish: Please my customers in prices and quality
of goods.

OPPOSITE DEPOT, HOLLY HILL, S. C.

Here We Are! A NEW FIRM in A NEW STORE
with ALL NEW GOODS

The Book says: "All the labor of a man is for his mouth"—and we can fill it.

A line of General Merchandise at prices to suit you.
Come on and give us a trial. Highest prices paid for
Chickens, Eggs and Country Produce. Holiday Goods

Santa Claus will be conspicuous in December

RHAME & HEESEMANN, HOLLY HILL,
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C. A. EAGLESTON

AT THE SAME OLD STAND—HOLLY HILL, S. C.

Where all are welcome, and politest attention given to
customers. My Winter and Christmas stock full
and complete in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats,
Shoes, Clothing, Tobaccos, etc.

I STRIVE TO PLEASE

*“If at first you don’t succeed
Try, try, again”*

The big fire of July destroyed our store and stock of goods, but on their ashes a large brick store now stands full of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, etc. I am “trying it again,” and believe I’ll get there with large sales and small profits.

We have on hand now the finest grade of top and open Buggies, Carriages and other vehicles ever brought to Holly Hill. Also a Feed and Sale Stable. If you want a fine horse or mule, call on us at once. Come and see for yourselves. We thank our patrons of the past, and want them to “try again.”

A. B. BENNETT

HOLLY HILL, S. C.

J. G. CLARK

The only man in Holly Hill, S. C., that runs a
Five and Ten Cents Store

Wonderful Values for a dime! Also keep a full line of
Glassware, Crockery, Tinware and Notions

Come and see what I have to sell, and then
go and your neighbors tell

I DEAL IN GOOD GRUB, GRITS and OTHER GROCERIES, Ham, Rice, Flour, Sugar, Syrup, &c. A beautiful array of finest brands of Canned Goods occupy the shelves. My Cigars and Tobacco among the best. Fruits a specialty—also Mackerel, Pickled Pork and other Meats. Everything for the inward man kept on hand.

HENRY D. PRICE, HOLLY HILL
SOUTH CAROLINA



